THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 192, No. 17. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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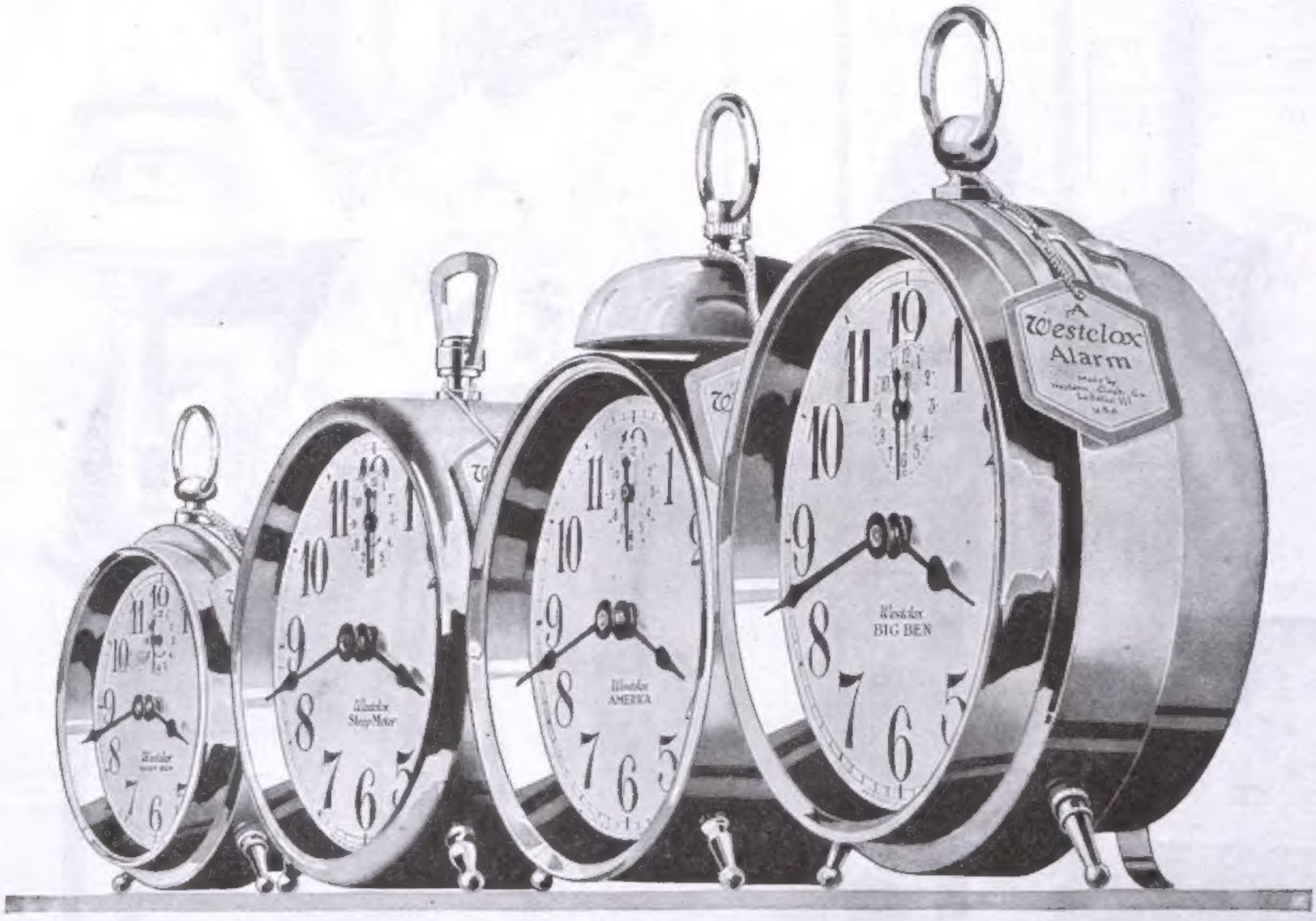

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

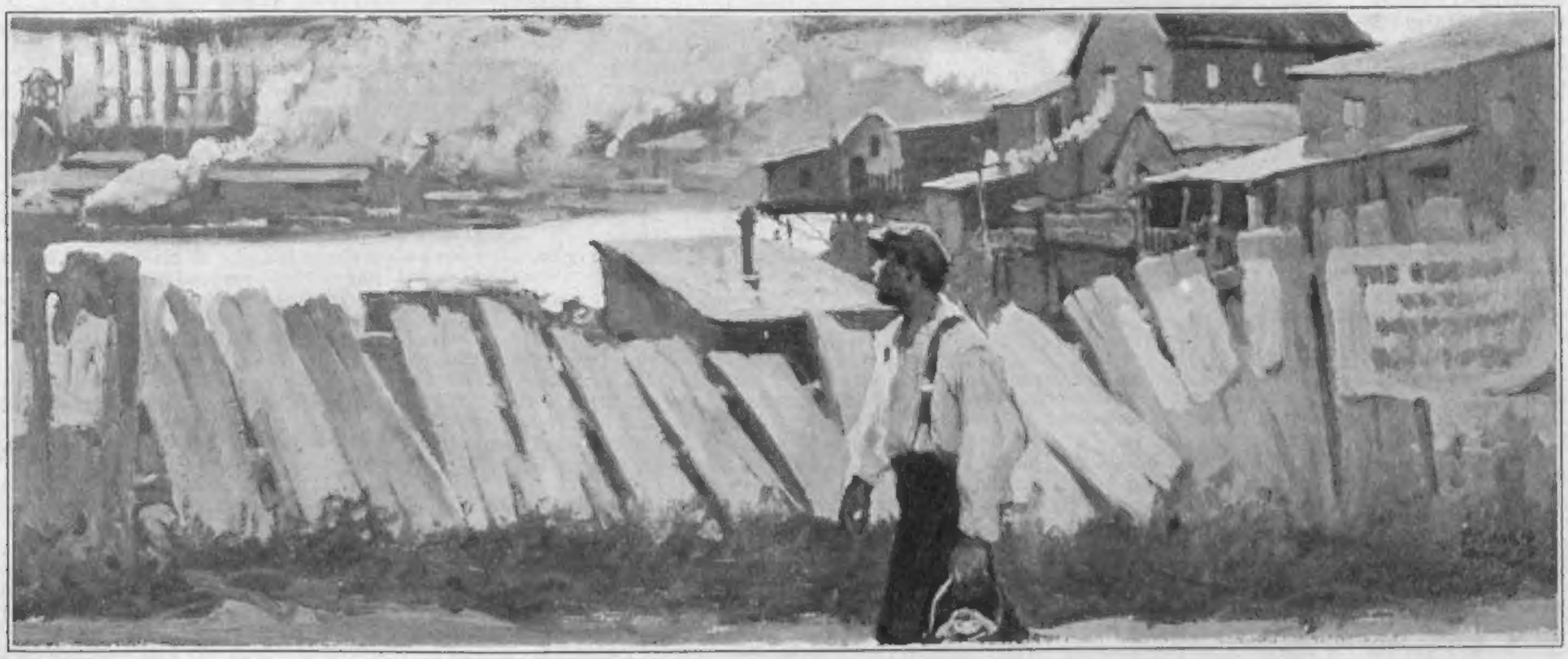
Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 25, 1919 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 17

STEEL PREFERRED



When He Was Seven Years Old He Was Carrying Old Joe's Dinner to the Mill Gate

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

STEELBURG is an ugly hole of a place. Steelburg is a hideous hole of a place—with its crooked, illy paved, unswept streets; its festering alleys; its foul sidewalks unwashed and gummy; with its ramshackle unpainted houses; its smoke-stained, window-cracked, spire-sick churches; its seedy disreputable business blocks; with its grassless parks; its treeless commons; its vegetationless front yards; with its hard-faced, tired-faced inhabitants, who wear old clothes seven days in the week, and go slouching in their walk, scowling continuously, smiling never.

A pillar of fire hovers over Steelburg at night, a cloud of smoke by day, for Steelburg is a place of mills and furnaces and foundries and factories and railroad shops—it is a great industrial center. Approaching Steelburg by night or by day you mark its location when you are yet twenty miles distant, for a dozen flaming Bessemer converters keep the heavens aglow all through the night, and a hundred tall stacks pour out dense masses of black sticky smoke that fogs the sun in murky mist all through the day.

The mighty blowing engines of a dozen blast furnaces whine and sob and shriek through the twenty-four hours of every day of every week of every month of the year, and the furnaces throw down upon the city a dry red rain of ore dust—fine, gritty, abrasive, ubiquitous stuff that sifts through the Steelburgers' clothing, smuts their faces, dirties their ears, clogs their nostrils, gets into their food and wears their teeth away. It explores every chink and cranny, however tiny, and works its way through closely shut house windows, and drives to despair the housewives who give a thought to cleanliness and neatness. And with the red rain falls the black snow—the soot flakes from the hundred stacks of the mills and from the five hundred locomotives that puff and pant and labor day and night throughout the city—big flat flakes of soot, greasy and clingy and nasty; little stringy bits of soot that come wriggling down through the thick atmosphere as wiggle-tails wriggle through long-hoarded water in old rain barrels; puffs and whorls of soot, dry and impalpable, blown about like blizzard dust. From the flaming converters drift down dense clouds of saffron-colored smoke, sulphurous and manganiferous, smoke that nauseates and gags; and from the tall chimneys of the Open Hearths—there are fifty of them in Steelburg—and from the white-lipped cupolas of the foundries float foul-smelling fumes, sickening and suffocating.

Steelburg stinks. Through the open doors and windows of the foundries come queer odors—rank and unpleasant odors—of burnt sand and molasses, scorched flour and oil, hot earth mold, boiled junk of a thousand mixtures; and often, when a ladle of molten metal tips and a man is burned, the sickening smell of cooked human flesh. Every breeze that blows from the region of the wire mills comes reeking with the stench of the filthy liquors through which and in which the wire is drawn and pickled; and the wire workers leaving their work—their hands, their shoes, their clothing smeared with the slime of the vats—are an offense to all nostrils other than Steelburg nostrils. Noisome gases from the furnaces are wafted through the streets, and in the sickly atmosphere hang suspended in hazes of greenish blue or yellowish brown. And because the city of a million people of which Steelburg is a corporate part has chosen Steelburg as its dumping ground for all that is evil and unpleasant and unwholesome and repelling, there are the stockyards and the abattoirs, the tanneries and the breweries and the fertilizer plants and the oil refineries and the garbage-reduction works—to add their thousand disgusting smells to another thousand.

In Steelburg, too, because the huge city of which it is a corporate part regards it as nothing more than its back yard, are located the county jail and the city workhouse, the insane asylum, the criminal reformatory, the pest house, the poor house and other institutions that are shunned by the fastidious. Aye, Steelburg is an ugly place, a hideous hole of a place! If you doubt, ask a half hundred of the several thousand workers who travel out of Steelburg every evening after their day's work is done, and another half hundred of the several thousand who quit Steelburg every morning after their night's work is over—ask them why they do not live in Steelburg.

Time was—but that was nearly a hundred years ago—when Steelburg was not ugly. It was not called Steelburg then, but bore the happier name of Groveland. A place of importance it was, too, in those far-away pioneer years; so important, in fact, that if you will consult any old descriptive geography or atlas you will find therein the city of a million people which to-day uses Steelburg as its back yard referred to as "a village at the mouth of Cricket Creek, six miles from Groveland." But the tiny village engulfed the little city, cursed it with industry, and renamed it.

Venerable Major Fronk, who was born in Groveland, and who has lived in Groveland and Steelburg every day of his long life; who spends his time at the Falls House, playing old tunes on his old violin or reading bound volumes of old magazines or breathing anathema against the swart-faced sons of Europe who have turned his beautiful Groveland into ugly Steelburg—once wrote a poem of eighteen stanzas. In anything but panegyrical language it celebrated Steelburg. Failing to persuade any local paper to publish his masterpiece the major committed it to memory, and now on the least provocation he recites it to anyone who will listen. He recited it to me. As an indicant of the general tenor of the dithyramb, let me set down the first stanza:

O Steelburg! O Steelburg! What fame belongs to you!
You have the bug house in your midst, you have the pest house too;
You have the hog hair drying yard, you have the garbage plant;
And railroads twist about your streets and locomotives pant;
Here, too, the steel mills boom and roar, their flames light up the skies;
Here, too, are stockyards, slaughter pens and stinking tanneries!

The major was breathing hard when he had reached the last line of the poem:

In Steelburg I was born, by God; in Steelburg I will die!

This last ringing line left him in such a state of exhaustion that I took him into the Falls House bar and bought him a bracer.

"Yes, sir, I mean just that!" he declared with vehemence, after he had somewhat recovered from the debilitating effects of his declamatory efforts. "I was born here, I have lived here, I will die here! They can't run me out! Don't I know it is a rotten place? Don't I know a fouler hole does not exist this side the River Styx? Don't I know that all the decent people moved away from here years ago, and that decent people are found here only as necessity brings them here? You could comb this city from one end to the other and you wouldn't find another white man living here from choice. Yes, you would too—I forgot—there's Wally Gay. I forgot Wally Gay, darn his picture! Wally's all right, Wally is!"

"The Young Whelp!" He Roared. "Would You Have Thought It of Him, Nicker? But I'll Fix Him! Just Watch Me! I'll Fix Him!"

"Wally Gay!" I exclaimed. "Why, I'm out here to get the story of Wally Gay. Perhaps you could ——"

"No, I can't tell it to you," he broke in. "I can't talk long at a time—it tuckers me out, you know—and the story of Wally is rather a long one. I'm tired out now. I guess I'll play a little tune or two on my violin; that always rests me."

He left me abruptly, and in a few minutes I heard the strains of the old hymn, There is a Green Hill Far Away, played on a violin, floating from the gloomy parlor of the old hotel.

I went out into Steelburg to get the story of Wally Gay. Before I had gone a block from the Falls House I had passed a dozen saloons and seen a score of drunken men; on every side I heard coarse, profane, ribald talk; I saw crowds of filthy, half-naked children playing in the gutters; I heard loud-voiced, tousled-headed women screaming and cursing in rubbish-filled yards; half-starved dogs sneaked past me; two blear-eyed, bulbous-nosed fellows begged for a dime; a hollow-eyed youth asked me for my cigar butt. I smelled the Steelburg smells—sickening fumes from the furnaces, foul odors from the abattoirs and tanneries and refineries, disgusting stenches from the garbage-reduction plant. I shuddered; I was filled with loathing for the place.

A traveling salesman came hurrying out of a dirty little grocery store. He looked about for a clean spot on the sidewalk near the curb where he could set his grip, failed to find it, and threw down a newspaper, on which he placed the bag. He shot his cuffs and looked at them; he took a small round mirror from his pocket and examined his collar. Both cuffs and collar were peppered with soot flecks. He stepped about gingerly on the sticky pavement and stooped down and turned up the bottoms of his trouser legs. As I approached him he turned toward me, caught my eye, read my thoughts, sensed my feelings and gave me a friendly grin.

"Hey! Can you beat it?" he called to me. "Ain't this one helluva hole? I'll tell the world it is. Let's go!"

He picked up his bag and hurried away toward a street car that was stopping at a near-by crossing, shouting back over his shoulder, "Let's go from here!" and beckoning with his hand.

But I stayed in Steelburg—stayed until I had obtained the story of Wally Gay. My search led me into queer places, for I talked with many men. Then it was I discovered what an ugly place is Steelburg, what a hideous hole of a place it is.

I

OLD Joe Gay with his gang of fifteen men was unloading pig iron back of the Bessemer. He had made good progress that morning—he had thrown off twelve carloads of iron. Only two cars remained on the side track, and old Joe was glancing anxiously down the mill yard, watching for the coming of the yard engine with another drag.

"If McNutt doesn't hurry along with that there pig I'll be havin' fifteen fat bohunks loafin' on me hands mighty soon now," he muttered.

He turned and saw two of his men climbing into one of the remaining cars of iron.

He could wait no longer. He started across the yards toward a dingy little shanty, above the door of which was nailed a board carrying the crudely painted words, Yardmaster's Office. Reaching the little building he opened the door and stepped inside.

"Say, Mac, when am I goin' to get that there pig?" he demanded of a stout man who sat in a large comfortable chair with his feet elevated to the top of a flat-topped desk, smoking a pipe and staring at the toes of his shoes. "Whish, man, I've got fifteen bohunks lollin' round on the ground right this minute, talkin' agin the Government and plannin' a boom-throwin' contest, just because you let me run out of somethin' to do. Every man jack of 'em a anarch-ist, Mac. We oughtn't to allow them kind of laddybucks to get their heads together these days, Mac. Did you see last night's Press? I see them bloody anarch-ists in Europe has slewed another king. They'll be doin' that right over here among us, Mac, if you don't keep that track down there filled with pig. What's the chance?"

"Duckbill's just left the transfer with a drag of twelve cars. He'll be here in about fifteen minutes," replied the stout man at the desk—Yardmaster McNutt.

"That's good. Box cars or gons, Mac?"

"All boxes, Joe. Gondolas are scarce as blue diamonds."

"Dern them box cars for haulin' pig in, I say! I could unload a hundred tons out of gons, usin' the new fandangled magnet they've give me, while I'm unloadin' ten tons out of boxes by hand. Well, punch 'em along, Mac, punch 'em along. As I told you before, me bohunks is sufferin' for pig. They're loafin'——"

"You're just starting in on your next-to-last car, Joe," said McNutt without looking up. "What are you trying to give me? You're good for a half hour yet."

The old labor foreman glared at the yardmaster for a moment, then started for the door. There he turned.

"Snooper!" he snorted, and slammed the door violently.

Duckbill, christened Clarence Chesterton, conductor with Engine 22, came with the twelve cars of iron just as the gang was finishing the last car of the former drag.

"Duckbill, if you don't quit fetchin' me pig in boxes I'll land on you, I will!" grumbled the old foreman.

Duckbill grinned. "Pig costs coin these days, Joe. I reckon that's why they're shippin' it in boxes—so they can lock it up. Every one of them cars there is sealed up, just as though they was loaded with plug hats or grapefruit that might get stole."

"There's one that ain't sealed," said old Joe. "That first one there—P. G. M. 67677. The seal's been broke; there it is hangin' on the latch. Duckbill, I'll bet you broke that seal and throwed out a ton or two of the metal down by the canal where you live. Didn't you, Duckbill?"

"Sure, Joe!" chuckled the conductor. "Pig's worth thirty-five a ton. Not a bad day's work, eh, Joe?" He jumped upon the running board of the engine, and signaled to the engineer to back away.

"Get into it, boys!" yelled the foreman. "Slide the door back, Tony—it's already unlocked. Slip in, boys, slip in—don't be all day climbin' in a box car!"

A half dozen dark-faced, dirty, perspiring workmen climbed into the car. Hardly had they stepped inside when they began to laugh and whoop and chatter volubly. The workman Tony appeared in the doorway, a broad grin illumining his dark face.

"Hi, boss, you come-a!" he called. "You come-a queeck, boss!"

"What's the matter now?" growled old Joe. "Throw out that pig! Throw it out!"

"You come-a, boss!" repeated Tony, beckoning with his two hands, and the other men in the car joined him in calling, "Come-a queeck, boss!"

Grumbling loudly old Joe had a man place a large piece of timber in front of the car door, upon which he stepped.

"Boost me up a bit, boys," he ordered, and two of his men assisted him to climb into the car.

"What's wrong in here?" he demanded.

"Bambino, boss!" chuckled Tony, pointing to a large wooden box standing on top of the iron in one corner of the car, and secured in place by a number of pigs that were piled about it.

"Bambino, boss!" chorused the other workmen.

The old foreman climbed upon the iron and made his way over it to the box. He stooped and looked into it, and what he saw there caused him to grunt with surprise. The box was packed almost full with an old quilt and an old blanket, and lying on these, wrapped in a sheet that was gray with dust and flecked with minute particles of graphite, lay a tiny babe. Its great brown eyes were open, and something like a smile broke its lips apart as old Joe bent over it.

"Why, you derned little rooster!" he cried, snapping his big fingers above the tiny face. "You bloomin' little crawdad! Look at it, Tony—it's grinnin' at me, as sure as the Lord made little red apples! Fetch the box out, boys! Fetch the box out!"

The box was carried to the door and handed down. Old Joe climbed out with more alacrity than he had shown in climbing in.

"Look at it, Tony—he's a-smilin' at me agin! Wouldn't that jar your maw's raspberry jam, Tony? Cute little shrimp too, ain't he? Well, I'll be danged!" Hands on his knees the old man stooped low over the infant and stared at it. Suddenly he straightened up. "Listen here, Tony"—and he spoke decisively—"you skip over to Ackerman's office and tell him to send a boss up here to run this gang. You tell Ackerman I'm goin' home—tell him I've gone home! Skidoo, Tony, and don't you loaf none on the way. Mike, you bring that little long box to me—that one over there by the post. Whish, man, get a hump on you!"

The little long box was brought and set down by the side of the larger box, and the infant was

Up the Incline Marched a Sturdy Figure in Grimy Working Clothes. The Face Was Very White, and the Hands That Grasped the Handles of the Wheelbarrow Were White

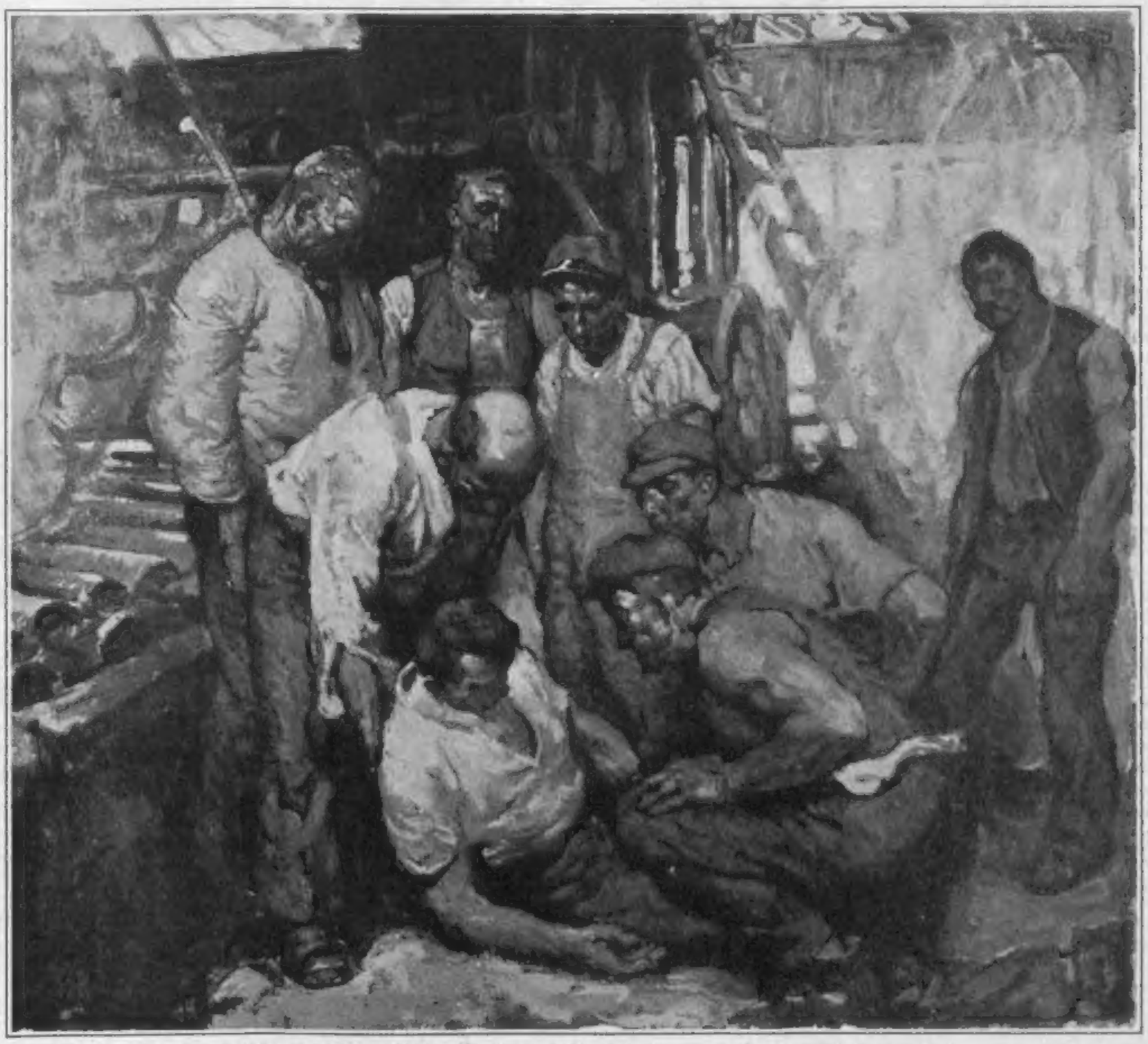
transferred—old quilt, old blanket, gray sheet and all, at one operation. Then the old man put the little box under his arm and walked rapidly down through the mill yard, past the roaring Bessemer, past the rumbling rod mill, past the blazing blast furnaces, and out through the big south gate, where two aged watchmen attempted to stop him to find out what he was carrying out of the yard. He pushed them aside and strode on, not stopping until he had come to the poor little cottage in Vinegar Gully where he and his old wife lived, and had lived for thirty years, childless and lonely.

They named the child Wellington. With both the old people the name was a favorite—with Jane Gay because in her childhood she had had a much-beloved uncle named Wellington; with Joe Gay because Wellington was the name of a little dog he had owned for a few weeks when he was a boy. But old Joe's pronunciation of the name was more like Wallington than Wellington, and before the boy had quit dirty dresses for ragged knee pants both foster parents and all Vinegar Gully were calling him Wally.

When he first began carrying old Joe's dinner to the mill yard—that was when he was seven—some of the younger workmen in the mills proposed to nickname him Piggy. He had come to Steelburg in a car of pig, therefore Piggy was his logical name, they argued. Old Joe objected.

He came upon a crowd of ten or twelve of them one day as they sat in the change room, eating their lunch.

"I hear some of you young laddybucks is wantin' to call that boy of mine Piggy. The lad's name is Wallington, and you'll call him Wallington or you'll call him Wally. The first feller that calls him Piggy will have me to lick! And the second feller that calls him that will have me to lick! And the third feller will have me to lick! I'll take you on, one at a time, and we'll start right now if you feel that way!"



"Sure, Stigo!" Broke in Wally. "All My Fault, Stigo—I'll Never Do it No More!" Then He Fainted

The young men were troubled. "Sure, Joe," mumbled one of them, "we'll call him Wally."

"You bet you will!" said old Joe.

"We won't never call him Piggy no more, Joe," another declared.

"You bet you won't!" And the old man left the room.

So Wally Gay grew up in Vinegar Gully, the ugliest spot, the dirtiest spot, the toughest spot in all ugly, dirty, tough Steelburg. A group of four great blast furnaces stood on top of the hill at one side of the gully and smothered it day and night in clouds of red ore dust, and, when slips occurred, bombarded it with missiles of limestones, ore rocks and chunks of glowing coke; long rows of steel mills and foundries occupied the brow of the hill on the other side, and poured down dense clouds of black coal smoke from the boiler stacks, and yellow fogs from the Bessemers and Open Hearths, to mingle and mix with the red clouds of ore dust; and great pots of thick, viscid, sticky, foul-smelling stuff, white and yellow and greenish black, the refuse of the mills, were dumped out upon the hill slopes, and their contents slipped slowly down into the gully, to smear the streets and sidewalks.

Policemen walked in pairs through Vinegar Gully—it was safer that way. It was a dull night when there weren't a dozen fights there; a knifing, a shooting, a slugging affair caused scarcely a flutter of excitement—it was routine stuff. The worst saloon in the gully was known as The Bucket of Blood; the next worst was The Morgue. Uplifters sometimes came to the gully, and went away convinced that knocking down, not uplifting was what was needed there. And many a heathen in Baluchistan missed his daily tract because some philanthropist in the big city had heard of Vinegar Gully.

"What? Send my money to Baluchistan, with Vinegar Gully at my back door? Not much!" Its evil fame was far flung.

Wally Gay, the child, liked every phase of its wickedness, its wretchedness, its squalor and dirt and hideousness, as did every other Vinegar Gully child. He flourished physically and rotted spiritually—if we may speak of the spiritual life of a child—and mopped up moral filth and bad habits as a mop mops up dirty water. Before he was out of kilts—or out of whatever article of clothing he wore that corresponded with kilts—he was a little howling hellion. At an astonishingly early age he was a linguistic prodigy in the use of obscene and profane language; he had learned to chew tobacco, to smoke cigar and cigarette butts, to swipe fruit from hucksters' carts, to filch tidbits from grocery stands; he had learned to love filthiness and indecency, he had learned to be not ashamed of his nakedness, he had learned to completion all the vile, evil things that all children come to learn, sooner or later, whether they live in Vinegar Gully or on Eglamour Heights.

When he was seven and eight years old he was carrying old Joe's dinner to the mill gate, and slipping past the old watchmen there, to hide in the noisy mills and watch with wondering eyes the writhing red bars of iron and steel curling and twisting about the standings and shooting through the spinning rolls.

At nine and ten he was selling the big city's yellowest newspaper on the streets of Steelburg, and absorbing there knowledge of a kind of wickedness more refined than the wickedness of Vinegar Gully.

At eleven and twelve he was a water boy in the steel-mills yards, countering the rough banter of the men he served with banter rougher than theirs.

At thirteen he was a test boy at the Bessemer; at fourteen a door boy in the Open Hearth; at fifteen a pit-cover puller at the slabbing mill; at sixteen a hooker in the rod mill.

Not all the time, however, through these years, was he at work, for there were periods—of a month, of two months, once of four months—when he was a pupil in Sycamore School, one of Steelburg's public schools, the terror and the despair of his teachers. They feared the young rapscallion and they loved him; feared him because of the reckless abandon with which he plunged into rule-breaking escapades; loved him for something they saw in the deep depths of his great brown eyes, and for a strangely tender little smile that would sometimes play about his sensitive lips.

He learned little at school. There came no truant officer into Vinegar Gully, and he went to school when he wished and stayed away when he chose. Old Joe Gay and Jane Gay were powerless to control him, and anyway they loved the boy too much to oppose him in any of his wishes. His teachers quickly learned the utter futility of trying to force him to study when he did not choose to study.

He learned little, and yet in some respects he was the brightest pupil in Sycamore School. His teachers marveled at the ease with which he did his lessons in numbers and, later on, in arithmetic, and they found something almost uncanny in the speed with which he solved difficult problems and handled great columns of figures and memorized long series of numbers. At his clever and skillful use of the pen and pencil they wondered too, for the boy's writing was the admiration of all who saw it. They knew that his proficiency in the one subject and his cleverness in the other he had not acquired as a result of their teaching—it was knowledge that he had always possessed; it was intuitive.

When Wally was fourteen years of age old Joe Gay died, after a short illness, and a few days later Jane Gay was carried to her grave. Just before his death old Joe called him to him.

"I found you in a car of pig iron, Wally. I don't know who your folks are, and I reckon you'll never know. The car was P. G. M. 67677, Wally; a box car—I remember the number well. But I put it down in the Bible so it couldn't get lost, and so you'd always have it if you ever wanted it."

The boy had then looked in the Bible and there he read, in Joe's cramped handwriting—"Wellington Gay. P. G. M. 67677"; and the date of his coming to Steelburg, fourteen years before, on a day in June.

The loss of his foster parents left him inconsolable. Through the period of the illness of the old people, and then through the long lonely days that followed their death and burial he suffered an agony of grief. He locked himself in the little tumble-down shack in Vinegar Gully and refused to be comforted. Old men and young of the gully came to speak with him, to urge him to come out and join them, but he would not see them. Women of the neighborhood came bringing him cooked food and dainties, but he would not open the door to them. Workmen going home from the mills late at night would see him sitting at the window, staring out into the wretched street, ghostlike in the pale sickly light of the Bessemers' glare.

After two weeks of this isolation he was back at his work in the mills, a little more attentive to his duties perhaps, a little quieter, but in a short while he was again the Wally Gay all Steelburg knew—laughing, high-spirited, loud and boisterous.

Old Joe Gay had legally adopted him, but except the poor little shack in Vinegar Gully he had left to the boy nothing but his name. Wally continued to live there alone, his own housekeeper, preparing his own meals, attending to all his wants himself. When residents of the gully remonstrated with him or proposed his coming to live with some of them he put them aside.

(Continued on Page 67)

Life Among Us Landed Proprietors

No Longer Were They Satisfied With the Things We Ate Ourselves; No, They Must Have Special Dishes

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

IN THE last preceding article of this series of personal experiences in connection with the development of our abandoned farm and the building thereon of our home, I dealt largely with our adventures at Fifth Avenue auction houses when we were amassing the furnishings for our Italian rooms and our Italian hallway. But I forgot to make mention of the many friends we encountered at the salesrooms—people who always before had seemed to us entirely normal, but now were plainly to be recognized for devotees of the same passion for bidding-in which had laid its insidious clutches upon us. I recall one victim in particular, a young woman whom I shall call Maude because that happens to be her name.

Theretofore this Maude lady had impressed me as being one of the sanest, most competent females of my entire acquaintance—good-looking, witty and with a fine sense of proportion. Yet behold, here she was, balanced on the edge of a folding chair in an overheated, overcrowded room, her eyes feverish with a fanatical light, a printed catalogue clutched in her left hand and her right ready to go up in signal to the hypnotic gentleman on the auctioneer's block. At a glance we knew the symptoms because in them we saw duplicated our own. We knew exactly what ailed her: She was bidding on various articles, not because she particularly wanted them or had any especial need or use for them, but because she feared unless she bought them some stranger might.

Maude's Terrible Confession

AFTER the sale had ended and her excitement—and ours—had abated we exchanged confidences touching on our besetting mania.

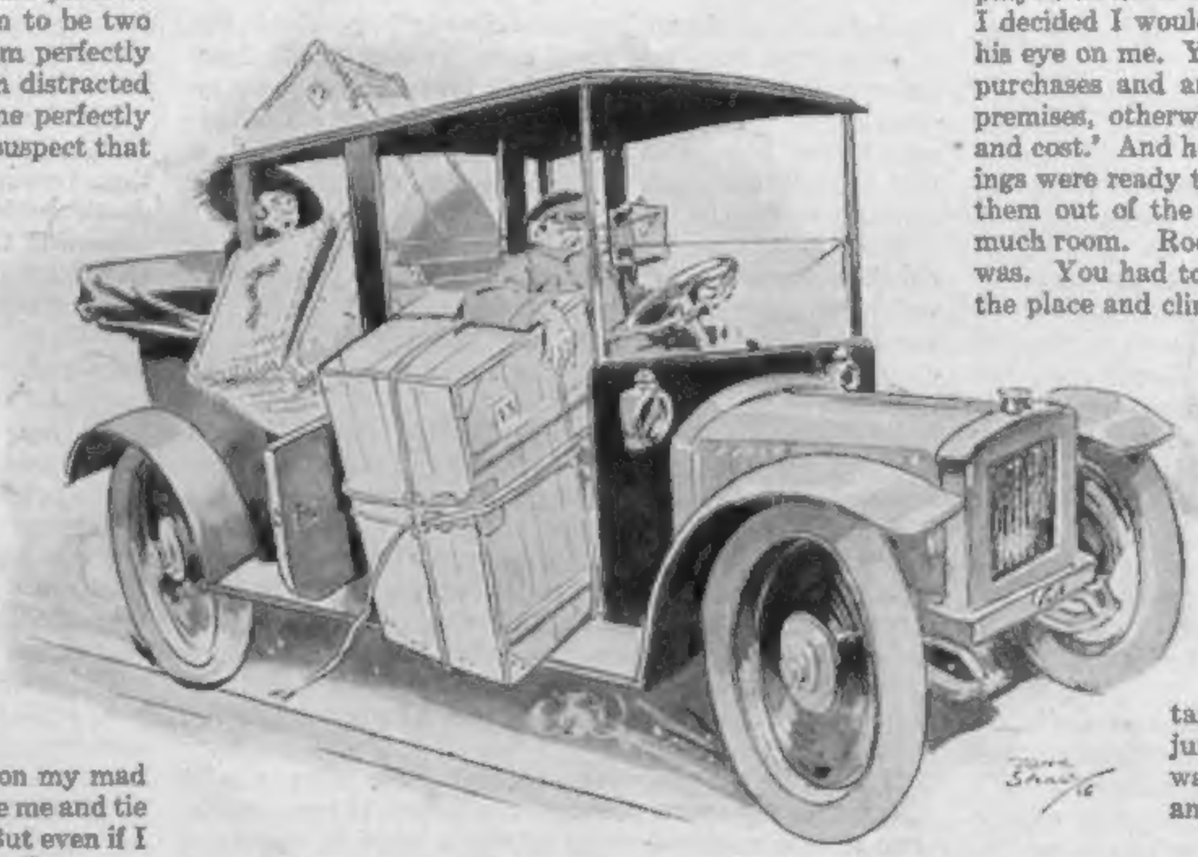
"Just coming and buying something that I wish afterward I hadn't bought isn't the worst of it," she owned. "That is destructive only to my spending allowance. My chief trouble is that I've gotten so I can't bear to think of spending my afternoons anywhere except at this place or one of the places like it. And if there happen to be two sales going the same day at different shops I'm perfectly miserable. All the time I'm sitting in one I'm distracted by the thought that possibly I'm missing some perfectly wonderful bargain at the other. Sometimes I suspect that my intellect is beginning to give way under the strain, and then again I'm sure I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown. My husband has his own diagnosis. He says I'm just plain nutty, as he vulgarly expresses it. He has taken to calling me Nutchita, which he says is Spanish for a little nut. You know since Scott came back from South America he just adores to show off the Spanish he learned. He loves to tell how he went to a bull fight down there and saw the gallant mandatory stab the charging parabola to the heart with his shining bolero or whatever you call it.

"He says there is no hope of curing me and he appreciates the fact that teams of horses couldn't drag me away from these auction rooms, but he suggested that maybe we might be saved from spending our last days at the almshouse if before I started out on my mad career each afternoon I'd get somebody to muffle me and tie my arms fast so I couldn't bid on anything. But even if I couldn't speak or gesticulate I could still nod, so I suppose that wouldn't help. Besides, as I said to him, I would probably attract a good deal of attention riding down Fifth Avenue with my hands tied behind my back and a gag in my mouth. But he says he'd much rather I were made conspicuous now than that I should be even more conspicuous later on at a feeble-minded institute; he says they'd probably keep me in a strait-jacket anyhow after I reached the violent stage and that I might as well begin getting used to the feeling now.

"All joking aside, though, I really did have a frightful experience last winter," she continued. "There was a sale of desirable household effects advertised to take place up at Blank's on West Forty-fifth Street and of course I went. I've spent so much of my time at Blank's these last few months I suppose people are beginning to think I live there. Well anyway, I was one of the first arrivals and just as I got settled the auctioneer put up a basket; a huge, flat, curious-looking, wickerwork affair, it was. You never in all your life saw such a basket! It was too big for a soiled-clothes hamper and besides wasn't the right shape. And it was too flat to store things in and it didn't have any top on it either. I suppose you would just call it a kind of a basket.

"Well, the man put it up and asked for bids on it, but nobody bid; and then the auctioneer looked right at me in an appealing sort of way—I feel that everybody connected with the shop is an old friend of mine by now, and especially the auctioneer—so when he looked in my direction with that yearning expression in his eye I bid a dollar just to start it off for him. And what do you think? Before you could say scat he'd knocked it down to me for a dollar. I just hate people who catch you up suddenly that way! It discouraged me so that after that the sale was practically spoiled for me. I didn't have the courage to bid on another thing the whole afternoon.

"When the sale was over I went back to the packing room to get a good look at what I'd bought. And my dear, what do you suppose? I hadn't bought a single basket—that would have been bad enough—but no, I'd bought a job lot, comprising the original basket and its twin sister that was exactly like it, only homelier if anything, and on top of that an enormous square wooden box painted a bright green with a great lock fastening the lid down. That wretch of an auctioneer had deliberately taken a shameful advantage of me. How was I to know I was bidding in a whole wagonload of trash? Obtaining money under false pretenses, that's what I call it."



"I Felt Like Something That Was Being Delivered in a Crate and Had Come Partly Undone on the Way"

A Dollar's Worth of White Elephants

"WELL, I stood aghast—or perhaps I should say I leaned aghast, because the shock was so great I felt I had to prop myself up against something. Why, the box alone must have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. It didn't seem to be the sort of box you could put anything in either. It wouldn't do for a woodbox or a coal box or a dog house or anything. It was just as useless as the baskets were, and they were nothing more nor less than two orders of willow ware on the half shell. Even if they had been of any earthly use, what could I do with them in the tiny three-room apartment that we were occupying last winter? Isn't it perfectly shameful the way these auction-room people impose on the public? They don't make any exceptions either. Here was I, a regular customer, and just see what they had done to me, all because I'm so good-natured and sympathetic. I declare sometimes I'm ready to take a solemn oath I'll never do another favor for anybody as long as I live. It's the selfish ones who get along in this world!

"Well, when I realized what a scandalous trick had been played on me I was seized with a wild desire to get away. I decided I would try to slip out. But the manager had his eye on me. You know the rule they have: 'Claim all purchases and arrange for their removal before leaving premises, otherwise goods will be stored at owner's risk and cost.' And he called me back and told me my belongings were ready to be taken away and would I kindly get them out of the house at once because they took up so much room. Room? They took up all the room there was. You had to step into one of the baskets to get into the place and climb over the box to get out again.

"I asked him how I was going to get those things up to my address and he suggested a taxi. I told him I would just run out and find a taxi, meaning, of course, to forget to come back. But he told me not to bother because there was a taxi at the door that had been ordered to come for somebody else and then wasn't needed. And before I could think up any other excuse to escape he'd called the taxi driver in. And the taxi man took one look at my collection of junk and then he asked us if we thought he was driving a moving van or a Noah's ark and laughed in a lowbred way and went out.

"At that I had a faint ray of hope that maybe after all I might be saved, because I had made up my mind to tell the manager

I would just step outside and arrange to hire a delivery wagon or something, and that would give me a chance to escape; but I think he must have suspected something from my manner because already he was calling in another taxi driver from off the street, and there I was, trapped. And the driver of the second taxi was more accommodating than the other one had been, though goodness knows his goodness of heart was no treat to me. I should have regarded it as a personal kindness on his part if he had behaved as the first driver had done. But no, nothing would do but that he must load that ghastly monstrosity of a box up alongside him on the rack where they carry trunks, and two of the packing-room men tied it on with ropes so it couldn't fall off and get lost. I suppose they thought by that they were doing me a favor! And then I got in the cab feeling like Marie Antoinette on her way to be beheaded, and they piled those two baskets in on top of me and the end of one of them stuck out so far that they couldn't get the door shut but had to leave it open. And then we rode home, only I didn't feel like Marie Antoinette any more; I felt like something that was being delivered in a crate and had come partly undone on the way.

"And when we got up to Eighty-ninth Street that barefaced robber of a taxicab driver charged me two extra fares—just think of such things being permitted to go on in a city where the police are supposed to protect people! And then he unloaded all that mess on the sidewalk in front of the apartment house and drove off and left me there standing guard over it—probably the forlornest, most helpless object in all New York at that moment.

"I got one of the hallboys to call the janitor up from the basement and I asked him if he would be good enough to store my box and my two baskets in the storeroom where the tenants keep their trunks. And he said not on my life he wouldn't, because there wasn't any room to spare in the trunk room and then he asked me what I was going to do with all that truck anyway, and though it was none of his business I thought it would be tactful to make a polite answer and I told him I hadn't exactly decided yet and that I certainly would appreciate his kindness if he could just tuck my things away in some odd corner somewhere until I had fully made up my mind. While I was saying that I was giving him one of my most winning smiles, though it hurt like the toothache to smile under the circumstances and considering what I'd already been through.

"But all he said was: 'Huh, lady, you couldn't tuck them things away at Times Square and Forty-third Street and that's the biggest corner I knows of in this town.'"

The Brutality of Husbands

"THE impudent scoundrel wouldn't relent a mite either, until I'd given him a dollar for a tip, and then he did agree to keep the baskets in the coal cellar for a couple of days but no longer. But he absolutely refused to take the box along too, so I had to have it sent upstairs to the apartment and put in the bedroom because it was too big to go in the hall. And when the men got it in the bedroom I could hardly get in myself to take off my hat. And after that I sat down and cried a little, because really I was frightfully upset, and moreover I had a feeling that when Scott came home he would be sure to try to be funny. You know how husbands are, being one yourself!

"Sure enough, when he came in the first thing he saw was that box. He couldn't very well help seeing it because he practically fell over it as he stepped in the door. He said: 'What's this?' and I said: 'It's a box'—just like that. And he said: 'What kind of a box?' And I didn't like his tone and I said: 'A green box. I should think anybody would know that much.' And he said: 'Ah, indeed,' several times in a most aggravating way and walked round it. He couldn't walk all the way round it on account of the wall being in the way; but as far round it as he could walk without bumping into the wall. And he looked at it and felt it with his hand and kicked it once or twice and then he sniffed and said: 'And what's it for?' And I said: 'To put things in.' And he said: 'For instance, what?'

"Now I despise for people to be so technical round me, and besides, of all the words in the English language I most abhor those words 'for instance'; but I kept my temper even if I was boiling inside and I said: 'It's to put things in that you haven't got any other place to put them in.' Which was ungrammatical, I admit, but the best I could do under the prevalent conditions. And then he looked at me until I could have screamed, and he said: 'Maude, where did you get that damned thing?' And I said it wasn't a damned thing but a perfectly good box made out of wood and painted green and everything; and that I'd got it at an auction sale for a dollar and that I considered it a real bargain. I didn't feel called on to tell him about the two baskets down in the coal cellar just yet So I didn't mention them; and anyhow, heaven knows I was sick and tired of the whole subject and ready to drop it, but he kept on looking at it and sniffing and asking questions. Some people have no idea how a great strong brute of a man can nag a weak defenseless woman to desperation when he deliberately sets out to do it.

"Finally I said: 'Well, even if you don't like the box I think it's a perfectly splendid box, and look what a good strong lock it has on it—surely that's worth something.' And he said: 'Well, let's see about that—where's the key?' And, my dear, then it dawned on me that I didn't have any key!

"Well, a person can stand just so much and no more. I'm a patient long-suffering woman and I've always been told that I had a wonderful disposition, but there are limits. And when he burst out laughing and wouldn't stop laughing but kept right on and laughed and laughed and leaned up against something and laughed some more until you could have heard him in the next block—why then, all of a sudden something seemed to give way inside of me and I burst out crying—I couldn't hold in another second—and I told him that I'd never speak to him again the longest day he lived and that he could go to Halifax or some other place beginning with the same initial and take the old box with him for all I cared; and just as I burst out of the room I heard him say: 'No, madam, when I married you I agreed to support you but I didn't engage to take care of any air-tight, burglar-proof pea-green box the size of a circus cage!' And I suppose he thought that was being funny too. A perverted sense of humor is an awful cross to bear—in a husband!

"So I went and lay down on the living-room couch with a raging splitting sick headache and I didn't care whether I lived or died, but on the whole rather preferred dying. After a little he came in, trying to hold his face straight, and begged my pardon. And I told him I would forgive him if he would do just two things. And he asked me what those two things were and I told him one was to quit snickering like an idiot every few moments and the other was never to mention boxes to me again as long as he lived. And he promised on his solemn word of honor he wouldn't, but he said I must bear with him if he smiled a little bit once in a while as the evening wore on, because when he did that he would be thinking about something very funny that had happened at the office that day and not thinking about what I would probably think he was thinking about at all. And then he said how about running down to the Plaza for a nice little dinner and I said yes, and after dinner I felt braced up and strong enough to break the news to him about the two baskets.

But I Do Rather Fancy Myself in the Title Rôles of The Corsican Brothers

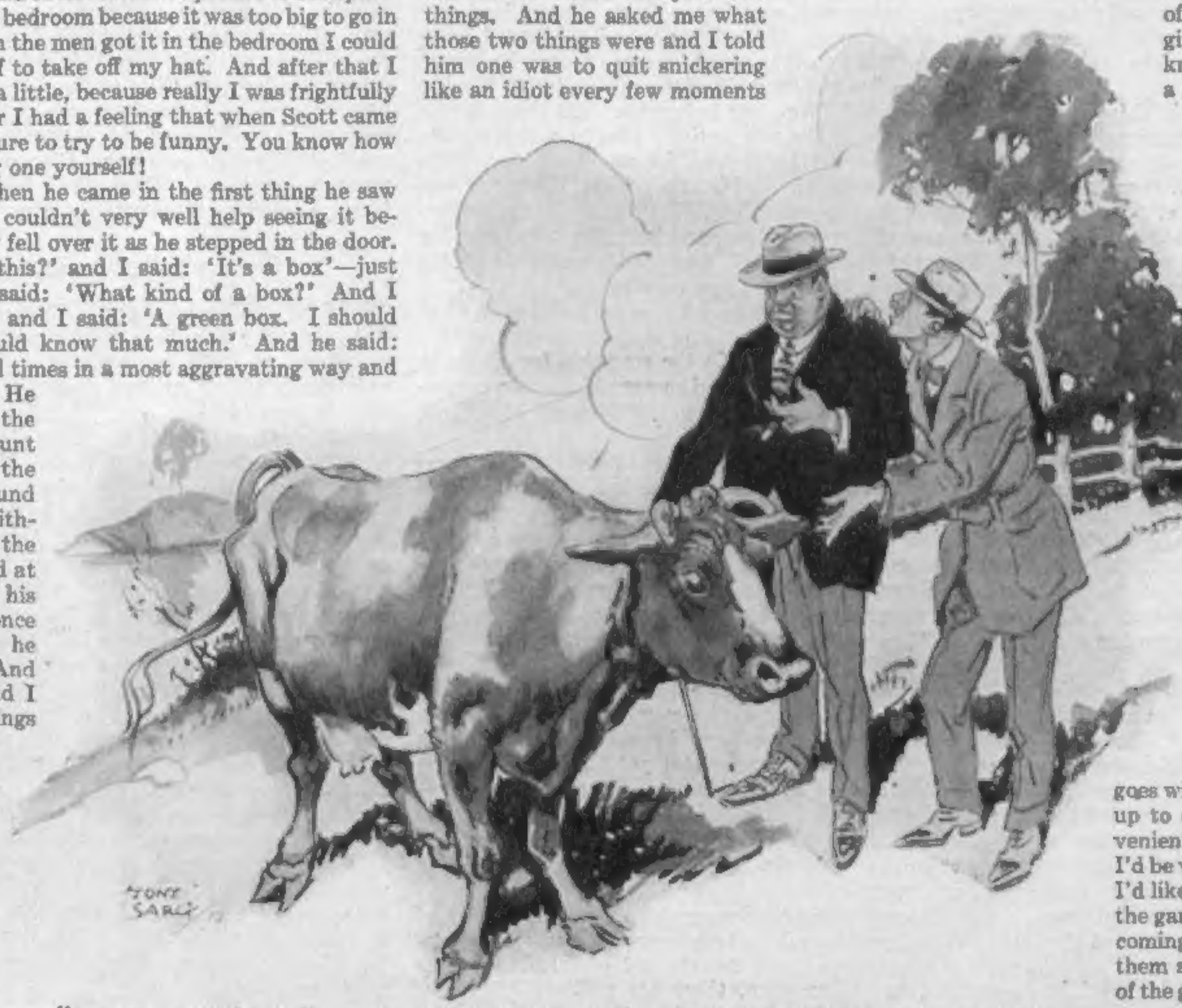
"And he didn't laugh; in justice to him I must say that much for him. He didn't laugh. Only he choked or something, and had a very severe coughing spell. And then we went home and while he was undressing he fell over the box and barked his shins on it, and though it must have been a strain on him he behaved like a gentleman and swore only a little."

And the Bills Kept Piling Up

"BUT my dear, the worst was yet to come! The next day I had to arrange to send the whole lot to storage because we simply couldn't go on living with that box in the only bedroom we had; and the bill for cartage came to two dollars and a quarter. After I had seen them off to the storage warehouse I tried to forget all about them. As a matter of fact they never crossed my mind again until we moved out to the country in April and then I suddenly remembered about them—getting a bill for three months' storage at two dollars a month may have had something to do with bringing them forcibly to my memory—and I telephoned in and asked the manager of the storage warehouse if he please wouldn't give them to somebody and he said he didn't know anybody who would have all that junk as a gift. So it seemed to me the best thing and the most economical thing to do would be to pay the bill to date and bring them on out to the place.

"But, as it turned out, that was a financial mistake too. Because what with sending the truck all the way into town, thirty-eight miles and back again, and the wear and tear on the tires and the gasoline and the man's time who drove the truck and what Scott calls the overhead—though I don't see what he means by that because it is an open truck without any top to it at all—we figure, or rather Scott does, that the cost of getting them out to the country came to fourteen dollars.

"And we still have them, and if you should happen to know of anybody or should meet anybody who'd like to have two very large roomy wicker baskets and a very well-made wooden box painted in all-over design in a very good shade of green and which may contain something valuable, because I haven't been able to open it yet to find out what's inside, and with a lock that goes with it, I wish you'd tell them that they can send up to our place and get them any time that is convenient to them. Or if they don't live too far away I'd be very glad to send the things over to them. Only I'd like for them to decide as soon as possible because the gardener, who is Swedish and awfully fussy, keeps coming in every few days and complaining about them and asking why I don't have them moved out of the greenhouse, which is where we are keeping them



"Class!" He Repeated. "Class, Did You Say? Say, Listen! That Cow Has All the Class There Is"

(Continued on Page 153)

THE EAGLE IN THE COCKPIT

By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

A DENSE crowd waited in Unter den Linden for a glimmer to show in the windows of the Hotel Adlon. Not a light was to be seen. Several of Noske's soldiers guarded the entrance with rifles; the lobby was deserted and in semidarkness; back near the elevators a squad with a machine gun held themselves in readiness to repel a rush.

The mob waited patiently, with a strange menacing quiet; German mobs have a way of sticking round for hours without any apparent purpose, often noiselessly and without displaying the least sign of feeling. Then an indiscreet waiter in the American quarters on the second floor partially opened a blind in order to peep out, and from the watchful thousands rose a deep-throated roar. They booed and jeered and anathematized.

"Baby killers," they shouted, "who go about offering chocolate with one hand so they can steal with the other!"

It was their sprightly way of intimating that our humanitarian efforts served as a cloak to greedy designs. Of course this was the enemy view, just after they learned the peace terms. I regret to say, however, that this opinion of Americans is not altogether confined to Germany to-day.

Whatever he may think of individuals who have voiced our ideals the average American knows the heart of America—knows that America means these things, means them passionately. And therefore he cannot understand why American prestige should have sunk after the Peace Conference.

Two factors enter. The most important is European psychology, which is wholly different from American psychology, a fact which our leaders and business men must learn if they expect to deal successfully with the Continental nations. The other factor is the failure of American principles to make headway in the Peace Conference.

It is all over now but the tears and the girding up for the future, but some reference to what transpired after the armistice is essential to an understanding of Europe's estimate of us to-day.

Ideals Worth Fighting For

WHAT are known as the governing classes of Europe never had much faith in our idealism and avowed motives; disinterestedness never having played a part in politics or international relations they remained good-humoredly skeptical of a millennium under American leadership. A section of them considered the principles President Wilson laid down as so much excellent propaganda in the stress of war—shrewd strategy—but wildly impractical and visionary stuff, to be tossed into the discard when the hour of settlement arrived.

It is difficult to gauge what the masses of the people thought, for in Europe they have been mostly inarticulate. His earlier gospel was received with caution, it clashed so sharply with the lower classes' experience of humanity and governments. But as time passed and American policy and action held true to these principles there was born a vague yearning hope. Slowly, very slowly, they came to believe, because they were desperate and wanted to believe. It was as though a new era were dawning. Hate and suspicion and greed had too often been their lot; and now came the spokesman of a great nation from beyond the seas, preaching the universal brotherhood of man.

They rose to him as to a deliverer, a sort of messiah; the feeling for him among the lower orders amounted almost to idolatry. He had voiced what lay deep in their hearts; he was their champion, come to lead them out of darkness into light.

Never did an individual in modern times occupy such a commanding position. Never did a nation sit down at the diplomatic table with a stronger hand. Uncle Sam held most of the trumps. Everybody round the board owed him money and hoped to owe him some more; he owned the food supplies and the bulk of the raw materials Europe required to rehabilitate her industries. His share in the successful issue of the war entitled him to a stellar rôle; moreover, alone of the victors, he asked nothing. The moral assets were all on his side—what Bismarck was wont to call the imponderables. Do you wonder that expectations among Europe's downtrodden millions ran high for fulfillment of their dreams? Our own hopes were pretty rosy about that time, also, you may recall.

It may take fifty years to get a true perspective on what happened in Paris, but one thing is certain—dreams of a new order were shattered. In the scramble for spoils, in the dickering and logrolling and compromise of the conference the masses of Europe saw the triumph of the old vicious system.

In the bitterness of their disappointment they turned against President Wilson and America. It was idle to attempt to convince them that the Wilsonian principles had not been violated. It was rather childish, too, for they could read and possessed sufficient intelligence to perceive that the Fourteen Points had been shot to shreds. L'Œuvre of Paris summed up the prevailing Continental opinion thusly: "The apostle did not have the strength to stand up for his gospel."

Perhaps the President could not have done otherwise. In every settlement there must be compromise, and perhaps he obtained everything one could reasonably expect from that welter of conflicting interests; yet I have heard warm ardent admirers of his in Europe—Texas Democrats—express deep regret that he failed to stand steadfastly to his guns. Even those who scoff at his idealism—and the number grows—concede that he had a chance to win a greater victory.

For it happens that the forces which directed the work of the Peace Conference do not represent the undivided sentiment of France and Great Britain and Italy. In all three countries, as in our own, there are millions of earnest men and women who discovered in the peace terms the germs of future wars; and had the President made good his threat to take ship for home and laid all the facts of the bickering and negotiations before the world, there would have rallied to his support such hosts in every land that the reactionary classes in the Allied countries would have received the jolt of their lives.

International relations in Europe are determined by about ten per cent of the population or less. Pitiful that the voice of those who shoulder the burdens should always be tardy in making itself heard in councils.

Whatever the President did or did not do Europe decided that American principles had failed to stand. They had gone by the board, and America's representatives had assented to compromising them. That the necessities of the situation may have driven them to it to save the world from worse than had gone before did not weigh in Europe's judgment. They knew only that America's leaders preached one thing and did another. And they promptly returned to the viewpoint of life in which they had been reared—distrust and suspicion.

All of which suggests some reflections on our method of treating with Europe. We have taken up the white man's burden and it is fitting that we should study the people with whom we must deal.

Ever since the war broke, our diplomacy has been too celestial for success. In our foreign relations we have pitched our song to a heavenly key, which often grows mighty hard to hold. Now it is right and proper to entertain high ideals, to cling to them through weal and woe; and however much certain groups and classes of Americans may take advantage of this tendency, however they may employ it for their own ends—the nation as a whole is desperately in earnest. They stand ready to fight for these ideals, to give for them without stint.

Europe's Psychology and Ours

EUROPEAN psychology is different. For hundreds of years they have been taught to distrust and hate their neighbors, and the spectacle of a nation from overseas voluntarily aiding stricken countries without hope of return is beyond their comprehension. They are morally certain a nigger lurks in the fence somewhere. If the sort of aid we freely contributed during the war could not persuade them of our disinterestedness nothing ever will.

In consequence of this mental attitude is a disposition in some quarters to impose on American generosity—a natural and very human tendency. And unless we acquire a measure of caution and practicality in dealing with Europe the United States is likely to wake up some fine morning to discover that we have been bled.

The European cockpit is a smother of dust and feathers, and already the American eagle has dropped a few there. It cannot withdraw now to the former splendid isolation of its transatlantic aerie—those dear comfortable days are gone forever—so it behooves the eagle to become a watchful and canny old bird.

In business we are reputed to be an intensely practical people. But when our sympathies are roused we are hopelessly sentimental, dyed-in-the-wool idealists. And it would seem that the farther away the object of our sympathy happens to be the livelier that sympathy is; which is the way of idealists. We don't waste sympathy on Mexico, because there has never been the sort of propaganda to stimulate it; but consider our attitude toward Europe.

Five years ago we placed France on a pedestal of heroism. To us France stood as a beautiful figure of armed liberty, and we worshiped her with a reverence and an intensity no other nation ever inspired. To all of us and to our soldiers going overseas, her people were heroes, every one—every last, unshaved poilu. The troops went there diffidently, conscious of their own inexperience and reverent of the French spirit. Whatever Europe expected, that was their feeling early in 1917, for I was with them and in a position to know.

The boys early discovered what it would be extremely useful for the stay-at-home population to realize, that the French are just as human as other peoples—made of the same clay, composed of the same elements, actuated by the same motives. They have crooked politicians; they have grasping, scheming elements, such as we have had to fight at home, with this difference—their crookedness and their greed and their scheming are cultivated to the *n*th degree.

Heroic she was in her hour of trial; but no nation is entitled to a pedestal, and when one is placed thereupon a bitter awakening is bound to come. The A. E. F. and all who had opportunity to watch what transpired behind the scenes returned to the United States free from many illusions.

They regard France without mawkish sentimentality blinding their eyes. So let us deal by her as one strong nation by another. Certainly we have never slopped over toward the British; but it would be a hardy person who would assert that France's proofs of friendship have exceeded John Bull's.

A glance at some of the propositions that France has put up to the United States, officially or through newspaper campaigns, as feelers, will prove the need of caution.

Shortly after the armistice the proposal was made in all earnestness that the American troops should be employed to help restore the devastated areas. It was made officially if not formally; I have the highest authority for saying so. At the same time certain Paris newspapers opened their columns to a discussion of the benefits France might expect from this form of aid from generous America. Several of the most gifted French writers grew eloquent in description of the achievements that might be anticipated along these lines if the Americans would bring to the task the same energy and genius for organization they had displayed in the building of ports and camps and railroads. It looked like a fine proposition.

But how does it look to you? And what would the A. E. F. have thought of it? The suggestion amounted to nothing less than making labor battalions of our Army—keeping them to work in France while Frenchmen went back to their homes and farms and factories and businesses. The naïveté of this extraordinary proposal makes it difficult to conceive how sober men could have entertained the idea. They did, however; I never bothered to ask the commander in chief what reply was returned.

War Bills

SINCE the United States entered the war a fairly open propaganda has been carried on to bring Americans to the viewpoint that their debt to France for her sacrifices to uphold liberty ought to include wiping off her financial obligations to this country. The surprising feature of this campaign is that it found many adherents among our own people. All of us can remember the speeches that were made—how a former high official and various politicians seriously advanced the plea that America should forgo payment on her loans to the Allies. Why they did not also propose an indemnity to Germany is beyond my comprehension. One expects politicians and that small portion of our population which, in inverse ratio to the taxes they pay, grow hysterical over every chance to give from the public funds to talk like that; but sound stable business men succumbed to the notion too. Perhaps they have cooled off now since they have had opportunity to see the wheels go round at the Paris conference; but last year I met with many substantial citizens to whom it would have been impossible to sell a gold brick in the course of everyday business and I found them favoring the plan.

Finally the proposition went before the Peace Conference. Here is an extract from the news bulletin issued daily by the Intelligence Section of the American Army of Occupation: "France has abandoned, for the present at least, any hope of having her great war debt shared by the Allies. Authoritatively stated by one of the Americans attending the conference that what had been an embarrassing possibility had been definitely eliminated from the deliberations, although it is possible that France might at some future time attempt to secure assistance. Project never formally presented in conference, but conversations held at intervals since conference began have served as medium for French point of view. British and American delegation have been quite frank in their disapproval and have openly said that the people of their countries would be slow to indorse the plan."

"For the present at least!" The qualification is significant; signs point to a revival of the effort.

It may be that the French plan for internationalization of the costs of the war is not understood in all its bearings by the American people—internationalization was substituted for the original suggestion that the United States should cancel the loans when the latter met with pronounced coolness in official quarters.

One might naturally suppose that internationalization would call for apportioning the debt among the principal belligerents on something like an equal basis; but anyone supposing that would be woefully ignorant of European psychology. On the basis of an equal apportionment France and Italy would both have to make contributions to Great Britain and the United States, inasmuch as each of these two powers spent more money than either of them. Therefore the proposition, so far as it can be estimated from the French newspapers, amounts to this—that the whole cost of the war from August, 1914, shall be pooled and apportioned among the allied nations and the United States, according to population, resources and sacrifices and losses sustained.

A mere child can figure how the United States would come out. It is the most populous country—incomparably the richest country—and its losses have been less than those of any of the great belligerents. Under this plan it would pay the bulk of the bills.

Do you think the war was so exclusively for America's interests as all that? To a sane person the suggestion smacks of delirium tremens; but war is provocative of that state of mind. People lose perspective and think through their emotions.

The French argument to support the proposition is based on the plea that the war from the outset was a war for human liberty—that France was giving battle in defense of the United States and the whole world, as well as herself, when she fought to stem the German tide.

However, it may be that you are not prepared to admit that; large numbers of Americans—more than two millions, to get down to figures—who spent a year or more in France, have been known to scoff at the notion. These skeptics contend that France had no thought of championing anybody—either the United States or the world at large—when she battled for her existence in 1914; which is, of course, the common-sense naked truth. Had her own safety not been at stake, had there existed no old scores and wrongs to wipe out, France would have been found doing what any other practical nation does in a mess that doesn't directly concern her. She would have sat comfortably in her cafés, leaving to some other power with vital interests at stake the task of holding aloft the torch of freedom.

French Financial Policy

THIS naturally leads up to the suggestion that American spellbinders would do well to cease babbling about Alsace-Lorraine and the wrong to Belgium as constituting our motives for going to war. If they had done so we should have been in much earlier. The United States went to war to save herself, because she perceived in the possible triumph of a military autocracy a threat against her very existence. Try to imagine our troops pouring overseas to wrest Alsace-Lorraine back for France—to redress a forty-year-old wrong that most of them knew nothing about.

The French debt looms much larger than it ought because they have financed the war almost entirely through loans rather than risk heavy taxation. Probably any French Government which might have attempted to tax the nation as heavily as the British and American peoples were taxed would have perished miserably in a fortnight. At any rate they were afraid to chance it and temporized by borrowing.

Year after year they have staved off the evil day of reckoning through loans from Great Britain and the United States. But no man or country can go on borrowing indefinitely without paying back, so now France is faced with the alternative of taxing the people to meet obligations or securing quittance from her creditors, and the financial situation is a nightmare to the government. German indemnities may ease the pressure to some extent; still France will have an enormous bill to pay, a large portion of which she should have met out of taxation as the debt was incurred; and the value of the franc is down and the country seething with unrest. So it is not surprising that her leaders should try every possible source of relief. What a triumph for any government which could hand to the nation a clean slate, on top of military victory!

At this writing we are faced with a military alliance of France, Great Britain and the United States for the protection of the first-named against German aggression. What the American Congress and Senate will do with this special treaty I do not know; but it may be instructive to obtain a few side lights on our ally's viewpoints of the respective obligations.

Every practical statesman recognized that a League of Nations would be impotent without adequate military power behind it to enforce its decisions—just as impotent as laws without police. How these forces were to be raised and what proportion of the burden each of the powers should bear became matters of lively discussion in Europe.

The most natural arrangement seemed to be contributions of troops and battleships and money according to the wealth and resources of each country, its status in world politics and the menace to it from invasion. But the French and Italians could not see it in that light.

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BONDS OF PATRIMONY

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

FROM long experience Mr. Crankshaw had developed a sort of sixth sense, and it was valuable to him because it saved his nerves from a hundred little disturbances a day. And at the immediate moment, though the door had opened and closed without the faintest sound and though no echo had told his ears of an entering presence, he knew without looking up from his volume of cases on contracts that his stenographer was waiting patiently before his desk. In the privacy of his imagination he called her Pussyfoot, but to her face he addressed her as Miss Pimm, which was almost as descriptive.

"Well?" said Mr. Crankshaw, underlining an important paragraph.

"Lady," said Miss Pimm in a severe unstressed contralto.

"What kind of lady?"

"Widow," said Miss Pimm conservatively.

"I mean—what does she want? Is she a book agent—or what is she?"

"She wants an appointment," said Miss Pimm, and here she placed a card in the mathematical center of his blotter. It was a stiff, heavy, black-bordered card expensively engraved, and as soon as Mr. Crankshaw had taken one glance at it he lost all fear of being buttonholed by a lady canvasser.

"Oh! Show her in, show her in!" he said.

He delayed to make a final interlineation, and lifting his eyes from it he perceived that his visitor had already crossed the threshold and was standing there hesitant with one hand behind her on the knob.

"Mrs. Hewetson!" he exclaimed.

She came tardily toward him, raising her veil as she came. She was evidently in the neighborhood of twenty-six or twenty-seven, and, though few critics would have termed her beautiful, she still had about her a certain winsomeness and a hint of exceptional charm and piquancy—temporarily suppressed—which clutched at Mr. Crankshaw's none too lively sensibilities. His bow, as he handed her to a chair, had ruffles on it.

"I—I thought I'd better come to see you," she said, and her voice was very low and sweet. "I thought it was time I had a lawyer."

Mr. Crankshaw nodded in confirmation and resumed his seat.

"If there's anything in the world I can do for you, Mrs. Hewetson ——"

She had a very pretty manner of dropping her eyes occasionally to punctuate her sentences.

"You see, George had always talked so much about you and what friends you'd been at college—and at least I'd met you before—so when I had to think of a lawyer I thought of you."

"Yes," said Mr. Crankshaw, subdued. "George and I were pretty close together for a while and I always was sorry that ever since college we were both so busy. I've been at your house only three times—isn't it? And the last time I saw him was six months ago. It was my own fault. I'm sorry."

"It wasn't all your fault," she said. "He'd been away from home a good deal. You knew he'd left the Allied Felt, didn't you?"

"No; when did that happen?"

"In January. He went over to the Acme Felt Company as general manager."

Mr. Crankshaw's eyebrows implied a distinguished compliment for the late Mr. Hewetson, but in secret he was astounded and slightly piqued. The sales manager of Allied Felt was a citizen of some importance, but the general manager of Acme sat on one of the pinnacles of the trade. Mr. Crankshaw found it irksome to recall that George Hewetson had been dropped from college at the end of junior term ten years ago because of atrocious scholarship. Mr. Crankshaw himself had stayed on to be valedictorian and in due time an honor graduate of the law school, but he was again reminded that the race isn't always to the man who would make the best use of the trophy.

Mr. Crankshaw's office rent was a month or so overdue and it galled him to visualize the Hewetson apartment on Riverside Drive and the Hewetson entertainments and the Hewetson clothes and haberdashery and the Hewetson touring car—luxuries provided by a man who didn't even know enough to stay in college.

"Is It That You Don't Want to Come Because I'm There?"

"I hadn't heard that," he said with just the right amount of appreciation in his tone. "But I'm sure he deserved it."

She avoided further reference to the past.

"I mustn't waste your time, though. I have some money that ought to be invested pretty soon, Mr. Crankshaw. That's why I came in to-day. I really don't know very much about—investments and all that. And then I want to sell the car, too, and some other things. I—I don't believe I'll care about them any more. And so many people have given me advice and given me so many different kinds of advice that I thought I'd better come to somebody who makes a regular business of advising people—and was a friend of George's too."

"Quite so," said Mr. Crankshaw. He loaned her all the sympathy of which he was capable, but not even her personal charms could make him callous to her value as a prospective client. "And I'm here to help you. About how much did you want to invest?"

"Oh, about ten or fifteen thousand dollars."

Mr. Crankshaw's soul winced and his features continued to reflect a mild and paternal benevolence. He was harassed by his permanent theory that he himself was more deserving of wealth and certainly better fitted to enjoy it than most of the men who somehow seemed to be getting it.

"Is that so important," he inquired kindly, "that it made you apprehensive when you first came in? I mean, I might advise one thing if you simply want a good fair proposition and another thing entirely if this fifteen thousand dollars is an—an important fraction of your capital."

She hesitated.

"It's an awfully final sort of sensation to invest money when you've never had to do it before. But that wasn't worrying me so much as wondering if you could afford to spend your valuable time on me. I know you and George used to be friends and all that, but you looked so frightfully busy, and—and serious."

He smiled benignly.

"You haven't actually made any investments yet then?"

"Oh, yes, I've made a good many. I told you that other people have advised me. But this is the first money I haven't been sure what to do with. So many things were suggested that—why, that's why I'm here."

"And you're sure you can spare it? You won't need any of it for living expenses or anything?"

"Oh, dear, no! It's some that just came due."

Mr. Crankshaw blinked.

"Suppose you give me an idea of what you've bought already."

She told him—and the tale was enough to shrivel any average valedictorian.

"Well, I bought some Eastern Pacific bonds and some Rockefeller Petroleum bonds and some Telegraph and Cable bonds and some American Steel bonds."

Mr. Crankshaw frowned as judicially as though he ornamented the bench in the Appellate Division.

"What does the Telegraph yield you?"

"It's—it's a five per cent bond," she said.

"Yes, but what did you pay for it? What does it yield?"

"Why—five per cent, I suppose," she said helplessly. "Doesn't it?"

Mr. Crankshaw sat up and selected the clearest and simplest phrases he had in stock. He held to elementary arithmetic and at the end of ten minutes he had succeeded in demonstrating that Telegraph bonds bought at 106 didn't yield her any five per cent on her capital, but merely 4.71. Then he smoothed down his prematurely gray hair and spoke as he dreamed.

"Now, for myself," he said, "I've found the Southwestern Electric a most satisfactory buy, and under the circumstances I think it's just what you want. It's a five per cent first-mortgage bond, just like the Telegraph, and it's just as safe and seasoned and you can get all you want at close to par. Of course the difference in return between this at par and Telegraph at 106 on fifteen thousand dollars' worth is less than forty-five dollars a year, but why shouldn't you have it? If I were in your place I'd look now for some higher yields."

His pose was effective, because his judgment happened to be sincere. Often at night in the solitude of his hall room, when he drew up a schedule of the investments he would make if he ever had a million dollars, he put Southwestern Electric 5's at the top of the list. They were as good as gold. A few months ago he had bought an imaginary block at 94 and he felt that nothing but the absence of money prevented him from beating Wall Street at its own game.

"That's what you buy for yourself? Then you're sure they're good, aren't you?"

Nothing in the world would have induced Mr. Crankshaw to tell a lie.

"Mrs. Hewetson, if I had ten million dollars of orphans' money to invest this morning I'd put a quarter of it into Southwestern Electric and know that I hadn't made a mistake."

"I wonder," she said, "if you could recommend me to a broker? Somebody reliable, but somebody I never heard of before, and who didn't know George. I don't want any more advice from anyone but you. I want to go and buy my bonds just as though I were buying vegetables—except that the grocer doesn't try to persuade me what I ought to like."

Mr. Crankshaw deliberated, and a Napoleonic campaign began to unfold itself within his visions.

"Now, it doesn't pay to be in a hurry," he said. "Southwestern Electric's a fine company, but why don't you let me come up to see you some evening this week, when we can have more time, and let me bring you a bunch of different bond circulars? Then we can go over the whole situation and decide, not simply on what's a good purchase for you but on what's the best."

"You're being wonderfully kind to me," said Mrs. Hewetson, and attractive as she was, yet her tone carried a fog of uncertainty to Mr. Crankshaw. He wondered if she thought that lawyers' kindnesses are without price. "I'll be glad to see you almost any evening."

"Thursday? To-morrow?"

"Yes, that'll do nicely. I'm in the same apartment. Thank you ever so much, Mr. Crankshaw—and I'll expect you to-morrow."

He ushered her out impressively and went back to his desk, but instead of submerging himself in cases on contracts he sat drawing pretty pictures on the clouds.

"I should imagine," said Mr. Crankshaw, half aloud, "that George Hewetson was probably making at least thirty thousand a year and had a stock interest at that."

He presently called instructions to Miss Pimm, and fidgeted with the telephone receiver until the party was on the wire.

"Hello, Charlie! This is Sam. Listen, Charlie—I've got a client with a pile of money. What do you folks think of Southwestern Electric? As good as all that? I thought so myself, but I wanted your opinion first. Well, supposing I send her over to you, what's my commission? Commission, yes. That doesn't make any difference, Charlie, but —— No, I'm not trying to hold you up, but it seems to me —— No, her husband was a big man in the felt business and she's got —— Why, ten or fifteen thousand right off, and a regular customer. Certainly, but the introduction's worth something, isn't it? Well, I'm mighty sorry you feel that way about it, Charlie. Oh, no, I'm not sore, not for a minute, but —— No, I'm not, but —— Oh, sure, friendship is friendship! But business is business, too, and I should think I'm entitled — Oh, piffle! Come on now, Charlie, be frank with yourself. How many clients did you ever really send me? No, but come on—how many did you send? Yes, that's all right, but good intentions don't pay the landlady. That's quite all right, old man, but you've lost a good sale right now—and a good customer. Why, I'm going to send her to some other broker of course. 'By!"

"Damned tightwad!" snapped Mr. Crankshaw as he slammed down the receiver. The worst of it was that he had no other brokerage friends who would conceivably split commissions with him. And there was no sense in offering to act as Mrs. Hewetson's purchasing agent on any other basis. He should have to content himself with selling her good advice.

Mr. Charles Derrick, of Derrick & Co., was the youngest partner of the smallest firm which held a membership in the lesser of the two New York Stock Exchanges. Friendship was invariably friendship with Mr. Derrick, but business was love, and he knew a gentlemanly dead beat who could be trusted implicitly for a short time—if no payment were made in advance.

"You get me?" said Mr. Derrick. "The name of every man in the felt industry who's died in the last two years and was big enough to have his death mentioned in print anywhere. Try the trade papers first. I'll give you ten dollars for the list, and if the name of the man I want is on it I'll give you another ten. And I've got to have it by this time to-morrow or it won't be any use to me. O. K.?"

There were eleven names on the list he got, and nine of them referred to felters who had lived outside the state. Whereupon Mr. Derrick, confident that Mr. Crankshaw's practice didn't extend beyond Manhattan Island, telephoned to the relict of the tenth name, only to discover that the lady in recently departing from her boarding house had neglected to pay her board bill, and if the gintleman was any frind of her'n would he or would he not see that an honest, dacent woman, who always give the boarders stricly fresh eggs and rale cream and all the comforts anybody could expect in a rispictable house at twinty dollars a wake, was done out of her money like that? Would he, or would he not?

He would.

"And that," said Mr. Derrick cheerfully to himself, "leaves Mrs. George B. Hewetson, of Riverside Drive, and I guess I'd have saved time if I'd gone up there. No use telephoning—it's too easy to stall."

Behold then on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock Mr. Charles Derrick, immaculate, engaging, in the act of bestowing his card upon a gloomy elevator boy, who eyed it with ingrained hauteur and handed it back.

"Mis' Hewetson, she done say she out," said the Senegambian morosely.

Mr. Derrick was disappointed, but he could still accomplish a laugh.

"Oh, she said so herself, did she? When did she say it?"

"Wan' take yo' card back? She say a hour ago she goin' to tea in Nummer Sisteen—Mis' Marlin."

"Oh!" said Mr. Derrick. "Is that so? Well, you don't make any charge if I sit here and wait a while, do you?"

"It don' mean nuffin to me. One man, he gimme a dime once fo' waitin'—tha-a-anks."

Mr. Derrick disposed himself very uncomfortably on a marble bench and allotted himself a generous interlude of waiting.

"Marlin? What Marlin is that? What's the rest of his name."

"She's his mothah. He don' live here. He got a job in a bank."

Mr. Derrick straightened his spine.

"That isn't Henry F. Marlin by any chance, is it?"

"Yassuh. I guess he name's Henry. She call him Harry."

"Tall, dark, good-looking man, smooth-face, and ——"

"Yassuh, yassuh. He's 'e man gimme 'at dime. He mighty good-lookin' to me."

Mr. Derrick emitted evidence of his surprise and consulted his watch.

"How late do you close?"

"Close?"

"Yes, how late do you close? What time do you lock the doors?"

"Oh, we don' never lock 'em up, suh. 'Ey's somebody here all night."

"Good!" said Mr. Derrick. "We may have to keep each other company. I'm going to stick round."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Hewetson was sitting on a big divan in a corner of the Marlin living room and by her side, effectually screening her from the remainder of the gathering and thereby creating a private monopoly, was a young man she had never expected to meet.

She had seen him first behind the heavy brass rail which sprang into being squarely to her left as she entered the bank. There was a row of flat-topped mahogany desks deployed in echelon behind that rail and this young man had occupied the nearest desk. He had attracted her attention partly by reason of his geographical position, but chiefly by virtue of his mouth and eyes. She was a widow, but by grace of heaven she was not yet blind. His attitude was always alert and businesslike and his manner was even a trifle staccato, but his mouth had been set in a curving cast and his eyes were forever the refuge of a smile. He had the mature boyishness that every woman likes to look at.

She had spoken with him first when he passed through the ladies' department one morning where she was struggling with a check. He had merely paused at her elbow and smiled down and asked if he could help.

"I'm Mr. Marlin, the fourth vice president," he said. "And any time that we can assist you, why, that's what we're here for. Anything at all. No, it's not a favor. You're entitled to it."

After that she had bowed to him whenever she came into the bank.

Then, less than a week ago, a pink-and-white old lady whom she had seen a thousand times before in the elevator and the lobby of the apartment house had rung her bell.

"I just couldn't keep away from you any longer," said Mrs. Marlin, after she had introduced herself as a neighbor. "I've seen you so often in the last few months and I've been meaning to call on you for ages. I know a little about it, too, my dear. Mine was thirty-one and I was twenty-nine ——"

That had been on Monday and Mrs. Hewetson was distraught enough to return the call on Tuesday and they were mutual confidantes on Wednesday and on Thursday Mrs. Marlin positively insisted that Mrs. Hewetson run in for tea.

"You needn't be alarmed," she said. "There's nobody coming but two or three girls like myself"—here she had made a quizzical grimace—"and my boy, Harry. He's a nice boy and you'll hardly know he's there. It'll do you good—and you need it."

So that Mrs. Hewetson and the fourth vice president had met each other face to face and exclaimed in unison; and she had declared that the similarity of names hadn't once appealed to her; and Mr. Marlin had been staggered by the wild coincidence of her happening to live in the same apartment house as his mother; and Mrs. Marlin had thought it miraculous that Mrs. Hewetson had chosen to patronize Harry's bank, when there were so many banks in New York to pick from. Everyone was glad that no one else said anything about the size of the world, and presently three sexagenarians arrived, and they all had tea.

"Tell me," he was saying to her, "why you haven't let us do some of your worrying for you, Mrs. Hewetson?"

She gave him a little gesture of deprecation.

"The thing I'm really worried about is that so many people want to do my worrying for me. All my husband's old friends and my lawyer and ——"

"I know, but the best plan is to trust your friends for friendship, but when you need advice go to an expert. And even though some lawyers do know a little about finance, your banker'll give you better service in the long run and it won't cost you so much. Now if you'll just promise me one thing I won't say another word about business. I won't intrude, but if you ever need any plain, ordinary, advice about anything to do with money, loans or investments or anything else stop and see me. Will you?"

(Continued on Page 173)

He Had Begun to Doubt, He Said, Whether She Had Really Established Any Very Consistent Theory of Buying and He Thought it His Duty to Recommend a Compact and Carefully Studied Plan

TWO BEAUS AND BOMAZEEN

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

EVERY now and then the sheriff had been knocking down the Cobbossee and Quebec Railroad on an execution writ procured by some extra-impatient creditor who was trying to squeeze a dry lemon. So without any particular interest in what he was doing the sheriff came out on the steps of the courthouse at ten of the clock on a July forenoon and shuffled a packet of papers, yawned and prepared to sell the railroad once more. There was no crowd. At the foot of the steps waited a jolly-looking fat man with a big mustache and there was a buxom woman who was squired by a mournful, cadaverous individual. The fat man surveyed the woman with interest and then he went up the steps and whispered in the sheriff's ear. The sheriff nodded.

With his hat in his hand the corpulent gentleman went back down the steps and bowed to the buxom lady, scraping his foot gallantly.

"Mrs. Dawson, if the gent will excuse you for a moment I'd like to speak a word to you in private."

They walked to a little distance and he faced her and bowed again.

"I'm a stranger to you, madam, and to everybody else in these parts. What I'm going to say will sound queer, but I've got to let it stand that way without any explanation. I've heard that the late Mr. Dawson, your husband, was the biggest individual owner of C. & Q. stock. They tell me you have been trying to protect those holdings what you could by bidding in this road when the *ad damnum* hasn't been too much. Now, madam, I'm going to ask you to take a good look at me."

Mrs. Dawson surveyed him with candid interest and much composure.

"You are just what I've been told you are—a lady who knows her mind and can tend to her business and has good judgment. Please tell me—do I look honest?"

He braced back and endured her scrutiny with fortitude.

"Looks are not always a guaranty, sir, but in your case they impress me very favorably. You seem to be honest."

"I am, madam. There are important reasons why I want to bid in this railroad. I can't tell those reasons to you or anybody else in these parts. I don't want you bidding against me. You and I seem to be the only ones who are bothering with the thing. That sheriff is waiting to begin and there's no time for long stories. I want you to take my bare word for it that you'll be benefited and everlastingly glad if you'll give me a clear field. Will you do it?"

She took plenty of time for deliberate inspection and for consideration. There was heightened color in her cheeks when she impulsively replied "I will!"

"One thing more: Will you keep this absolutely under your hat, as I'd say to a man? No mention of what I have asked—not a hint—not to anybody?"

He stressed the last word and gave her sour escort a side glance.

"I promise you that I'll not open my mouth to anybody."

"I thank you kindly, madam."

The fat man was old-fashioned in his speech and in his manner. Something about him suggested a rugged honesty that excused even such reckless impetuosity as Mrs. Dawson had exhibited in her acceptance of his assurances. He scraped another bow and observed her attentively when she returned to the gaunt party, who began to question her. She shook her head vigorously.

"There's a woman who knows how to keep her word," muttered the stranger.

She Went Ahead With the Lantern and Mr. Boomer Followed With the Hire

Therefore the fat man bought a railroad for the sum of $87.50, and paid over the cash. While the sheriff was counting the money with slow precaution the new railroad magnate watched Mrs. Dawson ride away with the gloomy individual in a buggy behind a trappy mare.

"Who is the old slate gravestone with the weeping-willow hair?"

"Evander Hite of Cobbossee."

The sheriff turned the packet of money end for end and began to count it again.

"Undertaker?"

"Livery and sales stable."

"Candidate simply, or already picked for Number Two?"

The sheriff had lost count and he replied testily that as he had heard it the Widow Dawson and Mr. Hite had been keeping company and it was regarded by the neighbors as settled. Then he added that he wasn't much interested in gossip from up in Cobbossee anyway.

The fat man was a humorous character with a bellow of a laugh. He uncorked the laugh and advised the sheriff to keep his ears shut while he was counting.

"There's nothing so deaf as an adder, they say."

When he had done what business he could with the sheriff the new purchaser of the C. & Q. declared that he was going through the formalities to enable him to take possession of the railroad. He laughed some more.

But the sheriff was a serious official and had something to say about the uselessness of thinking that a railroad could be bought definitely at that price and averred that a stranger ought to realize that the stockholders and bondholders and creditors would be coming round. But the fat man smashed all expostulations flat with his big laugh.

"Let 'em come when they want to run the road! In the meantime I'll run it."

And he went and hired board for himself at the Cobbossee tavern, fired the old train crew and became general manager, superintendent, station master, engineer and fireman—and took in the fares at the cab window.

The fat man's job was not the strenuous undertaking that is suggested by the ambitious name of the railroad and multiplicity of the duties.

The Cobbossee and Quebec fell short of the latter terminal by about four hundred and eighty-eight miles, having only twelve miles of narrow-gauge road that made an optimistic start from tidewater and headed in the direction of the Canadian city. A promoter hopefully named it when he was procuring subscriptions from the citizens of Cobbossee, who tried to believe that Quebec would perceive the value of a good safe winter port which no one else was using.

After twenty years of waiting for Quebec to wake up and offer some inducements in the way of lengthening out that twelve miles of road the folks of Cobbossee who owned the common stock and the voters of the town of Cobbossee, as a municipality that had reached its debt limit in backing the bonds, had become so completely discouraged that this advent of a strange fat man who proposed to run the road after an investment of $87.50 provoked no opposition and not much interest. Everybody sat back and let him go ahead. It seemed to be only another case of a fool parting with his money.

Twombley Boomer—that was the fat man's name, and it seemed to belong with his bellowing laughter. The only locomotive of the C. & Q. was named Bomazeen, after the falls in North Cobbossee, where the road ended. Bomazeen Boomer was tacked onto the fat man for a nickname, and his critics called him something else behind his back when they discussed his attempt to run a busted railroad on an execution bill of sale.

Evander Hite appeared to entertain a special grudge in the case of the magnate, Boomer. Mr. Hite seized every occasion to suggest to citizens that the stockholders better stand at one side and let the grunting old steer have his way with the road until he had come to the end of his rope. Mr. Hite's settled policy was—he averred—to grab all the outside money that presented itself in Cobbossee. That was Mr. Hite's advice in July. He harped on the subject continually.

Therefore when it came to August and Mr. Hite had revised his opinion and nursed secret feelings that prompted him to get up a tar-and-feather bee and run Mr. Boomer out of town, Mr. Hite did not have a specially clear idea of how to go about tackling the sentiment of *laissez faire* that he had zealously built up in Cobbossee. His little mind was running in circles like a frenzied squirrel in a wire wheel.

Mr. Boomer was paying his bills on the dot, had varnished the single passenger coach, was genially doing all sorts of errands in the mart down at the junction of the C. & Q. with the main line, never mixed in with his laughter a single whine or growl about the failure of the road to pay expenses, vaguely hinted that there were more improvements to come and humorously stated that some fine day there'd be so much gimp in himself and in the old road that he'd get a good twelve-mile start with Bomazeen and jump his train plumb into Quebec, rails or no rails.

What Mr. Boomer was doing for the Cobbossee proposition wasn't a circumstance beside what Mr. Boomer was doing to Mr. Hite, provided the latter gentleman's suspicions had any foundation.

What would have comforted most other men was causing Mr. Hite decided uneasiness. His townsmen smiled at him whenever he showed up. Now Mr. Hite was not the kind of man who inspired good humor. There was no more cordiality in him than there was in the granite statue of himself that he had erected in the cemetery over his wife's grave—a sentinel carved in unrelenting aspect of gloom,

posing with a granite hat cocked in the hook of a stone elbow. The new program of the smiles amazed him. The smiles widened into grins whenever he touched upon the topic of hanging onto Mr. Boomer as a public asset.

Mr. Hite acted on his suspicions.

It was right in the middle of the afternoon when he arrived at his decision, and he perfectly understood that affairs of the heart were attended to in Cobbossee after the business of the day was over. But Jepson, the undertaker, had just been in the stable office to arrange for carriages for a funeral—and when an undertaker would cackle laughter and wink at the hostler, even at the mere mention of the name Boomer, it was truly time to get down to bedrock!

Mr. Hite waited till that unseemly undertaker had gone giggling on his way. Then Mr. Hite jumped up, kicked his chair into a corner of the office, hauled on the only pair of yellow gauntlet gloves in Cobbossee and ordered the hostler to hitch up a rig. The hostler hesitated and blinked inquiry, because Mr. Hite's air of desperate determination belonged with, say, an airman's orders preluding a hop-off on a transatlantic trip.

The hostler was wondering what kind of a hitch was involved.

"I'm going to ride over to my back pasture on the Candyhook road and see that the critters are all right."

That announcement did not fay with the boss' excitement.

"Old road cart and Wobbly Will?" suggested the hostler.

Mr. Hite showed unaccountable temper at the mention of his usual outfit for rough-and-ready work.

"You hitch Suse into the best buggy—and get the leather over her in a hurry!"

He went out and stalked across the street.

The niftiest nag and the *ne plus ultra* of the Hite buggies! The amazed hostler took a chance on waiting to see where the boss was headed for. Mr. Hite went into Gibbs' candy shop. The hostler caught glimpses of Miss Gibbs' little scoop dabbing into this box and that, closely pursuing the Hite index finger.

"Well, by Juleus! If he's going to treat them back-pasture heifers on candy he'll next be hiring a regular milliner to trim up a fancy hoss hat for you," the hostler informed Suse when he led her out of the stall.

In about ten minutes Mr. Hite came into the stable by way of the passage that connected with his house. He was loaded down with a Sheraton chair, a brass warming pan, a bouquet and a box tied up with a fancy ribbon. The contents of the box were identified by the gilt lettering: "Gibbs' Sweets." He stowed the cargo on and under the seat of the buggy, washed his celluloid collar and cuffs at the tap in the stable, brushed his hard hat with a whisk broom—and was off, with his "gents' high actor" kicking up her forelegs in dashing style.

The hostler was offended by his employer's manner and reticence and informed the first man who came inquiring for Mr. Hite that the boss had gone over on the Candyhook road to attend a heifer party.

"They're going to take turns in setting in one of his wife's old chairs, snuffing at a bokay and eating candy out of a warming pan. Well, 't any rate he said he was going over to his back pasture," stated the hostler, interrupting indignant remonstrance. "And he has gone—somewhere. As to what will be done there I've had to guess, considering the collat'ral he took along—and it's his fault if I hain't guessed right."

Mr. Hite was driving a skittish nag. When he came in sight of the "Look-Out-for-the-Engine" sign at the foot of Zion's Hill outside of the village and heard the rattle of iron wheels on the rusty rails he yanked on the reins and waited, feeling the need of caution.

He was obliged to give Twombley Boomer precedence in this case, profanely and eloquently expressing his opinion of Mr. Boomer.

The arrival of Roscoe Jordan, driving two horses that were hitched to a truck wagon, made up something in the way of a family reunion at the track side. Mr. Jordan's sister had been Mr. Hite's first wife.

Mr. Jordan also yanked his horses to a standstill.

"There ain't no train schedooled for this hour o' the day," he piped in falsetto of wrath. "I made sure, because these are green hosses."

"You can't be sure of anything about this railroad, the way it is being run," retorted Mr. Hite. "It's getting so that he rams that old bullgine up and down the line every time some lallygagging woman wants him to run to the Junction and match a spool o' twist. He ain't under no rules or regulations by nobody."

"Looka here! Up till now you have been advocating him!"

"Well, I know when a thing has gone far enough!" said Mr. Hite without bothering to explain what the thing was.

The rolling stock of the C. & Q. R. R. paraded past. A locomotive, one flat car and a combination coach composed the stock. Bomazeen barked staccato blasts of exhaust and the two cars jangled and rattled. Twombley Boomer's bulk filled the little cab. He stuck his head out and grinned amiably at the lowering visage of Mr. Hite and gave the whistle cord a series of yanks. Nobody had ever heard that voice from Bomazeen before. It sounded like sardonic laughter. The yelps of it went echoing off among the hills. Mr. Boomer flapped his broad hand in a parting salute and caused Bomazeen to shriek more of that harsh cachinnation until the train was out of sight.

Mr. Hite did not get his gents' high actor under control for some minutes. Farmer Jordan had even more trouble with his green horses, because there were two of them.

"What new kind o' hell hooting is that? He has tinkered up a new whistle, that's what he's done!"

A little later from round the curve of Zion's Hill there sounded a mellow "Coo-coo! Coo-hoo-o-o!"

"And you listen to that!" squeaked Jordan. "That's his other whistle to lallyloo to the Widder Nancy Dawson with when he goes past her house." Jordan had the whittled-out tone that belonged with his gimlet eyes. He bored Mr. Hite with those eyes. "Every woman up in my neighborhood is talking about it. You know what he's doing, don't you?"

Mr. Hite, in spite of his guesswork and his suspicions and the suggestions of the neighborly grins, had not had the thing really plunked at him! He felt a sudden queer sinking feeling—whether at the pit of his stomach or in his heart he was not sure.

"He's courting her!" affirmed Jordan stoutly. "There ain't no secret about it. Hear that whistle?"

The "coo-coo" was persistently reiterated. The sound went winging far and wide over the hills of Cobbossee.

"Now see here, Evander, I'm going to talk to you like a friend and a ex-brother-in-law should, forgetting them past differences we have had." He clicked to his horses and steered the truck wagon across the road in front of Mr. Hite's hitch.

"When you can talk to me about paying back that borrowed money I'll listen! Get out of the road!"

"Hold your hoss! It's wrenching my feelings as a ex-brother-in-law to give advice to you about getting a Number Two, but you need the advice, and if advice helps you in grabbing a Number Two with money the thing ought to be counted up to my credit. I'm a business man and this thing better be talked between us on a business basis."

"Advice!" sneered Mr. Hite. "I wouldn't so much as skin a horn-pout on your advice."

"Well, how about news then?" demanded Jordan with heat. "Nobody else but me

(Continued on Page 134)

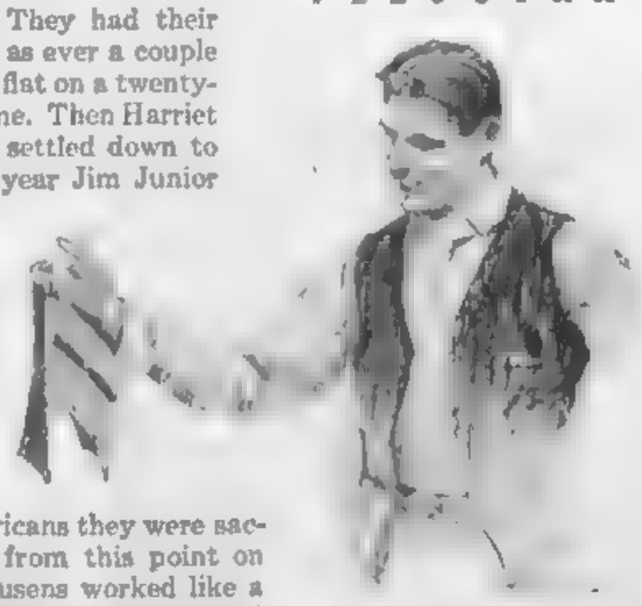
"And Look at That Old Devouring Locust of Egypt With Horns—Look at What She Is Doing Now!" Rolled the Widow

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

WHEN Jim Cousens in his freshman year at college eloped with Claire Hemmingway from a near-by prep school it was a first-class romantic adventure. They had their year—as pretty a year as ever a couple enjoyed in a New York flat on a twenty-five-dollar-a-week income. Then Harriet was born and Cousens settled down to business and the next year Jim Junior made his appearance and Cousens grew still more serious. Incidentally Mrs. Cousens also found her time pretty well occupied.



Mr. Cousens Wore It to Please His Son, Though It Made Him Feel Distinctly Self-Conscious

Neither complained. They accepted their responsibilities like the good sports they were, and like the good Americans they were sacrificed their own lives from this point on for their children. Cousens worked like a pup in the office and Mrs. Cousens worked in the same spirit at home. It was necessary. Cousens was not a brilliant success in business. He was connected with a trust company and as far as loyal conscientious hard work could take him he went, but before he was thirty years old he realized that round four thousand dollars was probably his limit. As a matter of fact his heart was not in his work. He was a good deal of a dreamer and this business of discounts and checks and foreign exchange got on his nerves. There wasn't anything back of those things. They were complete and final in themselves.

With Claire to come home to at night Cousens would not admit that his life was a failure. That would have been disloyal, and as a matter of fact he was still in love with her—if not in so gay a fashion, certainly in a solid, substantial, appreciative way. A man must needs have been an awful cad otherwise. She was putting every ounce of her into the children. In addition to the housework she made their clothes and as they grew older supervised their education. She even started giving music lessons to Harriet. She herself had as a girl shown unusual promise on the piano and after her marriage had tried for a year or two to keep up her practice. Her playing was one of the finer joys of Cousens' life, but of late years she had neglected it. Her hope now was that Harriet might carry on.

It was hard work though, because the child was indifferent. That seemed a pity, because Claire was just beginning to realize what an asset in her own life her music might have been. Occasionally even now at the end of a hard day she used to sit down at the piano and try to reach out for the master poets of harmony, but it was a labored effort with fingers grown stiff from disuse and she was too honest a musician to be satisfied with this. She tried to make Harriet understand what it was she had lost out of her own life; but, of course, that was quite impossible. Harriet did not see why a phonograph did not supply all the music anyone needed—at a great saving in labor.

However, the two children kept well and grew, while Cousens and his wife toiled and saved and finally transferred even their dreams to them. This was what saved Cousens from going to pieces. From the beginning he had determined that the boy anyway—and the girl if possible—should have a college education. To this end he put aside every week in the savings bank a certain sum, which at compound interest would insure this to them when they were of age. He did this when at times—because of extra expenses—it meant going without lunches. He did this when it meant cutting down the personal expenses of himself and his wife to a point where immaculate neatness was used to cover the evidences of wear. It meant stripping their lives to this one objective.

Cousens was not academic about the project. He wished to give his children the benefit of his own experience, and the longer he lived in New York City the more keenly he felt the difference between those men whose lives were built upon the foundation of arts and letters and those whose lives were not. He knew the difference in his own life. If he had an intimate knowledge of that vast historical past to fall back on he would to-day have a better perspective. He would in a sense be the outgrowth of all that had gone before. Even those who had come away from college without much detail acquired this much. It was inevitable. Then, too, they acquired so much more than they realized.

Stevens, who had entered college with Cousens, ran across him one day at a time when the class was holding meetings in preparation for the decennial and dragged him to one of the dinners. The latter protested.

"Hang it all, Steve, I've no business there!"

"You have, man!" declared Stevens. "We're trying to round up everyone ever connected with the class."

"I didn't graduate."

"No, but you entered with us and you're one of us. It will do you good to meet the gang."

Cousens went because he could devise no means of escape, but for a few moments he felt like an intruder. For a few moments only, and then he was swept into the spirit of the gathering. He joined the three-times-threes and sang the old college songs and hobnobbed with old varsity football men, now vice presidents of banks. They even called upon him for a speech and he got up and said something like this:

"I did not finish with you fellows, but for that very reason I can appreciate better than you what you got—because I lost it. I don't suppose I can ever recover that loss, but I'm going to come as near as I can to it by sending my boy up there to begin where I quit."

"That's the dope!" they yelled.

Cousens came away feeling five years younger and, all out of breath, told Claire about it. She patted him on the back and kissed him. "I wish you'd go to those things oftener," she said.

In the course of time the boy and girl entered high school. Jim Junior was a good-looking aggressive young fellow with a taste for dress and an apparent turn for business. Instead of going in for athletics he became manager of the teams and treasurer of the school monthly. He earned outside of school hours considerable money in one way and another, which he spent on his clothes. When he was fifteen he started working during his summer vacation.

The girl grew up to be really handsome—small-featured and dainty like her mother. She was a great social favorite, with a pretty knack of making people desire to do things for her. She always had more invitations for her summer vacation than she could fill. She was not, however, a very good student, barely squeezing through her courses from one year to another. To accomplish even this much meant distracted tearful work.

"I don't know about Harriet, Jim," Mrs. Cousens confided to her husband. "I'm afraid she'll never be able to keep up college work."

"Nonsense; she'll come to herself some day!" answered Jim. He was proud as a peacock of the girl. Give her four years at Wellesley and she would hold her own anywhere.

Cousens had long been talking Harvard to Jim Junior and the latter had listened respectfully—if with no great enthusiasm. Once the boy had answered: "Four years after high seems a long time to put into school."

"But it's going to make all the difference in the next forty years of your life," Cousens cut in. "And I know what I'm talking about. I've learned that much for you."

It always seemed to Cousens an unwarranted waste for a man to be obliged to live his life in order to learn how to live it. He ought somehow to be able to start with that knowledge and spend the years putting it into practice. If a boy could only enter college with a man's experience what a tremendous amount more he would get out of it. Not only would he be able to appreciate what was being offered but he would have the strength to grasp it. Take himself, for example. What possibilities four years at Cambridge would furnish him! Good Lord, if he had a million dollars! But what was the use of any such idle dreaming as that?

Yet Fate had some queer things in store for Cousens—among them a couple of uppercuts under the chin. The first came the summer Harriet was graduated—by the grace of God—from the high school. In reward for that notable accomplishment her parents allowed her to spend the summer with Evelyn Grandson, who was motoring from New York to California with her mother and brother. The result of this apparently innocent diversion was later made manifest in a telegram from Colorado Springs, which Mrs. Cousens, white-cheeked and trembling, handed her husband upon his return from the office. It was simple and conclusive: "Charles and I were married to-day. Please wire your blessing to Pasadena, where we are going on our honeymoon."

Cousens read the thing through twice and then made the natural query: "Who is Charles?"

"I suppose he is Evelyn's brother," answered Mrs. Cousens.

"Is that all you know about him?"

"Except—except that he is now Harriet's husband," she faltered.

"Well," reflected Cousens with a pathetic tremor in his voice, "I—I suppose that's the end of her."

"Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. Cousens. "Don't say it that way!"

"You mean you approve?"

Mrs. Cousens crept a little nearer to her husband.

"No, Jimmy dear. Only she's only married. It—it isn't as though she were dead."

"Her education is dead, isn't it? Her music is dead, isn't it? All the dreams we had for her are dead, aren't they?"

"Yes," she admitted, turning aside her head a little to conceal the hurt in her eyes. Somehow in condemning Harriet it was as though he were condemning her too.

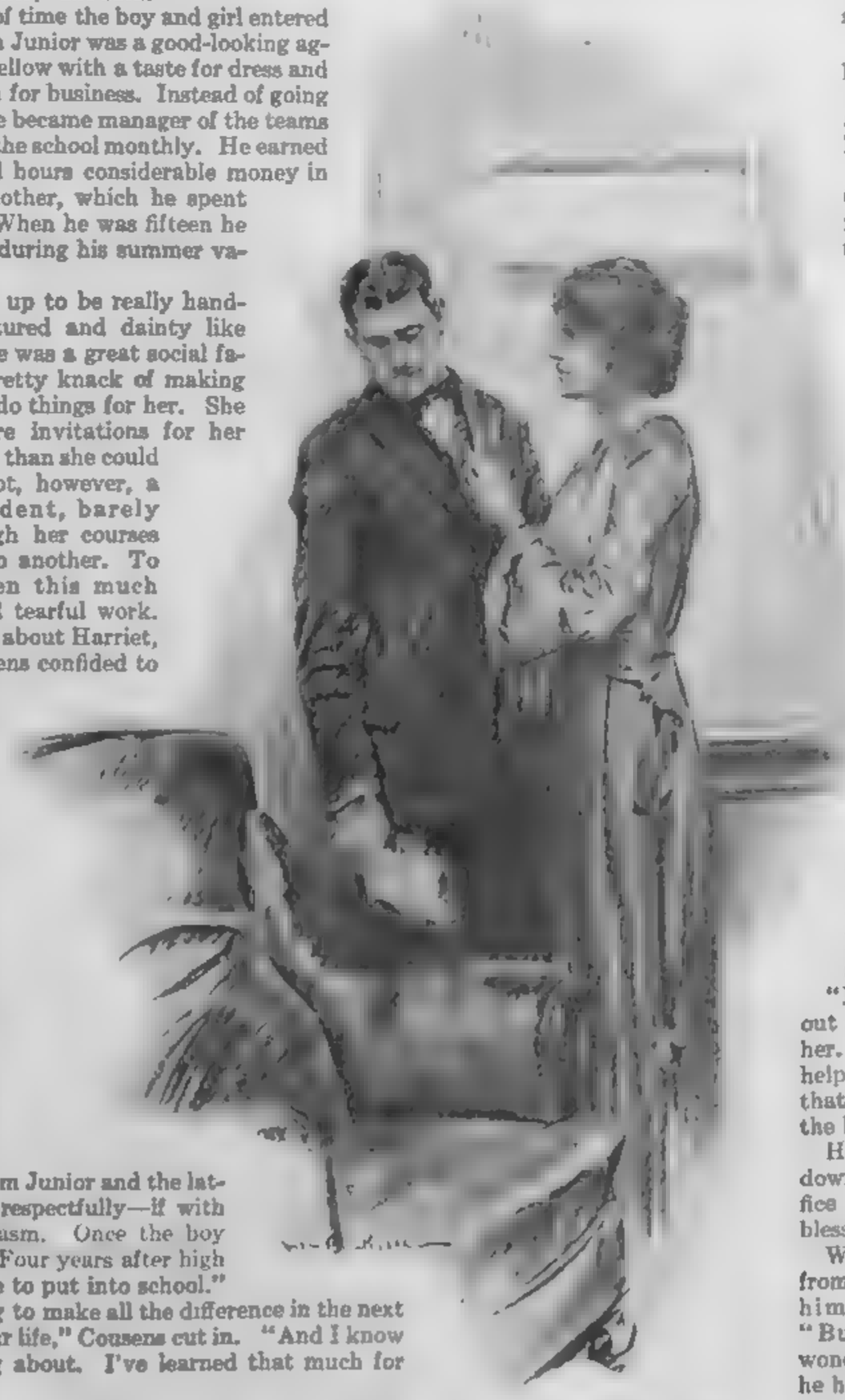
Jim Cousens was quick to realize the position he was placing her in and he was man enough to withdraw under these circumstances. He took his wife in his arms.

"Perhaps it will work out all right," he soothed her. "Anyway it can't be helped and it will give us that much more money for the boy."

He took her that evening down to the telegraph office and they sent their blessing to Pasadena.

When Jim came home from work they informed him and he answered: "Bully for Harriet! I wonder what kind of a car he has?"

Jim Junior was showing considerable promise in business. He was filling in



"Jimmy Dear, She's Only Married. It—It Isn't as Though She Were Dead"

vacation gaps in a downtown broker's office and this was giving him a wide experience. He took to the work like a duck to water and even made a successful turn or two in the market. He blossomed forth even more radiantly in new clothes until he made his father in contrast look like a tramp. When the latter ventured to protest at this extravagance the young man turned on him.

"Dad," he exclaimed, "you ought to spruce up a bit yourself! I'll pick out a new tie for you next pay day."

"Thanks! But I don't need one."

"You do! I'll leave it to mother. That one you're wearing now needs a haircut."

It did, but that very fact stood for something the boy did not understand. The whiskers were dramatic evidence of what for twenty years Cousens had been sacrificing to make possible for his son what he himself had missed in life. So were the ten-year-old gowns that Mrs. Cousens spent her spare time in trying to make over. Yet all that the boy saw in them was evidence of slackness—a slackness that in a way reflected on him. Now that he was downtown, he felt considerable responsibility for the honor of the family.

He bought a new cravat for his father—an India-silk orange affair—and Mr. Cousens wore it to please his son, though it made him feel distinctly self-conscious and forced him to run the gauntlet of a good deal of jesting in the office.

So matters went on until fall. Harriet and her husband returned and Charles proved to be an alert young fellow with a good deal of money, a membership in several clubs and a classy runabout. He and Jim Junior took a great fancy to each other. It seems that Charles had had more or less experience in brokers' offices and was anxious to go into business for himself. That opportunity came when Barclay, senior member of the firm for whom Jim Junior was working, expressed a willingness to sell out and retire. Charles bought the business and offered to make young Cousens—at eighteen—office manager on a salary of twenty-five hundred. Coming in any other way, this would have been an absurd proposition, but Pettingill was to remain as senior member, young Grandson had plenty of capital and Cousens was really both level-headed and capable in spite of lack of experience. He jumped at the offer. He came home all out of breath and put it up to his father.

"It's the chance of a lifetime, dad," he exclaimed.

Cousens felt as though he had been hit between the eyes.

"And you—you aren't out of high school yet!" he gasped.

"Hang school!" exploded Jim Junior. "I've had enough of it. I want to make some money."

"What about college?"

"Carnegie and Rockefeller and quite a bunch of others seem to have got along well enough without college," argued Jim.

"What does that count?"

"And you quit yourself," the boy reminded him.

"Yes, I quit," admitted Cousens. "I quit and I've been sorry for it ever since. I've worked hard to keep you from making the same mistake."

"What do you mean?"

But Cousens did not explain the details. What he had sacrificed to save the five thousand dollars in the savings bank was too personal a matter to confide even to his son. He did not go into that, but he did try to make the boy understand how little there was in money without anything back of it.

"It's what you're able to think, boy, not what you're able to earn that is worth while in the end."

"Thinking doesn't buy motor cars," cut in Jim Junior.

"Thinking takes the place of motor cars."

"It wouldn't for me, dad. Now be reasonable. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but honest if I let this go by I'd never forgive myself. Talk it over with ma. And here's another point: You and she have grubbed along years enough. You're only forty and you look sixty. Ma is only thirty-nine and she looks sixty-five. It isn't right. I'm going to make a barrel in the next few years and, believe me, one of the first things I'm going to do is to put you two on Easy Street."

"You needn't worry about us," Cousens spoke up with spirit.

Jim Junior crossed the room and placed his young hand on his father's shoulder.

"It's only fair. I have a hunch you've done considerable worrying about me, first and last."

"Well?"

"That's all, dad. I mean what I say."

In the quiet of their chamber that night Cousens with bowed head talked it over with his wife.

"Even the dreams are gone now, Claire," he said hoarsely. In the dark she sat on the edge of his chair with her arm about his neck.

"Perhaps," she ventured, "perhaps we made a mistake in trying to take over their dreams."

In Celebration of a Certain Memorable Victory, Cousens Found Himself Dragged Into a Snake Dance Beneath the Goal Posts

"We gave them ours."

"All of them, Jim?"

"You've worked like a slave nearly twenty years and gone without—for nothing."

"Not for nothing, Jim. I've worked with you, and after all we have dreamed. Maybe dreams aren't meant to come true. If they did they wouldn't be dreams."

"They are ended now."

"Can't you find some more? Jim, you mustn't think this way. You're only forty. Just think of it—only forty! We began young—so very young. It isn't too late to begin all over again."

He raised his head at that. In the dark he could not see her worn face and her arms seemed as warm as ever.

"Wife of mine," he whispered, "I have a notion that if I really were to begin again I'd begin just as I did before."

II

COUSENS did not try to argue any further with the boy. He knew it was quite impossible to make him see, so he refrained from stirring him up. Still the matter weighed on him. A man can't see the ambition of twenty years go to pot without feeling it. He lost weight and grew listless to a point where Mrs. Cousens felt it was time to take action. She talked it over with the boy.

"Your father hasn't had a vacation in five years and he needs one," she declared.

"Sure he does!" answered Jim.

"I wish you'd talk to him, Jim."

It was with something of a smile that she realized that she was speaking to the younger man as though he were the older man. But it was a fact that to-day her husband seemed to her more of a child than her son.

"You bet I'll talk to him!" agreed Jim. "He ought to get out of town for a month."

"I don't know what they would say at the office," she demurred.

"Hang the office! All he ought to do is to tell them he's going. Ma, I want you and dad to bank on me the rest of your lives. It's a sure bet, even if dad doesn't believe it."

Jim did not have to talk very hard to his father, because as a matter of fact the man realized himself that he was not much use about the office in his present frame of mind. The only incentive he had ever had to toil over figures was now gone. He was still, as a matter of habit, putting aside every week his contribution in the savings bank, but it was now a sad rite. He had a total of eight thousand dollars there—three thousand intended for Harriet's education and five thousand for Jim's—the juice squeezed out of twenty years of life. It was not much, one way of looking at it, but had he spent it over the years it would have made a good deal of difference in Claire's and his own lives. But even now that was not his regret. That was the past. He was still thinking of the future—Jim's future and Harriet's and of what that money might have done for them. Jim bought his parents' tickets for Boston and engaged Pullman seats for the twenty-fifth of August.

"What you two need is to go back and live over your kid days," he decided. "Dad can go out to Cambridge and imagine himself a freshman again. I expect he'll come back with a crimson hatband."

The idea of visiting Cambridge appealed to Cousens. He had not been back since he left. Neither had Claire. They had, of course, a good many romantic associations with the place and they all suddenly came to life at the prospect of returning. Charles took them to the station in a new limousine he had just bought and at the last moment Jim turned up with flowers and bonbons for his mother and cigars for his father. Some people mistook the group for a bridal party. As a matter of fact, both Cousens and his wife were almost as excited as they had been twenty years ago when they started from the other end.

Their excitement was pretty well sustained, too, all the way to Boston. Early the next day they journeyed out to Cambridge and wandered round the Yard and took a look at the room in Holworthy which Cousens had occupied up to midyears. Nothing seemed to be much changed. The college was coming to life again, as it did every fall, in preparation for the incoming classes due now in a week. There was considerable activity round the gray angular building known as University, and Cousens strolled over there and went in. In a room on the right he found a table strewn with pamphlets covering the courses for the coming year. He picked up one and then another with eager eyes.

How different these announcements looked to him now! Formerly they had been challenges, almost threats; now they were invitations to a feast spread and waiting. Notable men stood ready to act as hosts to those who wished to sit down with them. It would be difficult to make a choice of all the offerings. History, English literature, philosophy, Greek and Latin, the sciences, modern languages—it was necessary to divide and subdivide them, so big and varied was the menu.

(Continued on Page 158)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

XVII

WE ARRIVED in Japan late in August, 1897, as far as I can remember, and established ourselves in the very comfortable legation building at Tokio, which had been my home for nearly two years when I was Chargé d'Affaires in Japan in 1882 and 1883. Mr. Speyer, who as first secretary had been in charge of the legation until my arrival, took his departure for Korea, where he had been appointed to represent Russia as diplomatic agent, and for some time I had to await the arrival of the newly appointed first and second secretaries, Mr. Poklevski-Koziell and Mr. Andreff. They came by the next steamer from Vancouver, and both proved as valuable as assistants and coworkers as they endeared themselves to us as friends.

Mr. Poklevski-Koziell, who was our Minister to Rumania, is at present, as far as I know, either at Jassy or at Bukharest and therefore safe, but what became of Mr. Andreff I have no means of knowing. When we fled from the doomed capital of what was once the Empire of Russia he was in Moscow, like some of my dearest friends of whose fate I am in total ignorance.

Shortly after their arrival I had an interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma, at his request, when he acquainted me with the startling fact that a certain number, very insignificant indeed, some seven or eight, of Russian officers had arrived at Seoul—the capital of Korea—to act as instructors of the Korean Army in spite of the assurances that had been officially given to the Japanese Minister in St. Petersburg, Count—then Mr.—Hayashi, that no steps whatever would be taken in regard to Korean affairs before my arrival in Tokio and the conclusion of a friendly agreement which I was to negotiate with the Japanese Government. Count Okuma pointed out that he fully realized that the arrival in Korea of these seven or eight officers could not in itself constitute a serious menace to Japanese interests in that country, but that besides being a violation of assurances freely given it would be interpreted by public opinion as a symptom of ulterior and more or less aggressive intentions entertained by Russia.

I could only assure him that at the time of my departure from St. Petersburg there had been no intention whatever of sending officers to Korea as instructors for the purpose of training the Korean Army, that the fact of the arrival of some Russian officers at Seoul was a complete surprise to me, that I could only attribute it to a misunderstanding of some kind, and that I would immediately take steps to clear up the matter.

As soon as I returned to the legation after this rather painful interview, I drew up a most vigorous protest, in terms which made Mr. Poklevski, who had to put it into cipher for transmission by cable, ask me jokingly whether I had made up my mind to return to Russia so soon after my arrival in Japan. I regret not to be able to reproduce here the text of this telegram as well as of the very noncommittal reply I received, after the delay usual in embarrassing circumstances.

In this connection I must mention again that in our precipitate flight from Russia I had to leave behind all my personal belongings, including my private archives, books, notes, and so on, and having to rely exclusively on my memory I can only crave indulgence for any inaccuracies, especially as to dates, which may unavoidably creep into my narrative. I regret this the more as in the course of this narrative I shall soon have to treat of subjects and events of great historical importance.

Before I received the expected reply from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma had resigned and his place had been taken by Baron Nissi, an old-time friend of mine, whom I had known in St. Petersburg as a student at the university, and later as secretary of the legation, and finally as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. Whether Count Okuma's resignation had anything to do with this particular incident I cannot say, though it may well have been the case. At any rate the matter was allowed to drop, and shortly afterward the Matsukata ministry, of which he had been a member, went out of office and was replaced by a cabinet under the presidency of Marquis Ito, Baron Nissi remaining in the new cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I had, of course, no inkling of what had happened at St. Petersburg in connection with this affair, but I had my surmises, formed at the time, confirmed only on my return to Russia three years later. In the preceding chapter I have related in detail how Count Mouravieff had insisted on and had obtained the complete and definitive abandonment of the War Department's plan for the organization of a Korean army by the instrumentality of a very large number of Russian officers. A few days later I had left for my new post under the impression that the matter had been definitely settled. Count Mouravieff's triumph over his colleague of the War Department proved, however, short-lived and not so complete as he had hoped. When the latter learned of his diplomatic colleague's successful intervention he seems to have felt it necessary, in order to "save his face"—as the Chinese have it—to save from the wreck of his original grandiose plan at least some little part, and he obtained the emperor's consent to the dispatch of the abovementioned seven or eight officers as military advisers to the Korean Government, presumably under the plea that the presence at Seoul of such a small number of Russian officers could not give any offense to the Japanese.

This whole incident, ludicrous as it was, after all, presents a fresh illustration of the main defect of our erstwhile system of government, of which one of our quondam ministers used to say: "Our government is a powerless confederation of independent departments whose relations to each other are not only not always friendly, but sometimes bordering on a state of armed neutrality and even open hostility."

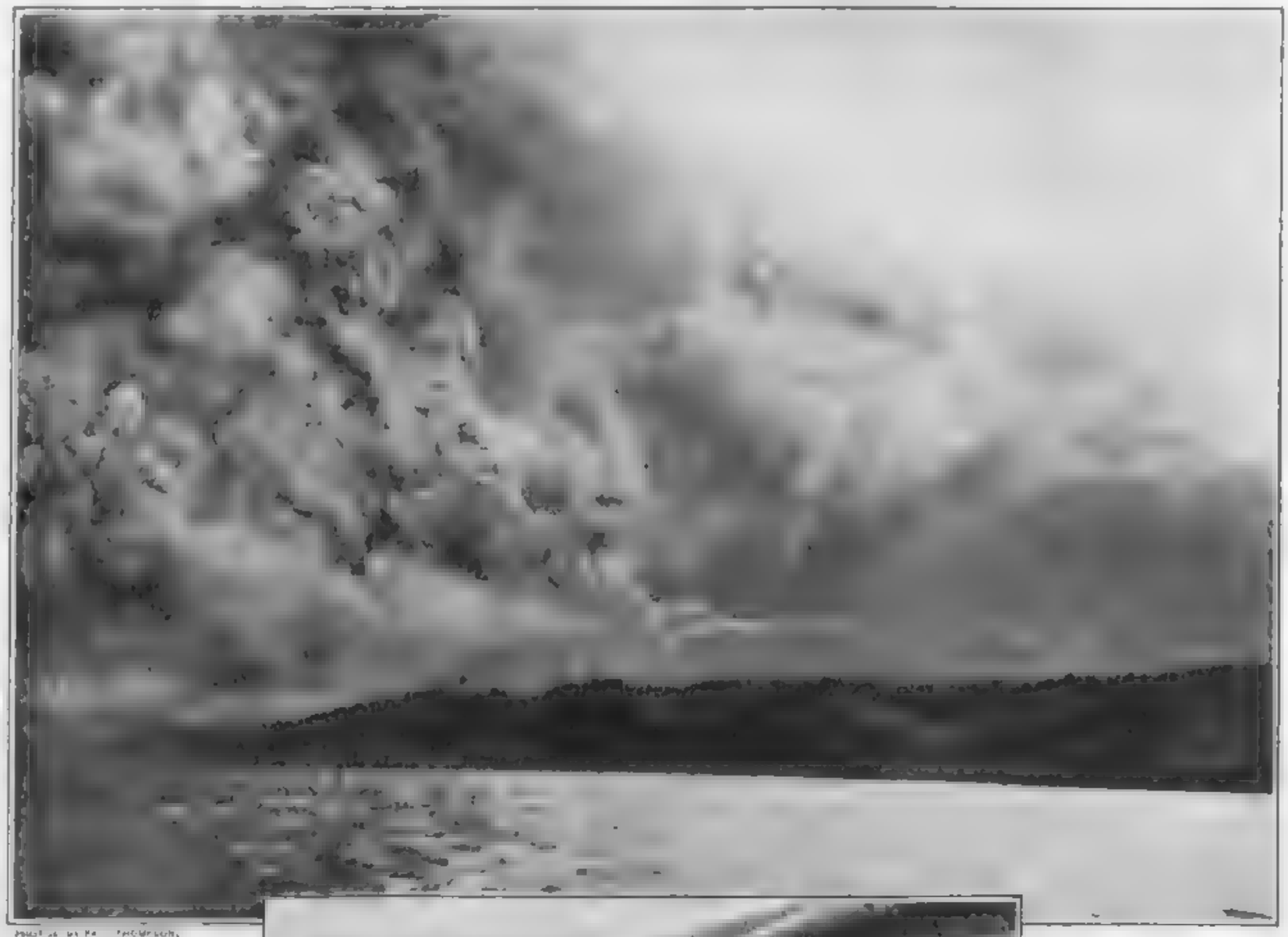
Count Mouravieff, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was placed in a most embarrassing and most undignified position when he was approached by the Japanese Minister, acting under instructions of his government, with a protest and demand of explanations. This is how Count Hayashi in his secret memoirs describes his interview with the Minister of Foreign Affairs:

"At first Count Mouravieff had objected that 'this had happened under his predecessor and that he had had nothing to do with it,' and finally after being told that it was a violation of a previous agreement between the two governments he had said: 'What I mean is that we have sent these officers to Korea and we cannot recall them immediately. As a matter of fact we were to have increased their number, but we will not send any more. We will correct the matter and make amends to you, for it is, as you consider it, a violation of the agreement. But we must have some further time for the matter to be settled in.'"

As a matter of fact these officers, as well as our financial adviser, Mr. Alexieff, were withdrawn in the following spring, after our occupation of Port Arthur.

Shortly before the resignation of the Matsukata cabinet an incident occurred which I feel bound to mention, as it throws some light on the mentality of new Japan, by showing in a very small matter of social etiquette to what extent the deep-rooted traditional feudal feeling had survived the great upheaval of the abolition of the feudal system.

A high functionary of the imperial court, Mr. Nagasaki, whom I had known years before when I was in Japan as Chargé d'Affaires, came to see me in his capacity of member of the Satsuma clan—one of the two most powerful clans, the other being the clan of Choshiu—to which the Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, likewise belonged, with the following explanation: When the Czarevitch, the heir to the throne of Russia, came to Japan he paid a visit to the Prince of Satsuma at his capital, Kagoshima, on the island of Kiusiu; and ever since the old prince had



Refugees From Kagoshima

Above—View of the Populous Japanese City of Kagoshima, Showing the Eruption of Sakura-Jima Volcano

considered it a duty of his house to entertain the friendliest relations with Russia, and had solemnly enjoined this duty on his son and heir, at the time of his father's death a mere child. The guardians of the young prince, one of whom was Count Matsukata, had decided that having reached the age of nine years, if I remember rightly, it was time for him to demonstrate his obedience to his defunct parent's wishes, and to pay his respects to the new representative of Russia.

Mr. Nagasaki asked me whether and when it would be convenient for me to receive the young prince's visit. I told him, of course, that I would be delighted to make the acquaintance of the young chieftain of his clan, and suggested, the prince being still a mere child, that he might come with one of his guardians to lunch with us quite informally, *en famille*, any day it suited his convenience. Mr. Nagasaki left me to report to whom it concerned the result of his interview with me, and returned the next day to inform me that the prince was delighted to accept my invitation and would be accompanied by the Prime Minister, Count Matsukata, his chief guardian. He also stated that the prince would be much gratified if I would extend invitations also to some of his near relatives, to which I, of course, immediately agreed.

On the day fixed for the luncheon, at the appointed hour, a state carriage drew up at the door containing the Prime Minister and, by his side in the seat of honor at his right, the young prince. On alighting from the carriage Count Matsukata with every show of respect motioned him to enter the door first.

I met the boy prince in the hall and welcomed him, of course, with the greatest cordiality without waiting for a formal introduction. But having noticed the very deferential attitude of the Prime Minister in regard to his young ward, and so as to avoid committing some breach of etiquette I asked Mr. Nagasaki, the master of ceremonies, who was one of our guests, what place I should assign to the young prince at the dinner table. He replied at once that Count Matsukata would be much gratified if I placed the prince in the seat of honor at the right of the hostess, and himself at her left, as he had come not as Prime Minister but as one of the guardians to accompany the chieftain of his clan.

Nothing could have exceeded the high-bred ease and perfect tact allied to a most winning self-conscious childish dignity with which the charming little boy prince went through a social function which could not possibly have afforded him much entertainment.

The fall of the Matsukata ministry took place, as far as I can now remember, in September, 1897, about a month after our arrival in Japan, and it so happened that we had sent out invitations to our first official dinner to the members of the cabinet, when a couple of days later the ministry resigned and was immediately replaced by a cabinet headed by Marquis Ito.

So as to avoid the appearance of demonstratively feasting the fallen ministry we took the unusual course of including in our invitations their successors as well.

Under the circumstances, when political excitement in connection with Korean affairs and our suspected aggressive plans in regard to that country was running rather high, a similar course might have been not only unusual but even risky anywhere else but in a country where the practice of smiling self-control in the face of the most trying and adverse conditions is not only a matter of good breeding but has become, so to speak, a second nature of the people through numberless centuries of training in the art.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

South Gate of Seoul

I am bound to say that we had no reason to regret having risked the success of our first diplomatic dinner in reliance on our guests' high breeding as well as skill in camouflaging their sentiments, if indeed they needed it, considering that politics is a game which is sometimes played more for the satisfaction of the gallery than as an outflow of real passion in the breasts of the actors.

In spite of Marquis Ito and his associates, such as Count Inouye and Baron Nissi, being known to favor a friendly understanding with Russia, suspicion of our unavowed plans in regard to Korea was rife even in well-informed circles. It was, moreover, not quite groundless, and was kept alive and intensified by the noisy activity of our ambitious diplomatic and financial representatives and perhaps even more so by the proceedings of our naval authorities in connection with the purchase of large plots of ground under various pretexts, in places like Fusan, and especially Masan-pho, the erection of hospital buildings, the frequent visits to these ports of our Pacific squadron, and similar gestures suggestive of some vague intentions on our part in regard to a possible acquisition of some point on the Korean coast as a naval station.

That such intentions were indeed vaguely entertained by our naval authorities, whose favorite dream was the acquisition of Masan-pho, I knew but too well and had repeatedly warned the government that any attempt at the realization of such plans would unavoidably lead to an armed conflict with Japan, for which, as far as I could judge, we were not prepared at all and which every consideration of prudence and foresight commanded us to avoid.

My personal relations with individual members of the Ito cabinet were of the friendliest character. However, I could not but notice that the strain on the official relations between our governments was becoming more and more pronounced, when an event occurred which though it increased popular excitement against Russia nevertheless produced a marked *détente* in the situation as far as the attitude of the Japanese Government was concerned. That event was the occupation of Port Arthur by Russia. The apparent inconsistency of this assertion of mine—by the way, confirmed by subsequent events—renders it necessary for me to enter upon some explanations as to the reasoning upon which it was based.

It is, of course, self-evident that the occupation by Russia of such an important point, which she had but two years before compelled Japan to evacuate after having made its conquest in a victorious campaign, could not but cause a grievous hurt to Japanese national feeling and was, therefore, apt to lead to most serious consequences. That weighty apprehensions in this respect were entertained in government circles in St. Petersburg I learned from a private letter of my friend Admiral Tirtoff, the head of the Naval Department, who had been entirely opposed, like all the other ministers, to this plan of action, the sole originator of which had been Count Mouravieff, with the support of the emperor. The admiral at the same time expressed his warmest sympathy with me in the painful position in which he thought I must find myself placed in having to defend such a bad cause. I was able to reply that on the contrary my position, strange as it might seem, had been rendered very much easier in consequence of this apparently most untoward event, and for the following reason: Popular excitement on account of our occupation of Port Arthur had unquestionably increased considerably, as our action was acutely felt as a painful wound to the nation's pride, but on the other hand the

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PHOTOS. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Lansai Arch Erected by the City of Tokio in Front of the Imperial Palace
Above—A Tokio Festival

LORENA—By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

It Was Not a Sumptuous Tinware Cart, and the Slim Girl Was Very Badly Clad

IT WAS while President Garfield lay dying at Elberon that Mr. Ross decided to have all his sons' hair cut and brought eight of them to town in one of the farm wagons, Mrs. Ross and the babe in arms, Linus, following in a buggy. This procession swept across the central square of Zerbetta toward Rummel's barber shop, gathering barnacles. I was one of these natural adhesions, as I belonged to Ethan, the second son, and this solemnity would be the prelude to cake and ice cream in Mr. Joyce's Confectionery Parlor. Ross was an open-handed magnate among the county farmers and I was not alone in my view of this as a profitable occasion. Quite a hungry small crowd collected to watch the shearing of the Ross boys, and while the floor of Rummel's was being sprinkled with tufts of black hair I talked gallantly to Mrs. Ross and even offered to hold Linus, though I am afraid that was an act of policy. Still, I was really fond of Mrs. Ross, who made extraordinary pies.

"I hear your aunt's little girl from Boston is makin' you a visit, Joe."

"Isn't makin' me a visit," I said hurriedly, denying the presumption that any little girl would make me a visit. I was ten. "She's visitin' mother."

"Gee," Ethan put in from Rummel's chair, "it'd be awful havin' a girl stayin' right in the house with you!"

"Now, Eth," said Mrs. Ross, "don't you say a thing like that! If you ever have a sister you'll be sorry you said it."

Ethan took this possibility lightly. Mrs. Ross had been praying for a female baby since his birth, but males always arrived, and he faced the chance of a sister callously.

"Girls," he stated, "ain't good for nothin'. Ev'rybody says so."

"There iss fife thousand, nine hundert an' eighty more men than there iss women in the state of Ohio," said Mr. Rummel with Teutonic precision. "But you ought to haf a sister, young feller."

"Don't want none!" Ethan snapped.

The entire family and the chorus of barnacles took up the argument. I sat diplomatically silent. I knew that Mrs. Ross had requested my father's intercession in her behalf. As pastor of the Presbyterian church he was the natural ambassador designated to heaven. Ross too was disappointed because there was no daughter. He was wealthy in that day and could afford anything reasonable.

"A girl," he said, "would teach you boys some manners."

There was a pensive hush. Bill, Ethan, Sheridan, Sumner, Caleb, Benjamin, Hugh and Winfield Scott Ross all considered their manners—and the infant Linus squealed indignantly. In this pause there came a great and gay jangling from across the square, and looking out I saw a tinware cart rapidly driven along the opposite margin, its festoons of pans and kettles jouncing happily as it struck the hollows of the way, for the square was not paved until 1883. It halted at the sign of Doctor Case's office and the man driving fell rather than got down from the seat. A bare-legged little girl took the reins of the two shabby horses.

"There!" Mrs. Ross said vexedly. "I expect he drove right by the farm an' I do need a new soap boiler. Edgar, I wish you'd go over an' ——"

Mr. Ross, accompanied by Bill, the first-born, strolled over to select a soap boiler, but Sheridan and Sumner, the elder twins, fell into a contention about something and rolled on the floor settling it, so this purchase of a common kettle was not worth inspection. But in a moment Bill trotted back to say that the tinware merchant was awful sick in the doctor's office and that I had better run for my father, so I raced up Poplar Street and disturbed the composition of next Sunday's sermon. My father stalked back with me to the little office and left me on the doorsill, where some loafers—smelling trouble—had drifted and were talking to the child who held the reins. It was not a sumptuous tinware cart, and the slim girl was very badly clad. I could expertly surmise that her dirty pink garment was single. But she had a startlingly thick rope of pale-yellow hair, which was exciting talk.

"Guess you can wipe the dishes with that, sister," said one loafer.

"You shet your head!" the small girl ordered.

"Oh, my, sister! You oughtn't talk thataway!"

"Dry up an' you'll hear diff'rent!" she retorted.

Mr. Ross chuckled, patting the near horse.

"What's your name, young lady?"

"Lorena," she admitted.

"An' I guess you'd be about ten?"

"Eight 'n' a half. Whoa! Damn take yer, whoa!"

She pulled the reins wildly and called the horses some really interesting and new names. I gaped, the loafers roared and Mr. Ross, I think, winced.

"Lorena, honey, you oughtn't talk like that!"

"Well, I'm tired hangin' on these lines. Pa, he's been sick ever since we lit out o' Chillicothe an' ——"

"Bill," said Mr. Ross, "git up an' hold the lines a spell."

Bill scrambled up over a barrier of pie dishes and took the reins. Lorena descended, justifying my conjecture as to the singleness of her sheathing, and took possession of Mr. Ross. Doctor Case came out to ask for less noise and Ross led his chance guest over to Mr. Joyce's Confectionery Parlor, where the hosts of the hungry were now assembling, large eyed and plausible, studying the glass jars of peppermint and lemon sticks on the counter as though they meant to buy something presently. The Rosses, all duly cropped, filed in; and Mrs. Ross, after a look at Lorena, informed little Mr. Joyce that she guessed everyone would like some ice cream. Mr. Joyce, screwing his weak eyes up behind his spectacles, began to count heads, and his even smaller homely wife emerged from the back shop with piles of plates. Lorena, with no evidence of shyness, loudly demanded a peppermint stick.

"I guess you're kind of hungry," said Ross, and lifted her on to the counter, where she commenced to prowl, gazing at the jars and the shelves filled with seed-cookies and perdurable plum cake, for the Joyces were English. Growing thrilled by the survey of all this food, she tucked her peppermint stick over an ear and stood with her mouth open, scratching one ankle on the other.

"Gee," said Ethan unexpectedly, in a whisper, "ain't she pretty, Joe?"

I was alarmed by this attitude on the part of one sworn to the hatred of women, but I thought Lorena was pretty as she finished her summary of the shelves and turned to survey us next composedly from her elevation.

"You look like you was goin' to speak a piece, Lorena," said Ross.

"I could," Lorena offered, getting the peppermint free of her hair.

"Well, now do, deary!" Mrs. Ross beamed, feeding Linus a spoonful of cream.

Lorena nodded, giggled once, and was off:

"Pawtucket is a famous place
Where cotton cloth is made,
An' hunderds think it no disgrace
To labor at the trade.

"Among the spinners there was one
Whose name was Samuel Patch.
He moped about an' did his stint,
Folks thought him no great scratch.

"But soon a maggot in his head
Told Sam he was a ninny
To spend his time in twirling thread
Jus' like a spinning jinny."

My father, very grave and a little pale, came to the sunny door and Ross left Lorena's audience. I noticed this and nudged Ethan, but he was entranced by the sing-song history of Sam Patch. Little Mr. Joyce was pulling his scrubby British mustache and smiling and his meek wife, who had been "second 'ousemaid to the Marchioness of Hull, dowager," was staring at the wanderer, her trim daughters in their Alice-in-Wonderland pinafores clustered in their mother's shadow. Mrs. Joyce thought Zerbetta, Ohio, a very savage wilderness indeed. Lorena, with gestures of the melting candy stick, went on to relate the deeds of Sam Patch and paused in the twenty-third stanza, as Sam was preparing to jump over Niagara Falls, to tell Mr. Ross, returning, that he had missed a good deal.

"Well, Lorena," he said gently, "you go right ahead. I'll catch up."

"Ten thousan' people thronged the shores
An' stood there all agog,
While Sam approached those awful falls
An' leaped them like a frog."

Ross leaned over Linus and said something to his wife below the run of the shrill voice. Mrs. Ross shivered and sat still.

"Napoleon's last great battle proved
His dreadful overthrow,
An' Sam's last jump was a fearful one
An' in it death laid him low.

"'Twas at the falls of Genesee
He jumped down six score feet an' five,
An' in the waters deep he sunk
An' never rose alive.

"The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,
Turned homeward one by one
An' oft with sheepish looks they said,
Poor Sam's last job is done."

"Say," said Lorena, "I'd like some ice cream now."

Mr. Joyce planted her at the table with Ethan and me. She examined Ethan a second, then put out her tongue at him.

"Lorena," asked Ross, "what's your papa's name, honey?"

"Harry," said Lorena, precisely sweeping the crest from a hill of cream.

"But—what's his other name, deary?" quavered Mrs. Ross.

"He ain't none."

"And where's your mamma?"

"Dunno. Pa says she kicked the bucket back when I was born."

Mr. Joyce gave a sort of pitying murmur.

"And where do you live when you're not on the road, my dear?" he inquired, coming up.

"We're always on the road—an' I ain't your dear."

Ethan touched his knee to mine under the table. The black cart from Bauerman's, the undertaker, next door, was being driven across the square to Doctor Case's office.

"Lorena," said Ross, "I guess—I guess you'd like some more ice cream."

"Hell, yes!" Lorena said.

Judge Lowe ordered the stock in trade of her father sold at auction for Lorena's benefit. By advertisement the judge also discovered that her father's name was Harry Broome, formerly a soldier and entitled to a pension, though the judge had some difficulty in arranging its payment to Ross on her behalf, as Broome had left the military service under a cloud—the nucleus of which was a pair of boots, the property of his captain. Lorena, after some polishing, was not very different from other little girls of the Presbyterian Sunday school, and Mrs. Ross lavished on her dresses long dreamed of, I suppose, for a Ross daughter. She was a satisfactory embellishment to the Ross farm. She could jig like a professional minstrel. She had a collection of songs such as the Army of the Potomac sang. Indeed her name was that of a doleful ballad, which I often think must have added gloom to many depressed bivouacs. She frequently sang it:

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow-ers have been."

And in her mouth it took on a double dreadfulness as she would finish each line with a sort of wailing sniff which made Ethan reach for missiles. But Lorena could dodge better than the average boy. Her father had thrown things at her. However, freed of any danger of real chastisement, she became a tyrant. She bullied all the Ross boys, and as I was usually with Ethan she bullied me. She also maintained an extravagant prettiness through the years when girls, I observe, tend to be stringy. Lorena was never gaunt and her appetite was unmatched. Any journey into town was sure to end in Joyce's shop if she could find someone to pay her bill; otherwise she wheedled candy from Joyce, who adored her, she said. Certainly he never sent Ross bills for her supplies. Lorena was not without a conscience, I must admit, and she pounced on Judge Lowe one afternoon as he was quitting the courthouse and led him coolly into the Joyce establishment, where she bought a pound of candy.

"Now," she said cheerfully, "the judge'll pay you for it, Joyce. You see," she went on to her victim, "I like to pay for things."

"Yes, I see," the stately gentleman mused. "And what may your name be—if I might ask, young woman?"

"I'm Lorena," said Lorena, and roved casually off. The judge dropped a fifty-cent piece on the counter and looked after her braid. Several of us giggled.

"Gracious heavens!" he murmured. "What child is that? Who is she, Joe Henry—if you know?"

"She's Lorena Broome, sir, that lives out with the Rosses," I told him.

"A very taking young lady," Joyce said, smiling.

"I should say so," the judge faltered. "I hope she keeps out of jail."

This adventure got to Mrs. Ross, who was horrified; and she spanked Lorena. Lorena was much surprised. It sobered her and after that she was less offhand in her predatory activities. But she developed a great liking for the judge and went calling at his courthouse office after school. He taught her a number of legal maxims, among them, "He who sleeps on his rights loses them," which she used to justify her absorption of Ethan's chocolate cake if he neglected it; and "Ignorance of the law is no excuse," which figured in her statement that Ethan ought to be thrashed for naming a kitten Joe Henry for me when she had mentally christened it Alcibiades.

The other Rosses regarded Lorena as a sister, to be patted and cuffed accordingly, but her relation to Ethan was one of stormy brawling. He affected to resent and despise her and she made him the butt of many jests. It was a handsome family, but Ethan had in the line of dark heads a very salient beauty. Old ladies spoke of him as "That pretty Ross boy," and there was a general admission among lads that "Eth Ross was awful good-lookin'." Whenever his hair grew unduly long Lorena promised to lend him hair ribbons. She reported to all girls he seemed to favor that he wore lace on his nightshirts, and it was useless for Ethan to protest that he had no nightshirts of his own, though this was true, for Mrs. Ross sensibly manufactured them in gross.

Perhaps I was the first person to notice that Lorena immediately had a profound dislike for any girl Ethan spoke of with less than contempt. It was on his fourteenth birthday that her famous scene with Kitty Lohmann occurred. In those times one came to a birthday party gift in hand. Kitty, whose father was a prosperous Swabian publican, arrived reeling under the weight of a monstrous frosted cake inscribed "Ethan" in pink sugar, with the date—February 12, 1885—below wrought in dabs of pistachio. Ethan was charmed with this gaudy offering and kissed Kitty in the first game where kisses were suitable. Lorena did not wait to invent a pretext. She called Kitty "a dirty Dutch brat" and exploded the cake on Kitty's head. It burst with the profusion of all German pastries. This was a memorable feast!

"An' you spoiled the cake," said Ethan after the guests were gone, "an' I bet it was a good cake."

"I bet it was awful," Lorena snarled, and added that she hated Kitty.

"I don't," Ethan yawned. "She acts like a lady. You couldn't to save your neck."

Lorena glared at him, then broke into howls of grieved wrath and was taken upstairs to bed. This concluded her epoch as a marauder. I met her in school Monday, saw that her ribbons were all in order and marveled.

"Good morning, Joseph," she said, whereas on Friday she would have said "Hey, Joe!" and would have beaten my ribs. She became so ladylike that her entrance into church suggested the appearance of a president at inauguration or at least the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth. I think the resulting strain damaged her, for she collapsed with diphtheria in March, and after fumigation the Ross boys were shared among the town families. Mother, of course, claimed Ethan for me—to the damage of father's peace. But Ethan was not so giddy as he might have been.

"Y'know," he said, "it'll be hard on mamma if Lorena dies off. Mamma's awful fond of her—dunno why."

Ethan was a good handy liar and did not concede that he might miss Lorena himself, but the night that Mr. Ross

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"Don't be Silly, Eth," Said Lorena With Cool Patronage. "Joe's Been to Boston and New York and He's Having a Nice Time"

Chinese Coolies and the War

By LAURENCE SALISBURY

The Coolie Before He Enters the "Sausage Machine"

Coolies' Hut in Compound in France

The Transformed Coolie

AT IRREGULAR intervals the walls of our hut trembled. For it was April, 1918, and the boche were pounding their slow and seemingly inevitable path toward the channel port, Calais. Our hut lay between that city and the enemy, the shells of the German howitzers daily creeping nearer. At this particular moment I sat in my bath, it being but nine in the morning and I being a second lieutenant in the anything but laborious Labor Corps of the British Expeditionary Force, France. And as I sat in my little portable rubber tub with its four inches of cramped water I wondered just how many hours were yet to pass before our orders "Stand ready" would become "Retreat."

The door of my room opened and a yellow face appeared. It was Hsia—pronounced She-ah—formerly of the Land of the Dragon, the land where eggs that have been interred thirty-three years are delicacies. Hsia looked at me. Only the day before he had been appointed my batman—the British term for an officer's servant. He was intensely interested in all my belongings and in my personal characteristics. Looking, he began to grin.

"Oh," he said, his knees giving way very slightly as he chuckled, "oh, master, plenty bone; no plenty meat."

That introduces the writer in a rather slender fashion. But of much greater importance, it introduces one of the one hundred thousand sons of Satan that the British Government had hired and transported from the northern provinces of China, principally Shantung, to labor behind the Western Front.

In the autumn of 1916 the ghastly decline of man power in Europe was reaching terrifying proportions. For this reason the British Government decided that coolies shipped from China would be able to labor behind the lines in France and thus release thousands of fit white men for the trenches who until this time had been working in comparative safety at unheroic but necessary occupations in the ports and other back areas. In February, 1917, the British founded two camps, one at their possession, Wei-hai-wei, the other a few miles outside Tsingtau, the late German city.

Most of the fit British had left the Orient long before 1917 to join their hard-pressed countrymen on the various fronts. So the authorities were in very great need of white men to conduct the coolies to France. That explains their reason for accepting me, an American, living at the time in Japan. As a required preliminary I went to an English doctor there for a physical examination. Upon entering his office I stated that I intended to join the work with the coolies. He looked at me.

After a moment he said, "How tall are you?"

"Five foot ten," I answered.

Without blinking he replied, "You'll do"; and signed a certificate. Evidently the British needed men.

Unfortunately when I left my blissfully calm position in Japan I was sent to Tsingtau and not to Wei-hai-wei. At the latter camp each officer was presented with a most lustrous decoration by the government at Peking, the Order of the Seven Suns, or the Medal of the Mauve Moon, or one of those dazzling awards second-class Powers are so free to bestow for bloodless heroics. If ever there was a heroism without much likelihood of shedding blood it was officering Chinese labor.

The Lure of High Wages

AT TSINGTAU, however, by way of compensation, each officer received six khaki shirts made by the foreign ladies of Shanghai, but made without regard for an individual's tendency away from avoirdupois, always size seventeen at the neck and without holes for studs. The writer's lie this day, unused, in his Chicago chiffonier, having traveled the 14,000 miles to France and the 4000 miles back to Chicago, having in that period been bombed, narrowly escaped torpedoing, having been lost during two intervals of six months each, but having always returned still size seventeen and without holes for studs, in spite of the advantages travel might have given.

The 500 coolies whom I was to conduct personally to France were waiting only a short distance north of Tsingtau, that city of silent streets where over vacant shops yet hung legends of a Fritz that had cobbled here, an Otto that had made fine pretzels there, a Heinie that had sold real meerschaums beside some Hans' beer garden. The coolies were comfortably lodged in what had been an extensive silk factory, formerly controlled by the Germans; twenty vacant buildings, in coats of whitewash, edged the straggling compound. Where the buildings, with blank outer walls, did not form an insurmountable boundary plenty of barbed wire did. Evidently the coolies were not to be allowed to change their minds. Through the central chimney, a towering brick affair, a rough hole had been gouged; it was a shell hole, witness of the bombardment of the peninsula by Japan when she captured Germany's slice of China.

The British method of securing coolies was by advertisement. Some people have believed the presence of coolie laborers in France was the outcome of a passion on the part of China for an Allied victory. The Chinese Government did give, it is true, permission for the coolies to leave China. But it did so with a glad heart, not because they might aid the Allies toward success, but because the Chinese law would have fewer scoundrels with whom to deal. For the coolies come mostly from the lowest walks of Chinese life. The coolies themselves did not turn to France from any fervor for the Entente cause. France; Germany; Austria; South Bend, Indiana—were equally meaningless to them. But walking along one of the narrow trails—the Chinese dub them roads—a coolie would be confronted with a poster in Chinese characters informing him that a great war was in progress, that Chinese were wanted for a period of three years to labor in safe zones in France, and that each volunteer would receive sixty cents a day. Never had any coolie earned such wealth in a day; in a week—perhaps. Forty cents would be paid to the coolie's family in China. With what ostentation thousands of coolie families have ascended at one leap through several social strata may be imagined. Twenty cents a day—one franc—to be paid in France!

"Ah," each coolie said to himself at this point, "that will permit me to continue my favorite nightly pastime, in which my interest never flags." He referred to gambling.

Losing the Queue

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IN THE BIG TIMBER

By Victor Shawe

A SUBCONSCIOUS activity of Ben Atney's mind warned him that dawn was near. Immediately he was awake. There was no restlessness or fretful tossing, no stretching of sleep-drugged muscles. One moment he was lying relaxed and still, his breast rising and falling with the deep respiration of perfect slumber. The next instant he was sitting erect in his couch of fir boughs, methodically folding back his blankets.

Ben's morning toilet was simple. He splashed his hands and face in a basin of cold water. He pulled on his heavy high-topped boots, put on his vest, ran his fingers through his close-cropped yellow hair, put on his hat—was ready for the day's eventualities.

For a moment he stood in the open door of the cabin breathing the crisp fragrance of the balsam-laden air. It was early September and at that high altitude the nights were frosty cold.

He was in luck this time! His horses were grazing within sight. The gray mare he intended to ride was lazying at the salt trough, a hollowed fallen tree close to the cabin.

Ben took a hackamore and rope from a peg beside the door and caught the mare. He led her back and saddled her, mounted and rode at a brisk trot across the meadow. From the meadow a pole gate opened to a narrow forest trail. It was seven miles along this trail to his first lookout station. The mare covered the distance at an easy tireless lope. The sun was just rising above the horizon of timbered mountains when Ben turned the mare loose to graze and crept to the edge of a precipitous cliff.

From this eerie height on the edge of a narrow plateau that crowned the highest ridge of a long divide the country dropped away in a myriad lesser divides and ridges and cañons to a distant valley. Beyond the checkered green and gold of the alfalfa and grain fields of the valley another great divide rose ridge upon ridge and fold upon gigantic fold until its heights were lost in the blur of far horizons. Everywhere save in the distant valley was timber—pine and fir and spruce, hemlock, tamarack and cedar—and dwelling like little people among giants were scattering groves of mountain ash and mahogany, and in the lower places round the springs and along the creek bottoms quaking asp and willow.

To such a scene Ben Atney belonged. The forests were his home; the crafts of the forests his trade; their legends the classics of his education. At an age when boys in sheltered homes learn of Sir Galahad and his fellow knights Ben in the camps of the forests of Northern Michigan learned from the lips and bold imaginings of loggers the legends of the mighty Paul Bunyun.

For you who have never before heard of this hero let it suffice that he is the boss logger of all boss loggers. It was he, so the legend has it, to whom Hiram of Tyre gave the contract for felling and hewing the firs and cedars of Lebanon for King Solomon's great temple—and that wasn't so much of a job as some suppose. The loggers like more to brag of the time when Bunyun got out the timbers for Noah's ark. That contract, as everyone knows, called for the delivery of gopher wood. But old Bunyun was something of a shipbuilder himself and he knew gopher timbers would never do. So he searched the whole world over and finally decided that Oregon fir was best suited for Noah's purpose.

PHOTO. BY CRESSMAN PHOTO COMPANY, SEATTLE

Of This One Tree They Would Build the House They Had Planned

According to the terms of the contract the timbers were to be delivered at Noah's shipyard, and at first Bunyun was put to it to find a way to get the logs down to the ocean. But he was a brainy fellow and it did not take him long to solve the problem.

At that time, as you will remember, the Cascade Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas formed the unbroken western shore of an inland sea that extended eastward to the Rockies. Bunyun discovered that the level of this inland sea was much higher than the level of the Pacific Ocean, so he set the Big Swede to work digging a ditch through the Cascades. The Big Swede, as loggers know, is Bunyun's foreman and has charge of all the log drives.

When the ditch was finished—to-day folks call it the Columbia River—Bunyun was ready with his logs. It took the best of his white-water boys to handle that drive, for the rush of water from the inland sea carried the logs out to the ocean in a great hurry and created such a tide that they had hardly time to gather the logs into a raft before they found themselves in Noah's home port.

Some of the scientifically inclined loggers like to argue that this sudden draining of the inland sea caused a slight shifting of the earth's center of gravity and that this shifting caused the flood about which Noah had received advance information.

But such speculations were too profound to interest Ben. By the time he had graduated from swamp hook to ax and saw he had begun to believe this fellow Bunyun wasn't such a moose of a lad after all. This was when Ben had learned to sing the Ballad of the Little Brown Bulls and logging songs that were an unconscious boast of his own increasing strength and skill.

In time he came to know the forests of the country as a commuter knows the streets of his suburb. And as he knew the forests so he knew the sawmills of the country. In Idaho there was a forest he liked the best of all the forests he had known. There was a mill there, built where the waters of a four-mile-long lake narrow into an outflowing stream. Ben had worked in many mills, but when he thought of this one—of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that had been spent in the building of it, of the mill's enormous capacity, of the economy and scope of the logging operations, he was more than ever inclined to think Paul Bunyun a sort of piddling old piker.

The men who had built the mill controlled the timber along the shores of the lake and for miles beyond. From the head of the lake they had built a V-shaped flume into the timber for a distance of nearly six miles. Skidways, some of them more than a mile and a half in length, had been constructed, angling away from the flume into the timber on each side. The logs were hauled to these skidways by teams and by means of

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Ben Had Often Seen Logs Aggregating More Than One Million Board Feet in the Water at That Mill

DANGER—RUN SLOW

New Adventures in Free Air

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

x

MR. GEOFFREY SAXTON, in Alaskan tan and New York evening clothes and Piccadilly poise, was talking to the Eugene Gilsons while Claire finished dressing for the theater.

Mrs. Gilson observed: "She's the dearest thing. We've become awfully fond of her. But I don't think she knows what she wants to do with life. She's rather at loose ends. Who is this Daggett boy—some university student—whom she seems to like?"

"Well, since you speak of him—I hadn't meant to unless you did—I want to be fair to him. What did she tell you about him?" Jeff asked confidentially.

"Nothing, except that he's a young engineer, and frightfully brave and all those uncomfortable virtues, and she met him in Yellowstone Park or somewhere, and he saved her from a bear—or was it a tramp?—from something unnecessary, at any rate."

"Eva, I don't want to be supercilious, but the truth is that this young Daggett is a rather dreadful person. He's been here at the house, hasn't he? How did he strike you?"

"Not at all. He's silent, and as dull as lukewarm tea, but perfectly inoffensive."

"Then he's cleverer than I thought! Daggett is anything but dull and inoffensive, and if he can play that estimable rôle —— It seems that he is the son of some common workman in the Middle West; he isn't an engineer at all; he's really a chauffeur or a taxi driver or something; and he ran into Claire and Henry B. on the road, and somehow insinuated himself into their graces. Far from being silent and commonplace, he appears to have some strange kind of charm which," Jeff sighed, "I don't understand at all. I simply don't understand it!

"I met him in Montana with the most gorgeously atrocious person I've ever encountered—one Pinky Westlake, or some such a name—positively a crook! He tried to get Boltwood and me interested in the commonest kind of a mining swindle—hinted that we were to join him in cheating the public. And this Daggett was his partner. But I do want to be just. I'm not sure that Daggett was aware of his partner's dishonesty. That isn't what worries me about the lad. It's his utter impossibility. He's as crude as iron ore. When he's being careful he may manage to be inconspicuous, but give him the chance ——

"Really, I'm not exaggerating when I say that at thirty-five he'll be dining in his shirt sleeves and sitting down to read the paper with his feet upon the table. But Claire—you know what a dear, quixotic soul she is—she fancies that because this fellow repaired a puncture or something of the sort for her on the road she's indebted to him, and the worse he is the more she feels that she must help him. And affairs of that kind—oh, it's quite too horrible; but there have been cases, you know, where girls as splendid and fine and well-bred as Claire herself have been trapped into low marriages by loyalty to cadging adventurers!"

"Oh!" groaned Mrs. Gilson; and "Good Lord!" lamented Mr. Gilson, delighted at the possibility of tragedy, and "Really, I'm not exaggerating," said Jeff.

"What are we going to do?" demanded Mrs. Gilson; while Mr. Gilson, being of a ready and inventive mind, exclaimed: "By Jove, you ought to kidnap her and marry her yourself, Jeff!"

"I'd like to, but I'm too old."

They beautifully assured him that he was a blithe young thing with milk teeth; and with a certain satisfaction Jeff suggested: "I tell you what we might do. Of course it's an ancient stunt, but it's good. I judge that Daggett hasn't been here at the house much. Why not have him here so often that Claire will awaken to his crudity and get sick of him?"

"We'll do it!" thrilled Mrs. Gilson. "We'll have him for everything, from nine-course dinners with Grandmother Eaton's napkins on view, to milk and cold ham out of the ice box. When Claire doesn't invite him I will!"

Mr. Saxton had forgotten to explain that Milt's crook comrade, Pinky, was a parasite whom Milt could cheerfully have killed.

xi

MILT had become used to the Gilson drawing-room. He was no longer uncomfortable in the presence of its sleek fatness, though at first—not knowing that there were such resources as interior decorators—he had been convinced that to have created the room the Gilsons must have known everything in the world. Now he glanced familiarly at its white paneling, its sconces like silver candlesticks, the inevitable davenport inevitably backed by an amethyst-shaded piano lamp, and a table crowded with silver boxes and picture frames.

He liked the winsomeness of light upon velvet and polished wood.

It was not the drawing-room but the kitchen that dismayed him. In Schoenstrom he had known that there must somewhere be beautiful parlors, but he had trusted in his experience of kitchens. Kitchens, according to his philosophy, were small, smelly rooms of bare floors, and provided with one oilcloth-covered table, one stove—the front draft always broken and propped up with the lid lifter—one cupboard with panes of tin pierced in rosettes, and one stack of dirty dishes.

But the Gilson kitchen had the efficiency of a laboratory and the sleekness of a hairdresser's booth. With genuine awe Milt beheld walls of white tiles, a cork floor, a gas range large as a hotel stove, a ceiling-high refrigerator of enamel and nickel, zinc-topped tables, and a case of utensils like a surgeon's knives. It frightened him; it made more hopelessly unapproachable than ever the Alexandrian luxury of the great Gilsons. Fifth Avenue kitchens must be like this; and maybe King George's.

He was viewing the kitchen upon the occasion of an intimate Sunday-evening supper to which he had been yearningly invited by Mrs. Gilson. The maids were all out. The Gilsons and Claire, Milt and Jeff Saxton—shoutingly prepared their own supper. While Mrs. Gilson scrambled eggs and made coffee the others set the table and brought cold ham and a bowl of salad from the ice box.

Milt had intended to be a silent but deft servitor. When he had heard that he was to come to supper with the returned Mr. Geoffrey Saxton he had first been panic-shaken, then resolved. He'd let old Iron-Face Saxton do the high and mighty. Let him stand round and show off his clothes and adjectives, the way he did at Flathead Lake. But he, Milt, would be on the job. He'd help get supper and calmly ignore Jeff's rudeness.

Only—Jeff wasn't rude. He greeted Milt with "Ah, Daggett! This is so nice!" And Milt had no chance to help. It was Jeff who anticipated him and with a pleasant "Let me get that—I'm kitchen-broke," snatched up the cold ham and salad. It was Jeff who found the supper plates, while Milt was blunderingly wondering how any one family could use a whole furniture store full of different kinds of china. It was Jeff who sprang to help Claire wheel in the tea wagon, and so captured the chance to speak to her for which Milt had been maneuvering these five minutes.

When they were settled Jeff glowed at him, and respectfully offered: "I thought of you so often, Daggett, on a recent little jaunt of mine. You'd have been helpful."

"Where was that?" asked Milt suspiciously—wondering and waiting to see whether you could take cold ham in your fingers.

"Oh, in Alaska."

"In—Alaska?" Milt was dismayed.

"Yes, just a business trip there. There's something I wish you'd advise me about."

He was humble. And Milt was uneasy. He grumbled, "What's that?"

"I've been wondering whether it would be possible to use wireless telephony in Alaska. But I'm such a dub at electricity. Do you know what would be the cost of installing a wireless-telephone plant with a hundred-mile radius?"

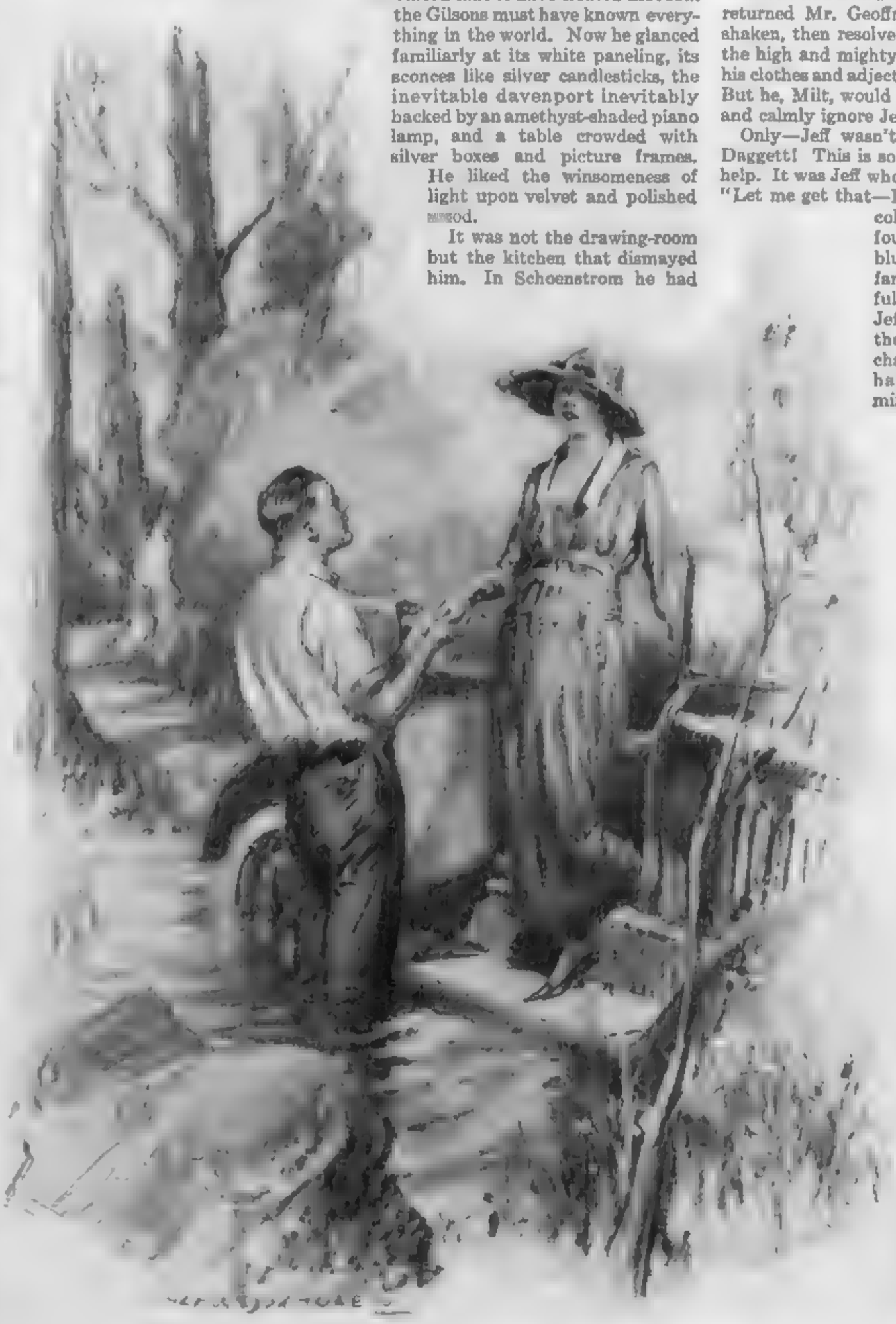
"Gee, I don't know!"

"Oh, so sorry. Well, I wonder if you can tell me about wireless telegraphy, then?"

"No; I don't know anything about that either."

Milt had desperately tried to make his answer gracious, but somehow—he hated this devil's obsequiousness more than he had his chilliness at Flathead Lake. He had a feeling that the Gilsons had delightedly kicked each other under the table: that for all her unchanging smile Claire was unhappy. And she was so far off, a white wraith floating beyond his frantic grasp.

"It doesn't matter, really. But I didn't know. So you've started



"Nobody Ever Proposed to Me in a Bog in a Flood Before! Life is Fun!"

in the engineering school at the University of Washington?" Saxton was purring. "Have you met Gid Childers there—son of old Senator Childers? Charming people."

"I've seen him. He has a Durgat roadster—no, his is the Garver," sighed Milt.

He hated himself for it, but he couldn't quite keep the awe out of his voice. People with Garver racers ——

Claire seemed to be trying to speak. She made a delicate, feminine, Claire-esque approximation to clearing her throat.

But Jeff ignored her and with almost osculatory affection continued to Milt: "Do let me know if there's anything I can do to help you. We're acquainted with two or three of your engineering faculty at the office. They write in about various things. Do you happen to know Doctor Philgren?"

"Oh, yes! Say, he's a wonder!" Milt was betrayed into exclaiming.

"Yes. Good chap, I believe. He's been trying to get a job with us. We may give him one. Just tell him you're a friend of mine, and that he's to give you any help he can."

Milt choked on a "Thanks."

"And—now that we're just the family here together—how goes the financial side? Can I be of any assistance in introducing you to some firm where you could do a little work on the side? You could make quite a little money."

So confoundedly affectionate and paternal.

Milt said irritably: "Thanks, but I don't need to do any work. I've got plenty of money."

"How pleasant!" Saxton's voice was smooth as marshmallow. "You're fortunate. I had quite a struggle to get through Princeton."

Wasn't Mr. Gilson contrasting Saxton's silk shirt with Milt's darned cotton covering, and in light of that contrast chuckling at Milt's boast and Saxton's modesty? Milt became overheated. His scalp prickled and his shoulder blades were damp. As Saxton turned from him and crooned to Claire, "More ham, honey?" Milt hated himself. He was in much of the dramatic but undesirable position of a man in pyjamas, not very good pyjamas, who has been locked out in the hotel corridor by the slamming of his door. He was in the frame of mind of a mongrel, of a real boy's dog, at a Madison Square dog show. He had a shrewd suspicion of Saxton's game. But what could he do about it?

He felt even more out of place when the family forgot him and talked about people of whom he had never heard; of Chub and Kit and Hal. He sat alone on an extremely distant desert isle and ate cold ham and wished he were in Schoenstrom.

Claire had recovered her power of speech. She seemed to be trying to bring him into the conversation. She hesitated, and thought with creased brows, and brought out: "Uh, uh, oh—oh Milt, how much is gas selling at now?"

Milt left that charming and intimate supper party at nine. He said, "Got to work on—on my analytical geometry," as though it was a lie; and he threw "Good night" at Saxton as though he hated his kind, good benefactor; and when he tried to be gracious to Mrs. Gilson the best he could get out was "Thanks f' inviting me."

They expansively saw him to the door. Just as he thought that he had escaped Saxton begged: "Oh, Daggett, I was arguing with a chap—what color are Holstein-Friesian cattle? Red?"

"Black and white," Milt said eagerly.

He heard Mrs. Gilson giggle.

He stood on the terrace wiping his forehead and without the least struggle finally and irretrievably admitting that he would never see Claire Boltwood or any of her friends again. Not—never!

XII

HE HAD received from Mrs. Gilson a note inviting him to share their box at the first night of a three-night opera season. He had spent half a day in trying to think of a courteously rude way of declining.

A straggly little girl came up from the candy shop below his room, demanding: "Say, are you Mr. Daggett? Say, there's some woman wants to talk to you on our telephone. Say, tell them we ain't supposed to be no messenger office. You ain't supposed to call no upstairs people on our telephone. We ain't supposed to leave the store and go trotting all over town to —— Gee, a nickel! Gee, thank you. Don't mind what ma says; she's always kicking."

On the telephone he heard Claire's voice in an agitated "Milt! Meet me downtown, at the Imperial Motion Picture Theater right away. Something I've got to tell you. I'll be in the lobby. Hurry!"

"Some Day I Hope I Can Get a Clever Woman Like You to Help Me, Mrs. Corey. I Wish You'd Explain That—Overture They Call It, Don't They?"

When he bolted in she was already in the lobby agitatedly looking over a frame of stills. She ran to him, hooked her fingers in his lapel, poured out: "They've invited you to the opera. I want you to come and put it all over them. Beat 'em! Beat 'em! Come to the opera and be awf'ly aloof and supercilious. You can! Yes, you can! And be sure—wear evening clothes. Now I've got to hurry."

"B-but ——"

"Don't disappoint me. I depend on you. Oh, say you will!"

"I will!"

She was gone, whisking into the Gilson limousine. He was in a glow at her loyalty, in a tremor of anger at the meddlers.

But he had never worn evening clothes. He called it a dress suit, and before the complications of that exotic garb he was flabby with anxiety. To Milt and to Schoenstrom—to Bill McGolwey, even to Professor Jones and the greasily prosperous Heinie Rauskukle—the dress suit was the symbol and proof, the indication and manner of sophisticated wealth. In Schoenstrom even waiters do not wear dress suits. For one thing there aren't any waiters. There is one waitress at the Leipzig House, Miss Annie Schweigenblat, but you wouldn't expect Miss Schweigenblat to deal them off the arm in black trousers and braid down the side.

No; a dress suit was what the hero wore in the movies; and the hero in the movies, when he wasn't a cow-puncher, was an ex-captain of the Yale football team, and had chambers and a valet. You could tell him from the valet because he wasn't so bald.

How could he get away with a dress suit? How could he keep from feeling foolish in a low-cut vest, and what the deuce would he do with the tails? Did you part 'em or roll 'em up when you sat down? And wouldn't everybody be able to tell from his foolish look that he didn't belong in one? He could hear messenger boys and loafers in front of pool rooms whispering: "Look at the piker in the rented soup-and-fish!"

For of course he'd rent one. Nobody bought them—except plutes like Henry B. Boltwood.

He agitatedly walked up and down for an hour, peering into haberdashery windows, looking for a kind-faced young man. He found him, in Ye Pall Mall Toggery Shoppe and Shoes; an open-faced young man who was gazing through the window as sparklingly as though he was thinking of going as a missionary to India—and liked curry. Milt ironed out his worried face, clumped in, demanded fraternally: "Say, old man, don't some of these gents' furnishings stores have kind of little charts that tell just what you wear with dress suits and Prince Alberts and everything?"

"You bet," said the kind-faced young man.

West of Zanesville, "You bet" means "rather" and "yes, indeed" and "on the whole I should be inclined to fancy that there may be some vestiges of accuracy in your curious opinion" and "you're a liar but I can't afford to say so."

The kind-faced young man brought from behind the counter a beautiful brochure illustrated with photographs of Phœbus Apollo in what were described as "American Beauty Garments—neat, natty, nobby, new." The center pages faithfully catalogued the ties, shirts, cuff links, spats, boots, hats—to wear with evening clothes, morning clothes, riding clothes, tennis costumes, polite mourning.

As he looked it over Milt felt that his wardrobe already contained all these gentlemanly possessions. With the aid of the clerk and the chart he purchased a tradition-haunted garment with a plate-armor bosom and an opening as crooked as the Missouri River; a white tie which in his strong red hands looked as silly as a dead fish; waistcoat, pearl links and studs. For the first time, except for seizures of madness during two or three visits to Minneapolis motor-accessory stores, he caught the shopping fever. The long shining counter, the trim red-stained shelves, the glittering cases, the racks of flaunting ties—were beautiful to him, and beckoning. But he fought his way out.

He bought pumps—which cost exactly twice as much as the largest sum which he had allowed himself. He bought a newspaper, and in the want columns found the advertisement:

SILBERFARB, THE SOCIETY TAILOR
DRESS SUITS TO RENT
SNAPPIEST IN THE CITY

Despite the superlative snappiness of Mr. Silberfarb's dress suits his establishment was a loft over a delicatessen, approached by a splintery stairway along which hung shabby signs announcing the upstairs offices of J. L. & T. J. O'Regan, Private Detectives; The Zenith Spiritualist Church, Messages by Rev. Lulu Paughouse; The International Order of Live Ones, Seattle Wigwam; and Mme. Lavourie, Sulphur Baths. The dead air of the hallway suggested petty crookedness. Milt felt that he ought to fight somebody, but there being no one to fight he banged along the flapping boards of the second-floor hallway to the ground-glass door of Silberfarb, the Society Tailor, who was also, as an afterthought on a straggly placard, Pressng & Cleang While U Wait.

He belligerently shouldered into a low room. The light from the one window was almost obscured by racks of musty-smelling black clothes which stretched away from him in two dismal aisles that resembled a morgue of unhappy dead men indecently hung up on hooks. On a long, clumsily carpentered table a small man, collarless, sweaty, unshaven, was darning trousers under an

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XXVII

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WINT CHASE lay awake for a while, the night he had given his orders to Marshal Jim Radabaugh. He had many things to occupy his thoughts. There was in him none of the elation that might have been expected; he had no zest for the fight that was ahead of him. He was, rather, depressed and doubtful of the wisdom of what he had done, and doubtful of his own strength and determination to carry it through. He was acutely aware that a great many people would say: "Well, Wint's got a nerve. A fish like him trying to make Hardiston dry. I'll bet he's got a cellarful." They would say this, and they would have a right to say it. Wint thought, miserably enough, that he had been foolish to start trouble. He might better have let well enough alone.

The boy's stubbornness had played him false more than once in the past; this time it was to do him a good turn. A less stubborn person would have backed down under the weight of these misgivings; would have canceled the orders given Radabaugh and let matters slide along as they had slid in the past. But Wint, though he dreaded the ridicule that would follow what he had done, felt himself committed. They would laugh! Well, let them laugh! His jaw set; he swore to go on at any cost. On this determination he slept at last.

In spite of his wakefulness Wint was first downstairs in the morning. Hetty, sweeping out the sitting room, encountered him. He had not seen her the day before except when his father and mother were about. Then she had avoided his eye.

Now she looked at him sullenly and said: "Much obliged for getting me to bed, Wint."

"That's all right, Hetty, I remember you did as much for me."

She laughed harshly and defiantly. "Sure I did."

Her eyes were watchful and on guard. Wint guessed that she expected him to reproach her, to warn her, to bid her mend her ways. But he did nothing of the kind.

"Forget it," he said. "It wasn't anything."

"What's the Matter?" Wint Asked. "Anything Wrong?" "Of Course Not. Don't be a Kid. Can't I Have a Grouch if I Want To?"

Something wistful crept into her eyes, as though she would have said more. But Mrs. Chase came downstairs and Hetty went on with her work, while Mrs. Chase volubly directed her.

After breakfast Wint and his father walked downtown together. The elder Chase asked stiffly: "Well, how did you find Amos?"

"Same as ever," Wint said.

"Suppose he's home for the summer."

"I guess so."

He wondered whether to tell his father what he had done; but something held his tongue. It may have been diffidence, a reluctant feeling that to tell his father this would be like an effort to justify himself in the elder Chase's eyes. It may have been uncertainty as to what attitude the older man would take. It may have been a shrewd guess at the truth—that Chase would attribute the move to Amos, and oppose it on that ground. Wint had no illusions about his father's attitude toward the congressman. Chase held Amos as his enemy without compromise.

As they reached the first stores on the outskirts of the business section of Hardiston they met Ned Bentley and another man and exchanged greetings. Bentley grinned at Wint in a friendly way, and Wint knew that Bentley had heard of his order to Radabaugh.

The elder Chase saw something had passed between them and asked Wint: "What's Bentley grinning about?"

"Why, I don't know," said Wint. "He's usually pretty good-natured."

He flushed at his own evasion, but the older man did not press the question, and a little later they separated.

Foster, the city solicitor—Foster was an earnest young fellow, and took his office seriously—was waiting for Wint in what passed as Wint's office, off the main room above the fire-engine house.

Foster looked flurried, and he said quickly: "Look here, Wint, Radabaugh says you told him to clean up the town."

Wint nodded idly, fumbling among the papers on his desk. "Yes, I did."

"Well, what's the idea?" Foster demanded excitedly. "What's the idea, anyway?"

"The idea is to—clean up the town," Wint told him.

"You're in earnest?"

"Yes."

"You mean—to stop bootlegging?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord!" said Foster.

The solicitor's consternation gave Wint confidence. He asked: "Why, what's wrong with that?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. But you'll surely start something."

"I mean to stop something."

"There'll be an awful row."

Wint said quietly: "If you don't want to come through—if you don't want to make it stick, help me out—why, now's the time to say so, and get out."

"Good Lord!" Foster cried. "Of course I'll stick! Nothing suit me better. I'm—I tell you, you don't know what you've started. But I'm with you, Wint. All along the line. Absolutely!"

Wint said: "That's good."

"It's a great chance for me," Foster said.

Wint chuckled. "Ought to do you and Hardiston both some good."

"Prosecuting all those cases."

"Oh, there won't be many cases," Wint said cheerfully.

"A lot you know! Why won't there?"

"Because," said Wint, "I'm going to see that the first man in here gets soaked good and proper. I'm going to put the fear of—the fear of me into them."

"You can't scare those fellows."

"Well," Wint admitted, "that may be so, but I'm surely going to try."

Foster had amused him and encouraged him; but when Foster was gone and he was left alone his depression of the night before returned. He locked his door. He did not want to see people. And he sat down to think.

Radabaugh came in a little before noon to report what he had done. Wint listened, studying the marshal.

"Think Lutcher will keep straight?" he asked.

"I should think so."

"How about Mrs. Moody?"

"She'll need watching."

"See that you watch her."

"I'm right on the job," Radabaugh assured him easily; and Wint knew the marshal meant what he said. "I've left 'em run before, because there wasn't any kick made. If you say shut 'em off I'll do it, that's all."

"I do say it," Wint told him. He got up and gripped the other's shoulder, something of the excitement of the coming fight already stirring in him. "Jim, we'll make Hardiston dry as a bone."

Radabaugh spat. "We-ell," he drawled, "it don't take much booze to wet a bone. But we'll see to it the stuff don't go sloshing round the gutters anyways."

For his lunch Wint went to fat Sam O'Brien's restaurant. He liked the place—the long, high counter, scrubbed white as the deck of a ship; the revolving stools before the counter; the shelves on which bottles of mustards and ketchups and spices were ranged; and big Sam O'Brien in his vast white apron presiding over it all. There was a mechanical piano which played a tune for a nickel in the back of the restaurant, and it was jangling and tinkling when Wint went in. Half a dozen men were there before him; and they grinned when they saw Wint, and spoke among themselves.

Sam O'Brien welcomed him with a chuckle. O'Brien was a jocular man. He set plate and knife and fork and a thick glassful of water before Wint, and spread his hands on the counter, and asked in a booming voice: "Well, how's your appetite, you bold crusader?"

Wint flushed and said uncomfortably: "Cut it out, Sam!"

The restaurant proprietor had his own ideas of a joke, and he made the most of them. At Wint's words he threw back his head and laughter poured out of him. He rocked, he slapped his great fist on the counter.

"Cut it out?" he repeated. "Oh, Wint, you're the funny man. Cut it out, he says! The whole blamed town. 'The booze is getting you, Hardiston. Cut it out,' he says!" He bellowed the words. "Cut it out! Cut it out! Oh, Wint, you'll be the death o' me."

There was never any use resenting Sam O'Brien. Wint laughed and said: "I'll be the death of you if you don't get me something to eat, Sam. Get a move on your old carcass."

After lunch he had a word or two with men upon the street; but he did not want to talk to them. He wanted to get out of their way, out of sight. His nerves were beginning to jangle; he wanted something to happen. There was hanging over him a storm; he wanted the storm

to break. He had a thought of going to V. R. Kite and flinging a defiance in that old buzzard's gold-filled teeth. He liked to think of Kite as an old buzzard; the phrase pleased him. Men will always be pleased to find they have used words tellingly. The gift of speech is what distinguishes man from the animals; it is right that he should vaunt himself upon it.

But in the end Wint did not go to Kite; he went to Hoover's office and hid himself in a back room with a law book. Neither Dick nor his father was there when he arrived; he counted on not being disturbed. He did not want to be disturbed. He wanted to be let alone. He was mistrustful of himself, of his motives and of his powers.

In midafternoon the telephone rang; and he answered, expecting a call for one or the other of the Hoovers.

But when he spoke into the instrument someone said, "Is this you, Wint?"

He said it was; and the someone said, "This is Joan."

Wint said, "Oh!" He was uncomfortable, wondering what she wanted, why she had called.

"I've just heard what you've done," she said.

"What's that?" Wint asked. "Done what?"

"About how you're going to—to clean up Hardiston."

"Oh, that," said Wint. "Yes?"

"Central told me I could probably get you at the Hoover office."

"Yes; yes, I'm here."

"I thought you might like to know that I'm glad you're going to do this."

"That's all right," he said awkwardly. The old stubborn resentment at any praise was awake in him; but there was a curious tincture of happiness too.

"It's a good fight, Wint," she said. "And—you'll win."

Wint laughed uneasily. "Oh, sure," he said.

He did not want to talk about it; and Joan understood and said good-by. Wint stared thoughtfully at the telephone for a while; then he went back to his probing into the musty recesses of the law which he found so live and vital.

But he was unable to keep his thoughts upon the book. They wandered. He kept thinking about V. R. Kite. He kept wondering what Kite would do. And he wished insistently that whatever Kite meant to do he would do quickly. Wint was tired of waiting for the storm to break.

XXVIII

IF V. R. KITE had been wise enough to let Wint severely alone in the days that followed it is not at all improbable that Wint's resolution would have weakened. But if knaves were wise they would not be knaves. So instead of being left alone with his depression and his doubts of himself Wint was attacked front and flank; and the stimulus of battle proved to be exactly what he needed to forge his determination and whip his courage to the sticking point.

Kite first heard the news of what Wint had done from Lutcher, the amiable man in the distinctive vest, whose stock in trade Jim Radabaugh had put under seal. Lutcher went straightway to Kite when Radabaugh left him; and he found Kite still ignorant of what had come to pass. Lutcher took a decided pleasure in breaking the news to Kite.

He found the little turkey of a man at his desk in the bazaar; and he stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and said in his husky whispering voice: "Well, Kite, we're closed up."

Kite had greeted Lutcher as pleasantly as he greeted anyone. He was a little afraid of the big bald man, and Lutcher knew it. He was as much afraid of Lutcher as Lutcher was of Jim Radabaugh. But he forgot to be afraid of Lutcher in this moment. He came up out of his chair like a jack-in-the-box—and Kite looked not unlike the conventional jack-in-the-box with his lean neck and his poised head and his side whiskers flying—and snapped at Lutcher: "What's that you say?"

Lutcher grinned and wheezed: "I say we're closed up."

"Closed up?" Kite repeated in something like a shout. "Closed up? What do you mean? Talk English, man!"

Lutcher ran his thick finger round the soft collar of his silken shirt. "I mean Radabaugh's given orders not to sell any more stuff," he said. "What did you think I meant?"

"You're crazy!" said Kite flatly. "Radabaugh wouldn't dare do that."

"Well, he's done it!"

"Jim Radabaugh? The marshal?"

"Sure!" said Lutcher impatiently. "Can't you hear what I say? Came and sealed me up this morning. Said it was orders."

"Orders? Whose orders?"

"Mayor's."

Kite's clenched fists went into the air. "He can't do that," he said fiercely. "I won't stand for it. If he tries to do that I'll leave town. Or I'll kill the pup. Or kill myself. I won't stand for it, I tell you, Lutcher!"

"Don't tell me," said Lutcher, amiable again in the face of the other's excitement. "Don't tell me; tell the mayor."

Kite stood for a minute with staring thoughtful eyes, as though Lutcher were not there. Then he grabbed his hat and started for the street. Lutcher looked after him, grinning with amusement.

"The old buzzard does take it hard," he told himself. "Well, I should worry. What's he up to now?"

Kite had disappeared. When Lutcher got to the street the little man was no longer in sight. Lutcher wondered what Kite had set off to do; and he loitered for a while in the hope of seeing the little man again. Kite's fury amused him. But Kite had not returned when Jim Radabaugh drifted into sight; and Lutcher did not want to see Jim again, so he effaced himself. He saw Jim go into the bazaar and come out again and stop at the Journal office; and after a little Kite came down the street from the court house, and Radabaugh emerged from the Journal office and followed Kite into the bazaar. Lutcher wished he could be near enough to hear what they said, but there was no chance of it, so he departed.

Kite held on to himself while he talked with Radabaugh; but when the marshal was gone the little man, in the shelter of his desk, fretted and jerked in his chair in a tempest of furious anger. There was no doubt about it; he did take this news hard. But one watching with a seeing eye might have discovered in Kite's anger something else—a touch of panic. Perhaps fear is always a part of anger; perhaps it is one of the springs from which anger flows. But in the case of Kite his fear and panic tended to quiet him and steady him and bid him go slowly and watch his every move. There had been a day when he would have leaped into such a fight as this, a terrible and furious figure. But Kite was getting old. There was something senile and pitiful in his fury now.

There in the rear of his busy little shop, with customers going and coming and the clerks laughing together, Kite twisted his fingers together and beat at his head with his clenched hands and tried to think what to do. He had been so sure that Wint would never take this step; he had been so sure that with Wint as mayor Hardiston would be safely and securely wet. He had been so sure of Amos Caretali's good will. Chase and Jack Routt had warned him; but he had not believed their warnings, because he did not wish to believe. Wint was a drinker; it was just common sense that Wint would let the town go on as it had gone in the past. Kite had counted on it.

"Come Sit Here With Me," She Invited. "That Chair's Not Comfortable"

And now Wint had betrayed him. That was the word that sprang into Kite's mind. Wint had betrayed him. He felt an honest indignation at the mayor. He was more indignant than he had been when Wint had called him a buzzard. He had accepted that good-naturedly enough. Hard names broke no bones; besides, Wint had been quite obviously suffering from an overnight bout that morning. Kite knew the mood; he was not surprised; and he was not resentful.

But this was different—damnably different. This was out-and-out treachery—betrayal. He had helped elect Wint; now Wint turned against him.

Kite felt acutely sorry for himself; he felt acutely reproachful toward Wint. And when Jack Routt dropped in, half an hour after Jim Radabaugh had gone, with a triumphant light in his eyes, Kite told him so.

"I didn't think Wint would do it," he said dolefully. "Routt, I didn't suppose Wint would do this to me."

Routt chuckled. "It's not Wint's doing," he said. "I told you this was coming, you know. It's Amos."

But Kite was in no mood for rage at Amos. "I don't know," he said. "This looks like Wint's doing. It's a boy's trick. A man like Amos would have seen the harm for Hardiston in such a move. No, Jack, Wint did this—himself."

Routt shook his head. "I know better. You get after Amos, and Wint will come to heel. I know them both, I tell you."

"I can't believe it," Kite insisted. "What motive could he possibly have?"

(Continued on Page 82)

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I DO not believe that the bully and braggart is more in evidence in Kentucky and Texas than in other commonwealths of the Union, except that each of these states is by the space writers made the favorite arena of his exploits and adopted as the scene of the comic stories told at his expense. The son of a gun from Bitter Creek, like the elegant gentleman from the Dark and Bloody Ground; represents a certain type to be found more or less developed in each and every state of the Union. He is not always a coward. Driven, as it were, to the wall, he will often make good.

He is, as a rule, in quest of adventures. He enters the village and approaches the mêlée. "Is it a free fight?" says he. Assured that it is, "Count me in," says he. Ten minutes later—"Is it still a free fight?" he says; and, again assured, says he, "Count me out."

Once the greatest of bullies provoked old Aaron Pennington, "the strongest man in the world," who struck from the shoulder and landed his victim in the middle of the street. Here he lay in a helpless heap until they carted him off to the hospital, where for a day or two he flickered between life and death. "'Foh' God," said Pennington, "I barely teched him."

This same bully threatened that when a certain mountain man came to town he would finish him. The mountain man came. He was enveloped in an old-fashioned cloak, presumably concealing his armament, and walked about ostentatiously in the proximity of his boastful foeman, who remained as passive as a lamb. When, having failed to provoke a fight, he had taken himself off, an onlooker said: "Bill, I thought you were going to do him up?"

"But," says Bill, "did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him. What of that?"

"Why," exclaimed the bully, "that man was a walking arsenal."

Aaron Pennington, the strong man just mentioned, was, in his younger days, a river pilot. Billy Hite, a short, stocky man, was clerk. They had a disagreement, when Aaron told Billy that if he caught him on "the harrican deck" he would pitch him overboard. The next day Billy appeared while Aaron, off duty, was strolling up and down outside the pilot house, and strolled offensively in his wake. Never a hostile glance or a word from Aaron. At last, tired of the dumb show, Billy broke forth with a torrent of imprecation, closing with "When are you going to pitch me off the boat, you blankety-blank son of a gun and coward?"

Aaron Pennington was a brave man. He was both fearless and self-possessed. He paused, gazed quizzically at his tormentor and says he: "Billy, you got a pistol, and you want to get a pretext to shoot me, and I ain't going to give it to you."

II

AMONG the hostels of Christendom the Galt House, of Louisville, for a long time occupied a foremost place and held its own. It was burned to the ground fifty years ago and a new Galt House was erected, not upon the original site, but upon the same street a block above.

Aris Throckmorton, its manager in the thirties, the forties and the fifties, was a personality and a personage. The handsomest of men and the most illiterate, he exemplified the characteristics and peculiarities of the days of the river steamer and the stage coach, when mine host felt it his duty to make the individual acquaintance of his patrons and each and severally to look after their comfort. Many stories are told at his expense; of how he made a formal call upon Dickens—it was, in point of fact, Marryat—in his apartment, to be coolly told that when its occupant wanted him he would ring for him; and of how, investigating a strange box which had newly arrived from Florida, the prevailing opinion being that the live animal within was an alligator, he exclaimed, "Alligator, hell, it's a scorponicum." He died at length, to be succeeded by his son John, a very different character. And thereby hangs a tale.

John Throckmorton, like Aris his father, was one of the handsomest of men. Perhaps because he was so he became the victim of one of the strangest of feminine whimsies and human freaks. There was a young girl in Louisville, named Ellen Godwin. Meeting him at a public ball she fell violently in love with him. Upon his not reciprocating this and refusing to pursue the acquaintance, she began to dog his footsteps. She dressed herself in deep black and took up a position in front of the Galt House, and when he came out and wherever he went she followed him. No matter how long he stayed, when he reappeared she was on the spot and watch.

He took himself away to San Francisco. It was but the matter of a few weeks when she was there too. He hied him thence to Liverpool and as he stepped upon the dock there she was. She had got wind of his going, and having caught an earlier steamer preceded him.

Finally the War of Sections arrived. John Throckmorton became a Confederate officer, and being able to keep her out of the lines he had a rest of four years. But when after the war he returned to Louisville the quarry began again.

He was wont to call her Old Hell's Delight. Finally one night as he was passing the market she rushed out and rained upon him blow after blow with a frozen rabbit.

Then the authorities took a hand. She was arraigned for disorderly conduct and brought before the court of police. Then the town, which knew nothing of the case and accepted her goings on as proof of wrong, rose and she had a veritable ovation, coming away with flying colors. This, however, served to satisfy her. Thenceforward she desisted and left poor John Throckmorton in peace.

I knew her well. She used once in a while to come and see me, having some story or other to tell. On one occasion I said to her: "Ellen, why do you pursue this man in this cruel way? What possible good can it do you?" She looked me straight in the eye and slowly replied: "Because I love him."

I investigated the case closely and thoroughly and was assured, as he had assured me, that he had never done her the slightest wrong. She had occasionally told me the same thing, and this I fully believed.

He was a man, every inch of him, and a gentleman through and through—the very soul of honor in his transactions of every sort—most highly respected and esteemed wherever he was known—yet his life was made half a failure and wholly unhappy by this crazy Jane, the general public taking appearances for granted and willing to believe nothing good of one who, albeit proud and honorable, held defiantly aloof, disdaining self-defense.

On the whole I have not known many men more

Old Aaron Pennington, "the Strongest Man in the World," Struck From the Shoulder and Landed His Victim in the Middle of the Street

(Concluded on Page 165)

The Autobiography of a Race Horse

Barney Stuck Round With That Old Indian Half the Day, Arguing and Talking, and What He Enjoyed Most Was the Fact That the Indian Did Not Have Any Money

VIII

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

AS I TOLD you in the last chapter, the opening of the Cherokee Strip was postponed until early in the fall. As well as I can remember, it was in September. So we stayed round there just waiting for the big event, as many others did who—like us—were a little early in arriving for history's most historic land drive.

Of course some years before we came Oklahoma proper had been opened up. That was in 1889, because at that time the United States Government had not made all its arrangements with the Indians for the ceding of the Cherokee Strip; and in fact the Kickapoo Reservation was not opened up until three years after our visit.

The first grand rush into Oklahoma proper was spectacular enough. Still I think it was generally conceded that the opening of the Cherokee Strip was if anything more so. It has always been a matter of surprise that more abundant contributions to literature did not find their inception in word pictures of this stirring event.

Away back in 1834 special reservations were set apart by the Government of the United States for what were then called the five civilized Indian tribes, and down there in the Indian Territory, which is now generally spoken of as Oklahoma, they established governments on a civilized model; and it is interesting to know that even at that early date small newspapers were published in the Cherokee tongue, Sequoyah's famous alphabet being used. The story of these tribes, their customs and the various incidents which led up to the final settling of Oklahoma forms one of the most interesting chapters in American history.

All the surroundings sustained the air of mystery and adventure with which the territory as a partially unexplored country had before that time been invested. Previous to its regular settlement the records of the United States courts at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Paris, Texas, could boast that no other courts in the Union had such bloody records. At that time it was stated that nine-tenths of the American outlaws made that part of the country their stamping ground. It was ideal from the standpoint of the lawbreaker, because the adjacent Indian Territory with its miles upon miles of wild, primitive and uninhabited country furnished an unexcelled rendezvous for criminals. Many of these gentry were still there when the land was thrown open to white home seekers.

You can imagine what a bizarre crowd assembled to wait for the big drive. It was the one place where nothing counted but the man himself. It didn't matter where he came from or why he left that place. The great majority, of course, were good citizens, who had journeyed from worked-out farms in the East or from unirrigated deserts in the West, intent upon making new homes for themselves and their families. But on the other hand was an army of adventurers who had no idea of settling, but came rather in the hope of procuring some land and selling it again as soon as possible thereafter.

Then there were the camp followers of both sexes—the gamblers, bootleggers and land pirates of every description. As I say, one could not expect to be taken at the valuation of the people in the little town he came from back home. He was sitting in a game now where nothing counted but the ability to outgeneral, outlast or outgame the other fellow without any assistance from the outside.

No matter what governmental care was taken of the Indians in the Far West, it is quite certain that those of the territory were pretty well looked after. When Oklahoma proper was opened in 1889 the Indians were possessed of landholdings which were out of all proportion to their numbers. For instance, it could be found that only eighty-nine members of the old Iowa tribe were in existence, but they held two hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and eighteen acres of reservation.

The Sacs and Foxes numbered four hundred and fifty-seven, according to the Government's census, and they held four hundred and seventy-nine thousand acres. The Cherokees were the largest living tribe in point of membership. They numbered nearly twenty-two thousand, but under the original agreement with the United States Government they claimed ownership to five million and thirty-one thousand acres of as good land as ever lay out of doors. The Cherokee Strip itself was fifty miles wide, running west of the Arkansas River and south of the Kansas border. The land for the most part was beautiful rolling prairie; hence the universal desire to participate in the apportionment of it when opened up to white settlers.

The story of the early settlement of Oklahoma proper and the other reservations reads more like the records of an army of occupation than anything else. More than that, it erected the monument to celebrate the last grand stand of the American Argonauts. It is reasonable to state that there were very few men and women who had any of the old gypsy blood in them or who loved the adventurous life attendant upon the activities of the early settler that did not take part in one of the races for land down Oklahoma way.

They say that the site of one city was chosen by a little party of enterprising individuals who went into the old Oklahoma territory on an excursion train, stopped when a suitable place was found on the prairie, staked off their respective holdings and before night a good-sized town had sprang into being and the first edition of a daily newspaper was on the street. It is also recorded that between daylight and dark of the opening day the city of Guthrie sprang into existence with a population of ten thousand people. What would you think if I told you that the Cherokee Strip was settled in half a day? Well, it was!

The tragedy or comedy of the whole thing was that when the bugle sounded and the cannons boomed, giving the signal for the mighty army of land seekers to advance, they went helter-skelter in every kind of conveyance that would add celerity to movement. Everybody pressed forward as if in search for the mythical golden skillet at the end of the rainbow and they passed over land which—had they known it—housed the wealth of a gorgeous Midas.

Nobody was thinking about petroleum, and though in the winter of 1893 sand rock containing marked indications of petroleum was found round Stillwater at a depth of a hundred feet, nobody paid much attention to that. Why should they? They didn't come down to drill for oil. They were looking for land that would grow the biggest corn or the heaviest oats or the most abundant yield of wheat, and though an eminent scientist made an official report and almost prophesied the eventual location of these immense oil fields now in existence, which have made thousands of men rich overnight beyond the dreams of avarice, no one thought of the wise man's tip for nearly twenty years afterward and he was gathered to his fathers before he knew that his original diagnosis had been established.

A good many funny things happened while we were waiting, and during the interim I took part in a race for the smallest stake I ever was destined to compete for. One day when my master was away an old Indian came along with a little pony not over thirteen and a half hands high. He wanted to make a match race with one of our horses. He was a very tall Indian and when he rode up on his little old pony it seemed as if his feet were not more than a foot from the ground, but he was very serious and wanted to have a race.

Of course this was Barney's delight. He stuck round with that old Indian half the day, arguing and talking, and what he enjoyed most, I suspect, was the fact that the Indian did not have any money. He had some pelts, among which I remember a couple of wildcat hides. He wanted to stake them against a hundred dollars in money.

Of course at that time they were not worth any such amount, though they would be nowadays, and Barney argued round until the Indian agreed to put them up against ten dollars. He also had a beautiful beaded hunting shirt and moccasins which he staked against a couple

(Continued on Page 97)

The Wrong Hat on the Right Man

"There's the Poetic Side of It Too. A Man's Hat Is More Faithful to Him Than His Dog. The More of a Bum He Is the Closer It'll Stick to Him"

By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

SAVAGE, chief salesman in Squires' hat store on Broadway in the forties, took Joe O'Brien, salesman in ordinary, by the arm and led him to one side.

"That's the second man you've let get away from you this morning." Savage, for reasons hereinafter given, hated O'Brien too much to use the brief appellation by which he was affectionately known in the store. "I've been watching you."

"I dare say," said O'Brien. "And what do you make of it?"

"You had him cinched. The man wanted the hat."

"He did."

"And you let him get away."

"I did." O'Brien raised his voice—as was to be expected of a man with red hair and freckles on the back of his neck when speaking to a man he detested. "He asked me how the hat looked. I told him it looked like the devil. You wouldn't expect me to lie, would you?"

Tall Savage towered above and glowered down at his defiant, athletic enemy.

"You're a devil of a salesman," he growled, thrusting out his under jaw. "Men don't come in here for advice. They come for hats. Any hat looks good on any man, and any man's money looks good to me."

"You ought to have been a pickpocket," O'Brien retorted with a jerk. "I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Will Savage: I'll not violate my artistic conscience for you or anybody else. The hat didn't look well on that man, I tell you, and I wasn't going to lie to him."

"Artistic conscience, rats! How about the boss' interests? You take his money, don't you? The ghost walks every Saturday night and keeps you in your boarding house, don't it? Take a tip from me, young feller! It's your business to sell hats, not keep 'em in stock."

"You want to stay in business, don't you? You want to increase your business, don't you?" retorted O'Brien. "Well, take a tip from me, Mr. Will Savage! The man that tells the truth will stay in business longer than the man that flatters 'em."

"I don't flatter," Savage snarled; "but I don't let a customer get away like you did. If we haven't got what he wants I make him want something we've got. If he don't know it don't look good—that's his business."

"But it would look good on him if any hat looks good on any man," O'Brien sneered.

Both men were white with temper. Each would have liked to punch the other's head right then and there without any so-called technical provocation, but each held his tongue in cheek. Clashes between the two—invariably precipitated by Savage—were getting to be more and more frequent and to O'Brien more and more insufferable.

For a few moments they locked eyes like a pair of gamecocks, then Savage grunted: "If I had my way I'd sack you in a minute."

"You bet you would!" O'Brien smiled, not agreeably, for he was smiling at Savage. "And it wouldn't be because I won't sell freak hats to fools you'd sack me, Mr. Will Savage."

Satisfied that the shot had told, O'Brien thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and strode to the front of the store, where his grouch was instantly dissipated by the entrance of a sweating fat man in a summer suit. O'Brien extended his hand and smiled genuinely, for it was an old friend he was greeting.

"Howdy, Stein."

"Howdy, Joe."

As Stein mopped his forehead the scowl—due to the heat—disappeared. He grinned back at O'Brien. Everybody grinned back at O'Brien—everybody but Savage. They couldn't help it, for O'Brien's blue eyes and cordial grin were the most attractive things on Broadway in hot weather. And lucky was the man who was favored with the latter. O'Brien's smile always broadened into a grin of real gladness when he saw you coming—if he liked you. And he didn't grin just to show his teeth, either, which were white and even as a hound's.

Mechanically O'Brien took Stein's hat and looked inside for the size. Out of the tail of his eye he watched Savage, who had crossed to the cash desk. He saw Minnie Squires covertly glance his way.

"The duffer's knocking me," he said to himself. "He's knocking me to her, darn his treacherous hide! Well, let him knock."

Like all the rest of the men in the Squires branch store on Broadway in the forties, O'Brien was in love with Minnie, the Old Man's daughter. By instinct most of the boys had realized that they had no show with the girl and had dropped out, leaving the field to O'Brien and Will Savage. O'Brien stayed in the race, because in the first place he was in love with Minnie and in the second place he didn't know what letting go meant any more than a bulldog does.

Squires being a business man favored Savage's suit, because the chief clerk was a money getter. But by frowning on Joe's pretensions—for he sensed that Joe had pretensions—he played right into that young gentleman's hands. He made him the under dog in the fight and so engaged Minnie's sympathy for him. What Squires left undone was accomplished by the pin-pricking attacks that Savage made on his red-headed rival. Minnie was flirtatious, but not a flirt. She would gladly have teased Savage by giving O'Brien some of her time and smiles, but she knew that though the chief clerk had not the authority to take on or dismiss men a word from him had weight with her father, and that he had it in his power to make things unpleasant for Joe.

All the circumstances of the case inevitably created a feeling of fondness in the feminine heart for O'Brien. They'd never had an opportunity for a free interchange of sentiments. But Minnie could speak with her eyes and O'Brien could read with his—an easy language where the heart is engaged. And so it came to pass that though the spoken word had never sealed their affection there was an understanding between them. And Savage, with that sixth sense of discernment that was invented to torture a jealous man, realized that the relations between the Old Man's daughter and Joe O'Brien were not wholly platonic.

Only one thing was beginning to torment O'Brien, for he was confident that Minnie liked him more than she did Savage, and that was the conflict in his heart between Minnie and his artistic conscience. Somehow the two didn't harmonize—O'Brien couldn't just tell why. He knew that the girl liked nice things, that she had ideals. To him she was a paragon of intelligence and justice. And Minnie was quite that. But O'Brien also suspected that the girl had an eye to the main chance, for she was an only child and one day the Squires chain of gold mines would be all hers. If he only had a chance, an opportunity to be alone with her where that lynx-eyed jealous Savage couldn't spy on them, to tell her frankly why he hadn't always sold hats to customers, he reflected—a chance to explain, to plead for his artistic conscience! He couldn't go directly to her desk as he'd seen Savage do, just to talk about his own affairs, for O'Brien was a modest fellow, and besides—something rare in Irishmen—he had a certain shyness toward women. Well, one day the opportunity would come, he comforted himself. He'd have to wait, that was all.

But O'Brien didn't have to wait long for the coveted opportunity to open his heart to Minnie Squires, for three days later, in the morning, Minnie phoned for a reservation on the Boston boat for her father and for two seats for herself at the Winter Garden the same evening. Then she beckoned O'Brien to her.

"I want you to take me to the show to-night, Joe. I have the seats. Will you?" She smiled mischievously.

"Will I?" said O'Brien. "But I'd rather you'd let me pay for the seats."

"It's my party," said Minnie.

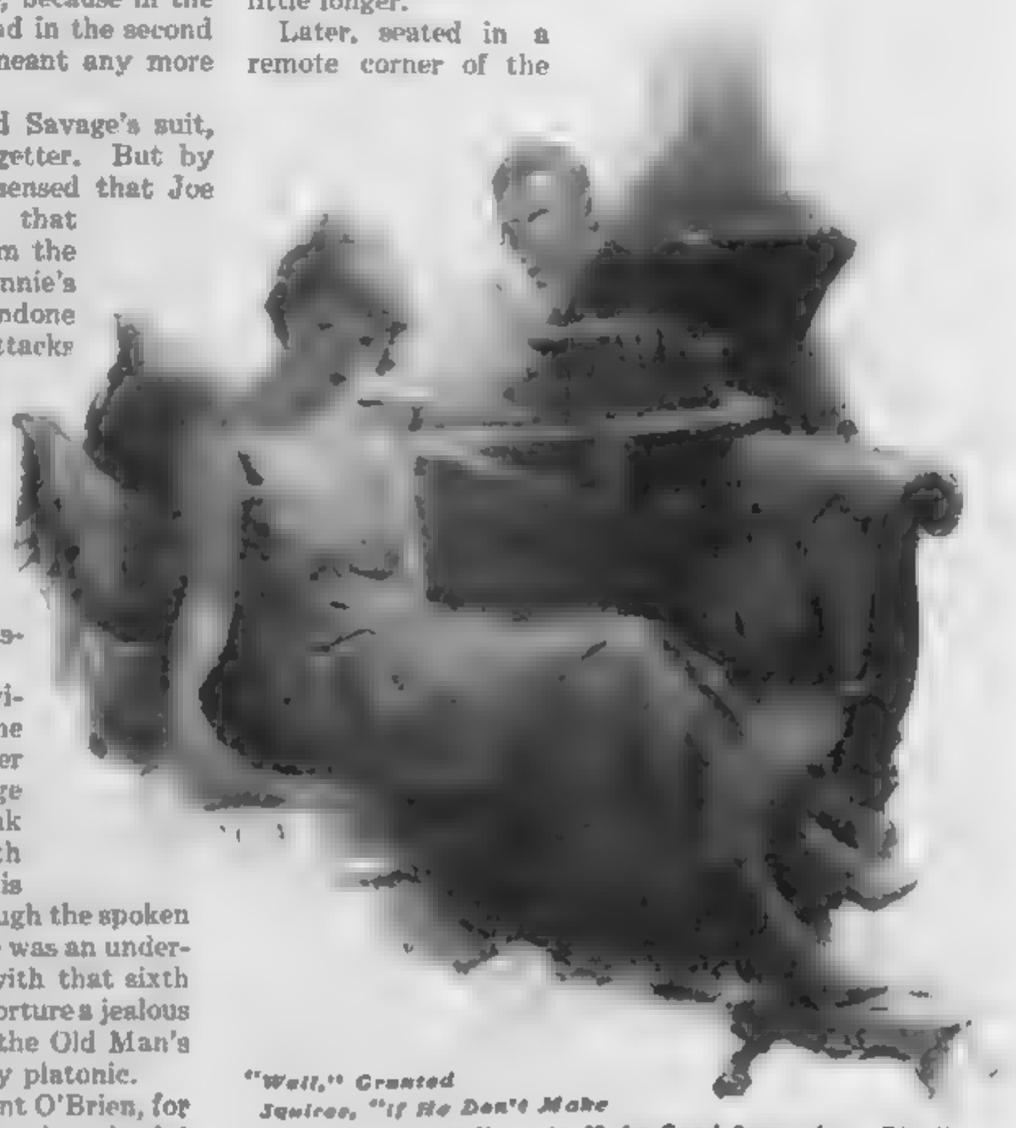
While Milton Squires was smoking his last cigar on the saloon deck of the Plymouth and humorously pondering the O'Brien-and-Savage situation Minnie and Joe were taking in the show at the Winter Garden, each trying to figure out a scheme whereby the artistic conscience of Joe O'Brien might be made to square with the financial interests of Milton Squires.

When the show ended O'Brien said, "We'll go down to the Astor for a bite."

"Tea and crumpets'd suit me to a dot," said Minnie with due regard for Joe's pocketbook.

O'Brien shrugged his shoulders. "Even that, so long as I can be with you a little longer."

Later, seated in a remote corner of the



"Well," Grunted Squires, "If He Don't Make Good Here He'll Have to Make Good Somewhere Else"

Astor café, Minnie turned her gloves back and, locking her fingers, rested her elbows on the table and looked at O'Brien long and fixedly.

"Joe, I had you take me to the Winter Garden to-night 'cause I wanted to tell you something special."

"And I asked you down here 'cause I had something special to tell you, Minnie."

Minnie flushed.

"Mine's business, Joe."

O'Brien grinned.

"So's mine business, Minnie."

"Oh!" said Minnie with a touch of disappointment, O'Brien thought. Then: "What is it, Joe?"

"You tell me first," said O'Brien. "Mine's a long story."

"Mine's a short one, but I hate to tell it."

"Anything to do with Will Savage?" said O'Brien with a touch of apprehension.

Minnie leaned forward.

"He's been talking about you to pop. Says you don't sell as many hats as you ought to."

O'Brien was so relieved that Minnie's remarks about Savage were not personal to herself that it took him a few moments to collect his wits.

"Oh!" he said indifferently. "But I sell hats enough to justify my salary, don't I? What does your father think, Minnie?"

"He's going to sack you at the end of the season unless—unless you mend your ways, Joe."

Minnie looked at O'Brien appealingly.

"And you want me to mend my ways so I'll stay on, Minnie?"

"Yes," said Minnie hopefully.

O'Brien looked into the girl's eyes seriously, then emphatically: "Well, I won't mend my ways! Let him sack! I won't sell a hat to a man that don't look good on him." But noting the girl's disappointment: "Sure, you can't think any the worse of me for that, Minnie!"

"But, Joe, be sensible. It's all right to have an artistic conscience in the right place."

"It's always in the right place, Minnie."

"But it don't square with pop's business, Joe. We've got high rent to pay, a big overhead, and a lot of other things."

"Then I'll make a business that will square with my artistic conscience. That's what I wanted to tell you to-night, Minnie."

Minnie showed some alarm.

"You're not going to leave us, Joe?"

"I'm going to do it right in your pop's store, Minnie."

There was relief in Minnie's eyes—and the fact did not detract from O'Brien's self-esteem. His confidence restored, he could proceed philosophically. He snapped the ashes from his cigar, rested his elbows on the table and, having determined upon the most impressive sentence to begin with, went on: "Will Savage has been pickin' on me and braggin' about his own salesmanship to your pop?"

Minnie smiled.

"Joe, with that fascinating grin of yours, you could sell goods all round Will Savage if you'd only do it."

"I'm not capitalizin' my grin like a moving-picture actor. People don't come into a hat store to buy a grin. They're after hats—hats that look good on 'em," he added.

"You ought to use it to make 'em buy hats, Joe. What's the good of it if you don't?"

"You're very frank, Minnie. I'll be frank with you. I'm going to tell you something that'll surprise you. You talk about your pop lettin' me go. He ain't goin' to let me go, Minnie. Instead of that, he's going to keep me on and he's going to pay me more money for stayin'."

"You've got your nerve with you, Joe."

"No, I ain't, Minnie." O'Brien leaned across the table and spoke confidentially: "It's this way, Minnie: Will Savage is always sneering at my artistic conscience." O'Brien grinned. "But an artistic conscience is better than no conscience at all, Minnie, if Mr. Will Savage'd only realize it."

Minnie looked at O'Brien mischievously.

"But Will Savage sells more hats than you do, Joe. That's the answer."

"That feller claims you should use any kind of a device to get a customer's money, even to tellin' a man with thin little bowlegs and big ears that a pill box of a hat looks good on him when it makes him look like a monkey. Sure, it's only the fellows that have no resources that have to resort to such tricks. My views are different, Minnie. I claim it's a man's artistic attitude toward his business that makes it a success, not a mean mercenary attitude. A man must love his business, Minnie, if he'd win out—even if he's a plumber."

As They Left the Restaurant O'Brien Said: "Minnie, I Think You'd Better Put Your Arm Round Me Just to Hold Me Down to Earth"

O'Brien paused.

"There's a sentimental side to every business. I love hats, Minnie. I regard them as my friends. Sometimes it actually grieves me to see the kind of heads they have to cover. Imagine a hat that has taken a long time and most assiduous and careful effort to make, like one of those Panamas, and that has ambitions to cover a gentleman or a lawyer or a professor, havin' to be worn by one of those loose-faced, long-paunched, piano-legged, well-dressed and badly-perfumed bums that come in your pop's store."

Minnie chuckled.

"I never thought of it that way."

"That's the comedy side, Minnie. There's the poetic side of it too. A man's hat is more faithful to him than his dog. The more of a bum he is the closer it'll stick to him, tryin' to shield him from the storm. Up to the last it defies public condemnation, perching jauntily on one side as much as to say: 'You can crush a sport, but you can't keep him down.'"

"I never heard a man talk sentimentally about hats before, Joe."

"Then you never heard a real hat salesman talk. Sure, why shouldn't he weave romances round the things he owes his living to, just as an engine driver does about his engine?"

O'Brien paused.

"But, of course, I know the practical side, Minnie, even if I have an artistic conscience. One has to go with the other." O'Brien chuckled. "And I ought to. I've been fittin' all kinds of hats to all kinds of heads for years. I've been fittin' 'em to bald heads and bushy heads and round heads and heads that are long behind the ears, as the Scotch say—meanin' wise heads—and heads with ears high up like a jackass an' with no more sense in 'em, and high-brow heads that belong to men that treat you indulgently like you were some kind of an insect, and pin heads that rise straight up from a fat neck and then take a sudden dip and end in a scowling forehead, and flat heads and heads that slope forward and heads that slope backward and pumpkin heads and pear-shaped heads—with the pears sometimes standin' up and sometimes standin' down—and most all of 'em thick heads.

"And what has my experience taught me, Minnie? One thing—the curse of the hat business is putting the wrong hat on the right man."

O'Brien looked round searchingly for a few moments, then lowering his tone almost to a whisper: "When you get a chance, look at that feller two tables to the left."

"The tall one?" asked Minnie presently.

"No, the tubby man with a head about the size of a half a bean and ears like the pads of a cactus." O'Brien took a piece of paper from his pocket and with a few strokes of the pencil made a caricature of the man alluded to.

"By jingo!" said Minnie, amused.

"Here's the kind of a hat Will Savage'd sell that dub—just to get his money." O'Brien sketched a little pill box. "Like that." He held up the sketch.

"Well, 'by jingo!" said Minnie, amazed.

"Here's the hat he should wear. I wouldn't sell him any other. High crown, sweeping brim—look!"

"Good!" cried Minnie. "That adds to his height and hides his ears."

"I don't say you could hide those ears. But, Minnie, the business of a good salesman is to modify faults, not make them stand out like a windmill on a hill."

Once more O'Brien plied his pencil deftly, commenting as he did so:

"We have to protect men against their own weaknesses. For instance, look at that big man at the table over there to your left and the little fellow with him. The big man wears a flowing Panama like this." Joe applied his pencil deftly again. "The little cuss adores him and wants to look like him—the only way he can—so he wears the same kind of a hat and looks like a fat kid under an umbrella—so!"

Minnie laughed delightedly at the second caricature.

O'Brien folded the sketches and put them in his pocket.

"Minnie, we want to sell men hats, but we want to sell 'em the kind that will make Mulligan call out: 'Hey, Casey, where did you get the hat? I like the style of it. How much did you pay for it?' And Mulligan'll come in that very day and get one like it. And Muldoon'll say the same thing to Mulligan and do the same thing. You want to make every hat a salesman. Another thing, Minnie, lots of men have been wearing the same kind of hats for a long time. And they look good in 'em. But it don't excite any comment when they get a new one of the same kind. The neighbors might think it is the old one refurbished by one of those Italians for twenty-five cents.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $3.00 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $3.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

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Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 25, 1919

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What's the Use?

WHEN a young officer, recently returned from France and now snugly placed in business, was asked whether he had voted at the last primary he drew himself up as if he were offering his chest for a new decoration and replied: "I take no interest in our rotten politics. What's the use?"

If one can put that question about voting, there really isn't any use. Only a fool would ask it, and there are too many fools voting as it is.

These what's-the-users are in themselves rotten politics. Beside one of them a member of the ruling gang is a rather admirable character. Politics is his first business and he is shrewd enough to know it; politics is the nonvoter's first business, too, and he is ass enough not to see it.

It is men like this what's-the-user, both young and old, well educated, well circumstanced and well placed, who year after year return the gangs to city hall, the grafters to the legislature and the demagogues to Congress, not by voting for them but by not voting at all. They hold the balance of power in almost every election, and exercise it by staying away from the polls. Election Day means nothing to them except another holiday and a chance to play golf. When at long intervals a particularly brazen gang goads a long-suffering public beyond the breaking point of complacent stupidity, and some of these conscientious objectors to voting are dragged to the polls, the result is usually a professional reform administration that differs little from the old one except in intention.

Skilled professional politicians and bungling professional reformers finally achieve about the same net result—inefficient government and waste of the public money. Grafting gang government and bungling "good" government both produce a red-ink balance. Politics has been picking the same pocket in the same way for a hundred years; government has been losing money through the same hole, and we are still carrying our roll in the same handy hip pocket instead of close to the chest. Good intentions without good sense and practical experience are of no more use in a city hall than they are in a bank. They may even line the road to grafting paving contracts. There is always a chance to land the professional gangster in jail, but there is no way to reform the professional reformer.

The professional politician makes a business—a personally profitable one—out of politics; the professional reformer makes a mess of it. Besides, he talks more. Hope of good government does not lie with either; but both are worthy of respect beside the what's-the-user—especially the gangster. He never asks "What's the use?" He values his vote so highly that if he is offered the chance he will vote twice. He can give the answer to "What's the use?" down to a decimal point, and that is something a majority of those who vote against him cannot do. Voting is the master key that opens the door to the what's-the-user's factory, office and safe. That is its use, and the gangster uses it for precisely that purpose.

Nonvoters and men who vote conscientiously at the wrong time and without paying any attention to the right preliminaries are the ones who howl loudest about fool and class legislation, unscientific and confiscatory taxation, incompetence, waste and graft. In their private business they look ahead, study fundamental conditions, plan, organize, hire and fire with a ruthless regard for results. They take infinite pains in selecting and training men, demanding loyalty, honesty and devotion to the firm from their subordinates. But in their public business they are without grasp—planless, disorganized clock-watchers, loafers on the job, having to go hat in hand to the dominant gang to beg as a favor something that should be theirs as a right. This formless rabble is opposed or used in politics by an organized, disciplined and experienced army that in turn coöperates with other organized groups that can swing a large number of votes, regardless of whether their action is for the good of the great majority or simply to give a wolfish minority more than their just due. Unscrupulous business that wants unfair and unjust favors is willing to have a gang in power, willing to serve it in return for the privilege of holding up the public; but it is doubtful if even these get more than the traditional thirty pieces of silver. In the end bad government that unscrupulous business cannot control costs it more than it gains from the grafters. Scrupulous business simply gets the worst of it.

That men who are really desirous of having impartial and honest government should tolerate the present political system is a piece of incredible stupidity. It is undoubtedly due to their failure to apprehend government itself as simply a vast business machine, as an integral part of their own business, and that the problems with which it has to deal are purely economic, including war itself. Once this fact is clearly grasped and the action and reaction of all government and laws on private life and business are fully understood, there will be no what's-the-users.

Politics is not only a full partner in every home and in every business, but it holds the controlling interest. Rotten politics and rotten business are interchangeable terms, and they make for rotten homes.

In addition to the men who vote not at all there are some who think that they have done their full duty when they have voted at the final elections; others who take pride in voting at both the primaries and the elections. But how many go back of the primaries to the real seat of good government and try to influence the right men to stand for the primaries? We who vote at all elections are like little boys who go to school with shining faces, but who have not washed behind the ears.

Good government means more than a shining morning face that will not stand close examination; more than a good front; more than voting. It means all-the-year-round organization, work and watching to see that the candidates are not merely honest men, but capable. Voters and nonvoters usually take what the other fellow gives them—and that is aplenty.

Government is business—not big business but all business, employers and employed. In an actual sense there is government ownership to-day, for the rules and regulations under which business operates, and even the division of its profits for public and private uses, are dictated by our elected officials—men who are too often unfitted in understanding and experience for their jobs, or frankly demagogues and grafters selling out for votes or money.

Once the senior partnership of government in every business is fully understood, Americans will give voting and, what is even more important, the organization that should precede voting, the most important private office in the block.

Take up your telescope and look at some of these governmental stars that appear so remote, and see how they are influencing, to a fraction of an inch, your earthly affairs in their orbit. At first glance could any planet be farther away from the contents of your pay envelope and your quarterly dividends than the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations? Yet the amount of both is dependent on the action of the Senate. Its decision will enormously affect our export trade, and that in turn influences business at home, helps fix the prices of commodities and the size of dividends paid, brings high wages or low wages, stagnation or expansion. Again, that decision will either take men out of productive industry for the army, force universal military training and up-in-smoke production of powder and munitions, or permit us to use all our man power and materials to produce useful goods.

Are we quite sure that we took care to send to Congress those men in our states who are best fitted to discuss and decide a matter that goes so directly to the very roots of our daily lives? Can we afford to have these questions made the football of partisan politics or fumbled by half-baked economists? Are our ablest and best-informed men on this job?

Again, is the present Congress competent to settle the railroad question? Can it be trusted to view it only as a business question and to deal justly with all classes concerned—consumers, owners and labor? Or will it trade our transportation system for a mess of votes?

A wrong settlement will confiscate billions that have been directly and honestly invested in the railroads. It will increase the cost of every pound of food, every pair of shoes, every suit of clothes, every piece of farm machinery. It will depreciate much real estate by reason of increased fares; it will increase rents by reason of the consequent congestion and the higher price of building materials. It will put up the cost of fire and life insurance, because insurance companies are among the heaviest investors in railroad securities. Is the present Congress not only well enough informed but brave enough to settle this question right? Perhaps, but its action several weeks ago on a bill that raised the question of immunity from prosecution for laborers and farmers must cause misgiving in the minds of even the most partial critics. On a *viva-voce* vote that did not put congressmen on record they were overwhelmingly against immunity. But when a record vote was demanded, and an alibi was no longer possible, they voted 203 for immunity to 29 against. It is impossible to have a nation of freemen if its laws are made by cowards.

Then there are our income, corporation and excess-profits taxes coming up for revision—the law that has been so prolific a source of profiteering, that, in fact, puts a premium on it. The existing measure is a monument to the incapacity of the last Congress to devise a scientific scheme of taxation.

This is a statement that the man who does not pay the taxes directly will meet with a grin. "Soak it to them!" he says. "They're rich and they can stand it." But they do not stand it. All this direct taxation is reapportioned indirectly, so that every consumer gets his full quota. The same thing is true of state and real-estate taxes. No matter upon whom they are directly levied everyone must pay his proportionate share of them in the end. Rich and poor alike are trimmed by them.

Again it all works back to government. Have you put men in charge of the raising and spending of taxes whom you would trust to head important departments of your business? Because these men are heads of departments

in your private business, formulating its policies, limiting its possibilities, deciding your attitude toward labor—and taking money from your safe to spend. If you are a clerk, a mechanic or a professional man, their actions affect the size of your pay and the buying power of your dollars—and they are taking money from your envelope to spend. Employer or employed, no one is exempt from the direct and indirect effect of their decisions—from any wasteful and grafting expenditures of this so-called public money. Are you satisfied with the way they are spending it? Would you like to have a larger percentage of your earnings to spend yourself? You can if you will take the trouble.

These wars that are started by kings and statesmen must be fought to a finish by the people; these settlements that are made in peace palaces must be paid for in counting rooms and factories and on farms; these adjustments must be made good by business; these taxes must come out of the consumer. Blunders, waste and graft are everlastingly paid for by the sweat and blood of the whole people—and these last have been high-peak years for sweat and blood.

All effective work must be preceded by effective organization. We all recognized this when the Liberty Loans were put over. Business got together and a campaign of organized good citizenship such as this country had never seen was carried on from the top to the bottom of every office and shop, of every wholesale and retail store. We realized that our future peace and prosperity depended on selling what these bonds stood for even more than the bonds themselves, and so beating the Germans. We needed money to fight for the right, but even more willingness and unity of purpose. Our future depends a thousand times more on organizing now for clean, intelligent, businesslike government and selling that to ourselves. There can never again be any slack season or toleration of slackers in politics if we are to keep our victory over the Germans and gain the greater one. Nor can we afford to be governed by dollar-a-year men or even five-thousand-dollar-a-year men. Hundred-thousand, fifty-thousand, ten-thousand dollar-a-year men, who get it all out of their salaries, would be cheap. Governing bodies should be half as big, twice as efficient and three times as well paid.

Many well-meaning people are advising the American Legion to keep out of politics—to form a sort of super-Bible class for young men. But we are anxious to have the Legion mix it up in politics as soon as possible. The hope of good government lies with these men who have saved America. We are not afraid that an army that fought for an ideal and thirty dollars a month will turn spoilsmen when faced with national emergencies. It is our hope that the Legion will form the nucleus of an organization of Americans for America—that sees politics, business and the home as parts of a whole, and knows that the rottenness of one will inevitably taint the others.

We have high hopes, too, of the woman in politics, especially because politicians are afraid of her—and, we believe, with good reason. She has a simple, direct way of classing things as right or wrong, honest or dishonest. She will not be long in seeing—what so many men have failed to see—the true relation of clean politics to her home, to her prosperity and to her happiness. These are the real woman's rights, and she will have them. Spring and fall house cleanings have no terrors for her. We hand the Legion a club and the women a broom, and beg them both to get busy, even if they have to start in by throwing the old parties on the scrap heap. New blood, new policies, new courage must animate the old parties if they are long to survive in national affairs. In city politics they have served no purpose except the bosses'—to divide, misrule and graft.

Canada's Loan

FOR her needs during the war Canada successfully raised funds by popular loans—by the last of these loans more than six hundred million dollars. These bonds were bought by one and a half millions of people. The Dominion, in now asking for subscriptions to another loan to settle obligations to her soldiers and to enable her to carry on trade, very properly calls attention to her fortunate financial position as a reason why the new bonds should be regarded as a sound investment.

Even some months after the Armistice was signed the Dominion still had on hand part of the proceeds from her latest loan, and only because of the pressing demand for credits was she finally forced to borrow extensively from the banks. She therefore does not now face the necessity of liquidating short-term liabilities to a large extent or under the adverse conditions which exist in European countries. Her immediate problem is the comparatively simple one of finding money to be used for the most part to pay bills she is about to contract. Success under such circumstances would seem to depend almost entirely upon her ability to prove the reasonableness of the proposed expenditures. Her statement made on these points is interesting.

Two hundred and sixty million dollars is required for the transportation, pay and care of the soldiers still undemobilized, many of whom are sick and wounded, many more of whom are so situated that they must be helped over the period of idleness between their discharge from the service and their civilian reëmployment. Also, under her Soldiers Land Settlement Act, Canada is obliged to loan money to soldiers who may wish to become farmers, so that they may purchase land, stock and implements—the money so loaned to be secured by a first mortgage until it is paid back. Up to August fifteenth, of the nearly thirty thousand men who had applied for land under the terms of this act the applications of more than twenty-two thousand had been approved. For the continuance of this work it is estimated that fifty-seven million dollars will be required.

Canada also proposes to provide what is referred to as National Working Capital. This is, in fact, money with which to pay farmers and manufacturers for their products which go into trade outside the Dominion. She realizes that her opportunity for trade depends for the time being largely upon her ability to carry on that trade upon a credit basis, and that the loss of such trade would mean an immediate increase of unemployment at home. So she calls upon her people to lend her the cash needed for this trade and for her program of general development.

The Canadian Government has good reason to regard the outcome of its appeal for the Victory Loan of 1919 with confidence. The gallant part borne by Canadians in the war, both by those who fought and by those at home who supported the armies, is assurance of the country's spirit. The purposes of the loan itself have been plainly stated, and they claim the support of common sense as well as of patriotism. It is not to be expected that at this hour Canadians will fail to carry on.

What's the Use?

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VI

McMURTRY and Morden were standing near a front window in the lawyer's private office—the burly detective untidy as usual, wearing a much-rumpled colored shirt, a turn-down collar not perfectly clean, rusty shoes. His hair thrust out above his square brows and there was the usual surly look—like a dog ready to bite—on his wide-mouthed, nubbin-nosed face. But the lawyer was glossily shaved and his hair elaborately barbered. The detective, in fact, had alighted from the train only half an hour before. McMurtry was listening intently to his report.

"I looked Sykes over," Morden was saying, "but I didn't try to do any business with him. He didn't look very good. Seems he scraped up a little money somehow and went into a real-estate scheme, dozen years ago or more, and one of those booms came along. They say he cleaned up twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars finally and put the money in a cheese factory and that's doing first-rate. Peter's something in the leading-citizen line now—no booze, no cards and so on. I rubbed up against him some. Naturally he thinks he's a hell of a fellow now, thinks as much of himself as A. Dinsmore, Esquire. I reckoned he'd shy off at any strong-arm work. So I concluded to run the doctor down.

"I found him over in Kansas at a place they call Sunny Valley. Probably you can guess it from the name. There's a valley and there's a sun, but there ain't much else. The old boy's plumb at the end of his rope all round. He managed to make kind of a living at Billingtown before they run him out, by giving his fellow soaks prescriptions for whisky and helping some dope fiends to get opium and cocaine. Couple of drug stores that filled the prescriptions helped him along. Finally they got after him strong and drove him out. He's been on his uppers ever since—one place and another. When I found him at Sunny Valley he was sleeping on what used to be a lounge in what used to be an office. He was ready enough to come along. Probably he'd cut his grandmother's throat for ten dollars and a week's supply of morphine. Tanner's got him in tow now and will patch him up so he'll last the week out anyhow."

"You haven't told him what he was wanted for?" McMurtry asked, going back to a point they had discussed before Morden went to Nebraska.

"No," the detective grumbled. "It wouldn't make any difference to him. For car fare and meals he'd go anywhere. No trouble at all to handle him," he added cheerfully.

"But for our own satisfaction, Jake," the lawyer replied persuasively. "Probably he'd cheerfully swear that almost anybody was the man he attended the night of the bank robbery at Billingtown. But we don't want him to swear to just anything. We want to know exactly where we stand. Dinsmore's a big man."

"You been talking to Purcell," the detective growled contemptuously.

Restless, Peering Jenny Dupee Had Seen Them in There—Gliding as Near to the Door and Tarrying as Long, With Straining Ears, as She Dared

But the lawyer only smiled.

"No, I haven't. Purcell's got the willies. I only want to be sure."

"It's a cinch," Morden replied. "What else would he be paying blackmail for?"

"I think it's a cinch myself, but I propose to know it," said the lawyer. He was swarthily smiling, but his overdeveloped jaw and chin looked determined. "Here's what I propose: We'll take this doctor where he can get a good long look at Alfred Dinsmore and we'll ask him if he ever saw that man before. Nobody has mentioned that Billingtown business to him; no reason why he should be thinking of it. If he can identify Dinsmore to us we'll know exactly where we stand—no question about it."

The detective appreciated the point, but was loath to acknowledge it. "Well, let's get it started," was all he would say.

"Dinsmore usually walks to the Boulevard Club for lunch," the lawyer went on; "across the river and down Michigan Boulevard. It's better than a mile—constitutional, I suppose. I'll get a closed car and instruct the chauffeur. We'll wait for Dinsmore over near his office and trail him. Our man can get a good look at him. If we don't see him to-day we will to-morrow."

"All right," said the detective. "I'll fetch our doctor in."

He turned abruptly and left the room.

Leaving the train with his witness, Morden had driven to his own office, where Mr. James Tanner awaited him. Morden, Tanner and Doctor Dill had then driven to McMurtry's office, where the latter two were shown into a side room. In only a moment therefore Morden returned to McMurtry's room accompanied by a short, broad, pot-bellied man who was wearing an aged, grease-stained Prince Albert coat, light-colored trousers and dilapidated shoes—evidently a ceremonial garb of other and better days. His standing collar was not very clean and his plaid four-in-hand tie was frayed. He had a fine brow, a bulbous nose and a little round chin that seemed not to belong with the rest of his face. The face was barred by a drooping gray mustache and the misfit chin made it look as though it had been cut up into a puzzle picture, and a child in putting it together had picked out the wrong lower piece. He was sallow, much wrinkled and his watery eyes were permanently bloodshot.

"Doctor Dill, Mr. McMurtry," said the detective in brusque introduction.

Doctor Dill extended a flabby hand which the lawyer genially shook. The doctor's manner was nervous and propitiating like that of a homeless dog more used to kicks than bones.

"We want your services, doctor, and we're going to pay you well for them," said the lawyer with expansive encouragement. "There's a big lawsuit here with a great deal of money involved. If we can get the evidence we want we'll pay high for it. If we don't get it we'll pay you for your time and trouble anyway. For the present don't ask any questions. Just put yourself in our hands. You'll be well taken care of."

The doctor smiled nervously, shifted his battered broad-brimmed hat to the other hand and said in a voice habitually tremulous, "Well—I hope I can help you out."

Then he looked up at the detective like a trained dog awaiting another cue from its master.

"All right, doc," said Morden in his hoarse, aggressive voice, laying a powerful hand on the other's flabby shoulder. "There won't be anything else until about ——"

He looked at the lawyer.

"Half past twelve," said McMurtry, swarthily beaming.

"Half past twelve," Morden repeated. "Jim Tanner will take good care of you till then and bring you back here on time. You can see the city a little."

Both of them treated the doctor in the manner of a school-teacher heartening a timorous new pupil.

Doctor Dill was then turned over to the trustworthy hands of James Tanner, who was an employee of the Morden Detective Agency. When the lawyer and detective

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(Continued from Page 32

were alone again McMurtry rubbed his chin somewhat dubiously.

"Pretty seedy now," he commented. "But with some new clothes and Tanner toning him up he won't make such a bad appearance. We may have to stand him up in front of Dinsmore—and we may not."

"If he can spot the man there's nothing to it," said the detective with decision.

"Well, if he spots him—it's a cinch," the lawyer assented, and for a moment they looked deeply at each other, for a great deal of money rose upon their inner visions.

"Purcell been round?" the detective asked with an incidental air.

"He comes round," the lawyer replied, twinkling with a perfect comprehension of the other's drift.

"He's a crab. We'll give him what he's worth," the detective growled sententiously.

"There won't be any trouble in handling Purcell," McMurtry replied with a very good-natured expression, but decisively.

"Never much trouble handling a man that ain't got any guts," Morden observed out of a large experience. He looked at his watch. "I'll be back before half past twelve. You'll see to the car?"

McMurtry nodded and they parted for an hour and a half.

The two great uniform buildings of the Dinsmore Company look like another city cleanly set down in the mean and grimy clutter of the older city. From the main entrance of the easterly building, an entrance which—though hundreds of people can pass quickly through its four broad glass doors—seems inadequate for such a pile, Alfred Dinsmore stepped briskly at a quarter to one o'clock. The cement walk in front of the building was broad and clean, but on leaving it he went down three steps to a dirty street, ill-paved with worn granite blocks, and on crossing the street was immediately in an environment of small, shabby buildings devoted to shabby uses. He was hardly aware of them, however, as he kept his habitual course up the street, then presently across the river on a shabby old bridge. When he got out on Michigan Boulevard with a clear view to the lake at the east his mind consciously lifted to the blue sky and genial air.

He walked rapidly, mechanically accommodating himself to the traffic on the bridge and at the cross streets, which brought him to a halt now and then until there was a clear way ahead. Nothing about the vehicular traffic made any impression upon him, though all the way along a green limousine kept as close to the curb and to him as possible.

"There's the man now, coming toward us—the man in a gray suit and light brown hat—the one with a beard. I want you to watch that man just as close as you can and see whether you've ever seen him before."

So McMurtry had spoken with restrained eagerness, like one setting a dog to a scent, when the car stood at the curb and Dinsmore came out of the Dinsmore Company's building.

Doctor Dill had been put next the right-hand window to give him the best possible view. He stretched his short neck and held his sallow and wrinkled face close to the pane, raising his short body now and then in a half-squatting posture. He, too, was eager, for they had said it meant a great deal of money. He wanted some of that money terribly, and though the gentlemen had talked handsomely about compensating him anyway, he knew well enough the compensation would depend on the value of his services to them. So he peered with all his might out of his watery eyes with the tiny red threads in them. A temporary jam at the bridge brought him so close to Dinsmore that by opening the door he could almost have touched him, and when Dinsmore turned his head a little the doctor got three-quarters of his face. Then the foot passengers went ahead, while the car was detained. Doctor Dill sank back in the seat and turned to McMurtry, who sat in the middle.

"I've certainly seen that man somewhere before," he said with much earnestness in his tremulous voice. "I remember something about his face. It's familiar. I'll place him yet."

In fact his laboring mind was quite blank, but his hopes were clinging to the money.

At the Public Library he got another good prolonged look.

"Yes, yes!" he quavered in greater agitation. "I've certainly seen that man before. There's something familiar. I know I've seen him before."

Mostly Dinsmore walked at the farther side of the flagging and a flow of people between him and the car obscured the view; or there would be cars along the curb so they had to swing out in the street. But the doctor kept watching with all his might. Again for a minute or more he had an almost clear view, and when traffic once more shut it off the doctor clasped his brow with a shaky hand, urging on the machinery within. Abruptly he turned to McMurtry in high excitement and demanded:

"What is that man's name?"

"Alfred Dinsmore," the lawyer replied, considering there could be no harm in that.

Doctor Dill clutched the lawyer's arm, wagging his head with energy, and exclaimed, "I know! I know!" The puffy flesh puckered round his watery eyes as he peered with a breathless questioning at McMurtry and then at Morden. He seemed to have received a great shock that left him doubtful. His eyes looked furtive and alarmed. In a lower tone with an indrawing of breath, he said, "It was thirty years ago, but I know."

McMurtry's nerves leaped, but he made no attempt to press the doctor then. He only put a reassuring hand on his knee, smiled and said heartily, "We'll get some lunch and then we'll talk it over—up in my office. You can be sure we will take good care of you."

And at luncheon he merely talked cheerfully on subjects remote from the one in their minds—a cue which the detective followed. When the three were snugly seated in his private office McMurtry again put a reassuring hand on the doctor's knee, beaming, and brought up the real subject:

"You needn't be afraid. We're going to take care of you. You're safe as a bear in a hollow tree. You treated that man professionally at Billingtown, Nebraska, some thirty years ago."

Doctor Dill hesitated a moment, furtive and tremulous.

Still beaming and with a very significant little nod, the lawyer remarked, "That man is worth millions."

The remark seemed to be illuminating to the doctor.

"I treated that man for a gunshot wound in Peter Sykes' house the night Latham was killed by bank robbers," he replied.

McMurtry nodded and said, "Tell us about it. It means a fortune for you."

The doctor's shaky voice took up the narrative: "Sykes came for me about half past three in the morning. I had an office over a harness shop about a block off Main Street and I slept in the room back of the office. Sykes came for me. When I let him in he said, 'Hustle on your clothes, doc; I've got a case for you.' He was an aggressive kind of man—abrupt. I started to dress and he said, 'A friend of mine's been hurt.' He stood by, pulling his long mustache while I dressed.

"I was putting on my coat and he pulled a big roll of money out of his

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Jenny Stood Up, Gave a Quick Glance Round and Noiselessly Fled Upstairs

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pocket and showed it to me and said, 'Mum's the word,' so I knew it was something—contraband. I stepped into the office from the bedroom to get my medicine case and Sykes followed me and said, 'The man's been shot in the shoulder. He's feverish. Don't take that thing. We'll carry what you need in our pockets.' So I took some things out of the case and picked up what else I judged I'd need. I put some in my pockets and Sykes put some in his. We went down the back stairs and when we came out on the street I saw there was something going on over on Main Street. There were lanterns and I heard men talking and a horse galloping—quite a commotion for that time of night. It must have been pretty near four o'clock in the morning—or a quarter of four—for when Sykes' rapping woke me up and I lit a lamp and looked at the clock I saw it was half past three. I wondered what it was, but I don't remember that I said anything about it. But I remember Sykes saying, 'I hear the First National Bank was robbed to-night,' and I felt sure that was why he had come for me. I followed him when he went out in the road instead of walking on the sidewalk where our footsteps might attract attention.

"I went into Sykes' house with him. He took me in the back door. It was just a cabin—a shack, as we call it. The house looked dark as a pocket to me, but Sykes said, 'All quiet?' And his wife said, 'Yes.' She was a very subdued woman. Sykes was a bad egg then. Sykes went into a room and lit a lamp and I followed him. It was a small bedroom. The man was on the bed, feverish—in a good deal of pain. He'd been shot in the shoulder. Sykes had dosed the wound with whisky and bound it up. I gave him an opiate and dressed the wound. It wasn't serious—with proper care."

"And you saw him after that?" McMurtry asked.

"I saw him every day—or every night—for a week or more," said the doctor. "Twice a day at first. I spent a good deal of time with him." He lifted a forefinger. "His jaw had been broken. He never told me how, though I asked him once. I judged it had happened at least a year before. There was a big welt and scar clear across his chin." With a finger tip he outlined it on his own diminutive chin. "He'll carry that to the day of his death."

"But you recognized him even with his chin covered?"

Doctor Dill nodded with satisfaction.

"I recognized him—his eyes and forehead and his nose. I'm certain it's the man." He hesitated a little, regarding McMurtry furtively out of his watery eyes, and felt tremulously of his small chin. "I have a means of—identification."

He opened his vest and from the inner pocket drew a large leather wallet, shiny from long use, the tough material worn through at the ends where the flap folded over. Holding this aged wallet in his hand, he explained:

"When I got to the house Sykes had partly undressed the man. He'd pulled off his coat and shirt and undershirt. Of course Sykes wanted to take care of the patient himself if he could, without calling in anybody. But with the pain and rising fever the man had become slightly delirious. Sykes had got scared and decided to call me in. Sykes had partly undressed him, as I said, and thrown the clothes over in a corner of the room. But in taking off his shirt one of the cuff buttons had fallen out and lay on the floor at the edge of the bed. I noticed it when I pulled a chair up there."

Again the doctor hesitated a little. "It occurred to me then that it might be valuable as a means of identification, so when I got a chance I picked it up and put it in my pocket."

He opened his wallet, which looked painfully flat, undid a little strap that fastened one of its pockets and from that pocket produced a silver-link cuff button which he laid on the table, pointing to it significantly.

McMurtry picked it up. Immediately his swarthy face lighted with a triumphant grin. He gave a chuckle, handed the button over to Morden and rubbed his white hands together with warm satisfaction. Even the morose detective grinned broadly as he looked at the button. On each of its two disks the initials A. D. were engraved.

The lawyer's good nature was even augmented by a notion that as Doctor Dill could hardly have seen the engraving while the button lay on the floor, his original motive in picking it up was none other than simply to possess himself of a bit of silver. With that notion he reached over in an unusually expansive mood and clapped the doctor on the shoulder.

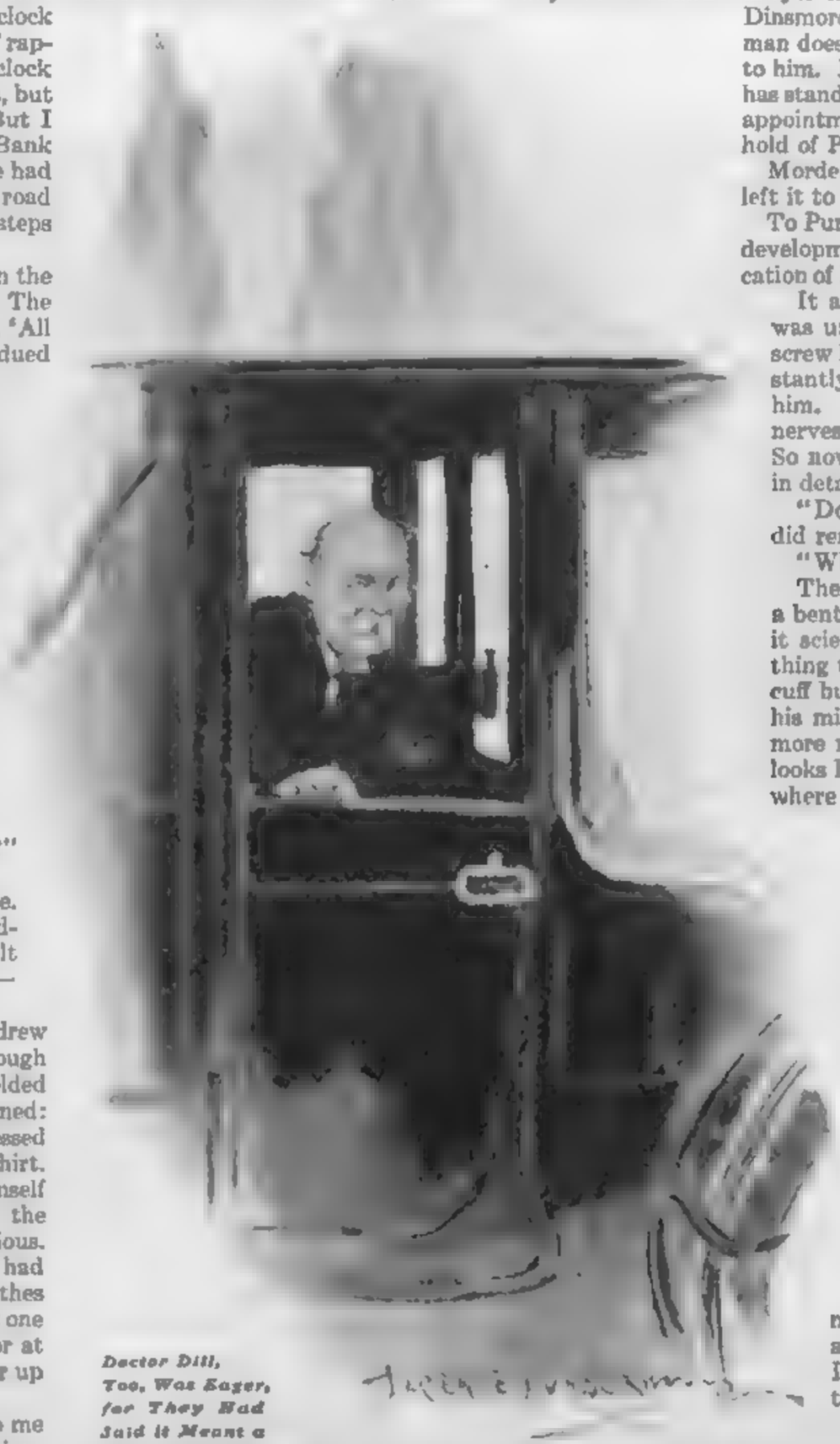
"You're a corker, doctor!" he declared. "And you've kept it all these years?"

With a mind divided between flattery at the compliment and something else, the doctor replied, "I've kept it all these years."

It was practically the only thing external to his own hide that he had kept all those years. Being engraved with the owner's initials, the button would be worth merely its bullion value, which might be twenty-five cents. If it had been solid gold he would undoubtedly have parted with it long since. As it was, he had been sorely tempted more than once. But the button was a token of his greatest adventure. There had always been in his mind a vague notion that something would finally come of it, so he had been able to resist temptation to the extent of twenty-five cents.

McMurtry examined the trinket again with the greatest satisfaction.

"Doctor Dill, that cuff button cinches your story," he said benevolently. "On the strength of it I'm going to put five thousand dollars to your credit on my books right now—as a starter, you understand. You just lie quiet and follow Mr. Morden's advice here and do as you're told and there's going to be a fortune in this for you. Of course you must be very—very—careful what you say and what you do for the present. You just follow Morden's advice. Any spending money you want for the present you can have. Be quiet and careful now."



Doctor Dill, Too, Was Eager, for They Had Said It Meant a Great Deal of Money. He Wanted Some of That Money Terribly

So with a hearty handshake and the friendliest air, Doctor Dill was again relegated to the care of James Tanner.

When the door closed on him Morden turned to the lawyer with the positive statement, "It's a cinch!"

McMurtry, looking affectionately down at the silver trinket which lay in the palm of his left hand, rubbed his chin with the right hand like a man engaged in pleasant cogitation. For a long moment, twinkling, he thought it over. Then he pronounced his judgment: "It's a sure thing!"

"Let's go after him right away," said Morden cheerfully, as though he meant to call a cab that minute.

The lawyer, however, went back to his broad armchair by the office table and gave himself up to reflection for a time that proved irritatingly long to the detective.

"It's got to be handled right," he said thoughtfully. "I want to get the drop on him—take him by surprise. A man like Dinsmore, you know—if he knew what was coming he might put up a fight. I want to jump him when he isn't looking. And a man like that, Jake—why, you can't just open the door and walk in. Go to his office and he'll send out his secretary to ask what you want to see him about—or to say he's engaged. Go to his house and the butler will probably shut the door in your face unless you've got an appointment. It's necessary to have an appointment, or you simply can't get near him. And if you ask for an appointment he'll naturally ask what you want to see him about. It's got to be arranged."

He fell to thinking again, while the detective looked morose.

"We'll get Purcell to fix it," the lawyer finally said. "Of course we've got to give him a report on developments anyway. J. Wesley Tully is scared stiff over this libel suit of Dinsmore's. I'll get Purcell to persuade him that I can settle it for him. If Tully asks Dinsmore to see me as his lawyer in the libel suit Dinsmore will do it. Of course Dinsmore doesn't like suing a newspaper any too well. No man does, for there's no telling what a newspaper may do to him. It's like holding a bear by the tail at best. Tully has standing and so on. If he asks Dinsmore to give me an appointment as his lawyer Dinsmore will do it. I'll get hold of Purcell."

Morden admitted the sagacity of that arrangement and left it to the lawyer.

To Purcell, therefore, the lawyer that evening recited the developments of the day, describing Doctor Dill's identification of Dinsmore and exhibiting the engraved cuff button.

It all looked convincing. But the managing editor was unfortunately so constituted that while he could screw himself up to a bold action the screws were constantly coming loose. Suspense was demoralizing to him. This Dinsmore adventure was always on his nerves, his uneasy mind conjured up doubts and fears. So now he made McMurtry go over the identification in detail.

"Do you suppose," he finally asked, "that he really did remember Dinsmore's face?"

"Why, sure! What else?" the lawyer demanded.

The managing editor nervously shaved his lips with a bent forefinger and put it judicially: "Well, look at it scientifically. That bank robbery was the biggest thing that had ever happened to him. He'd kept that cuff button all this time, which shows how it stuck in his mind. Then another big thing happens to him—more mysterious than the bank robbery. A stranger looks him up, gives him money, brings him to Chicago, where he's told to look at a certain man and see if he can remember him. It wouldn't take his wobbly mind very long to make a connection between that and the old bank business. What else had ever happened in his life that a mysterious stranger would be fetching him to Chicago to identify a man for? Do you really think he'd remember Dinsmore's face—Dinsmore with a beard—after all that time? His wobbly mind does make the connection. He asked the man's name. His initials are A. D.—same as the cuff button. Then he says he remembers him."

McMurtry smiled and shook his head.

"If Dinsmore handed you a million dollars in greenbacks the first thing you'd say is, 'This is probably counterfeit money. I'd better throw it in the lake or I'll be pinched.'" He laughed indulgently, for he proposed to keep on the best of terms with this doubting young man for the present. "I've combed it all over and I tell you it's a cinch. Besides, you know, I'm taking all the risk. I'm not asking you to tackle Dinsmore."

Purcell had nothing to say to that.

"Here's what I want of you now," the masterful lawyer went on, and unfolded his idea that Purcell should persuade Tully to engage McMurtry in the libel matter and get Dinsmore to consent to talk with him. They discussed that at length. Purcell should intimate to Tully that McMurtry had some very special argument up his sleeve and was confident he could get Dinsmore to withdraw the suit. Purcell would say that McMurtry was doing this out of personal friendship for the managing editor. The first thing after Mr. Tully had been put in a receptive frame of mind would be a conference between McMurtry and the editor of the Leader, at which the lawyer would arrange the method of broaching the matter to Dinsmore.

It proved as easy as McMurtry had expected. The editor of the Leader, profoundly disturbed at Dinsmore's libel suit, caught eagerly at this plausible suggestion of a way to rid himself of it. At the conference with McMurtry he readily swallowed the lawyer's hints at some very special influence that could be brought to bear. Anything that promised to free him of that disastrous libel suit was food he hungered for.

"I don't believe Mr. Dinsmore knows just what I've got in mind," said McMurtry, smiling with an air which implied that two shrewd, experienced old hands like himself and Mr. Tully could understand a great many things without having them printed in big black headlines.

"I want to take him off his guard, you see, before he's had time to think it over much, and especially before he

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takes it up with his lawyers. Melford, Farson & Winthrop might put a flea in his ear. My idea, Mr. Tully, would be that you try to find out whether he's got an engagement this evening or to-morrow evening. The Dinsmores' social engagements are things that I suppose you can pretty easily find out about. Get an evening when he seems to have no engagement, then call him up about dinnertime. Tell him you regret that libel suit. Say if you and he had had a little talk about it in the first place it could all have been arranged and the suit avoided, or something like that; but now that the suit's been brought, of course you've got to defend yourself.

"My idea would be to taffy him up and be very friendly and all that—but to let him understand, all the same, that if there's got to be a fight it will be a disagreeable fight. You could say you didn't want to go into a great row and mess if you could avoid it; you wanted very much—very much indeed—to fix it up and settle it and get it out of the way if you could. You could say you had engaged Mr. McMurtry as counsel and he felt sure the whole thing could be arranged satisfactorily to both sides and without making a great muss of it if only it was taken in time. And you could say you very earnestly wanted him to let Mr. McMurtry have a talk with him immediately—that evening; Mr. McMurtry would come right up to his house; an hour's time would be all he needed. That would be my idea of the way to approach him, Mr. Tully, and if he will consent to see me I am very confident I can settle the thing for you."

The eccentric editor was delighted with the prospect and promised heartily to follow his volunteer counsel's suggestions. As it happened, Mr. Dinsmore did have an engagement that evening, but the following evening just as he was about to sit down to the family dinner he was notified that Mr. J. Wesley Tully was on the telephone urgently requesting speech with him.

Over the wire the editor played the rôle for which McMurtry had cast him. That libel suit was a disagreeable thing to Dinsmore also. Of course he had been angry when he read the libel, because it was a libel on his business. That business had often enough been libeled by innuendo and indirection, for it was a highly unpopular one among retail merchants with whom it competed. Dinsmore always resented that, for the honor of the business was a sort of narrower but more intimate patriotism with him. The Leader's gross libel therefore roused his fighting blood. At that, probably he wouldn't have sued except for Lowell Winthrop's solid argument that he owed himself and society the duty of bringing the outrageous newspaper to book. He knew it threatened to ruin J. Wesley Tully, who wasn't a bad sort at heart, but only a fool. He regretted that; so without the least hesitation he consented to see Mr. Tully's legal representative, heartily hoping that a satisfactory way out of the mess would be presented to him.

But as he ate dinner his mind ran upon it and misgivings rose. He had heard various stories about Lawrence McMurtry, none of them likely to inspire confidence in that gentleman. Why should Tully have engaged that dubious person? Why this sudden request for a conference up here at his house? Lawrence McMurtry was enough to put any prudent man on his guard. And J. Wesley Tully was a weak brother, which is sometimes worse than a deliberately wicked brother. Dinsmore thought it over—with misgivings.

McMurtry reached the house about a quarter to nine and was at once shown into the library, where Dinsmore waited for him. He was standing over by the table and McMurtry noted with a touch of malice that he didn't offer to shake hands, but merely bowed across the distance that separated them, indicated the chair at one side of the table, then walked round and seated himself on the other side.

"Well, let the snob have it that way if he wants to—for the time being," McMurtry thought as he advanced to the proffered chair. His own manner was bland and hearty.

"Of course Mr. Tully has told you my business," he began with cheerful briskness. "He regrets this libel very much. It would never have got into the paper if he had read that letter through. The fact is he was in a great hurry and merely glanced over the fore part of it. He thought it was all about politics and gave instructions to print it—which he never would have done if he had read it through. Certainly that's no excuse in law, but it may be some excuse just between men."

"If it had been only a personal libel I should have ignored it," Dinsmore replied. "But it said my business was nothing but a swindle. Naturally, I think rather well of my business and feel bound to protect it."

In this byplay the lawyer was nerving himself. In spite of himself, the big house as a symbol of position and power made a certain impression upon him. Face to face across the table, Dinsmore made a certain impression—the impression of a cool, able, formidably armed person.

"Certainly!" he assented blandly. "Any man would. But an injury to a business can always be made good. We all make our mistakes, you know. I've made mine. Probably you've made yours."

He was getting himself in hand.

"No doubt," Dinsmore replied dryly; "and had to pay for them too."

"Of course! Exactly!" said the lawyer, well pleased. "We have to pay for them."

"Unfortunately my business isn't welcome to a great many people," Dinsmore remarked. "Retail merchants generally don't like it. They're always throwing a brick at it. This thing of Tully's brought all that out in the open where I could hit it."

"People will talk—about what they don't like," said McMurtry. "About a man like you there'll always be stories in circulation." For the fraction of a second he measured the man across the table—and struck:

"Only the other day a man told me you murdered a bank cashier named Latham in Billingtown, Nebraska, thirty-one years ago."

He said it in an even tone and watched the knife go home.

Dinsmore sat perfectly still. The healthy but low-toned color of his face did not change for a moment. It was his eyes that showed the cut. They did not falter from McMurtry's face; it didn't look like fear, but rather like an animal, struck to the vitals, summoning up its power to fight—crouching to launch itself. His hands remained motionless on the edge of the table.

"He told me," McMurtry went on steadily, "that you'd left your home in St. Joe—probably a youthful indiscretion—and associated yourself with one John Colby, a county-fair faker. You ran the soap game. Colby had trouble with the bank cashier at Billingtown. A resident of that town named Peter Sykes proposed that they rob the bank. Colby and his outfit went up to Bleeker, Nebraska; left there Friday and camped Saturday night some twenty-odd miles from Billingtown. Colby and a negro named William Pomeroy and yourself took the outfit's three horses and rode to Billingtown that night. You hitched the horses in a ravine where Peter Sykes met you. Then you went to the bank. Pomeroy, the negro, kept guard at the alley and you kept guard back of the bank, while Colby and Sykes dug through the vault wall and blew the safe. The explosion woke the cashier. He ran down the back stairs in his nightshirt. Probably you were rather panicky at the moment. You shot him at the foot of the stairs. It was a fatal wound, but he shot you in the shoulder before he died. Sykes took you into his house and called a certain Doctor Dill, who dressed your wound and took care of you until you and Sykes went to Standing Rock to meet Colby. That is the story, Mr. Dinsmore."

He spoke steadily, yet there was a kind of hush in his utterance, as from nerves tightly keyed up.

"Who told you that story?" Dinsmore asked in a voice as steady as the lawyer's.

"That is under the seal," McMurtry replied; "a confidence between lawyer and client. The important point is whether the story is true."

"Of course it isn't true," Dinsmore answered promptly—but almost casually, as though his mind were engaged with something else.

"The man who shot the bank cashier, Latham, has a broken chin—a ragged scar across it," said McMurtry. "How long have you worn a beard?"

Dinsmore ignored the question, his eyes on the lawyer.

"A story of that kind would need witnesses," he said. McMurtry noted that his hands, resting on the edge of the table, did not move in the least.

"Undoubtedly," McMurtry replied readily. "I have them. The Doctor Dill who attended you at Sykes' house when you were wounded is here in Chicago. He has seen you and positively identified you. He will swear to it anywhere. When you were undressed that night in Sykes' house a cuff button fell out of your shirt—a silver-link cuff button with your initials engraved on it. Doctor Dill preserved it. It's in my possession now."

Dinsmore raised his hand to his beard and spoke sarcastically:

"And I suppose you're prepared to produce John Colby, who would be the only competent witness."

McMurtry smiled.

"My information is that John Colby departed this life very suddenly and mysteriously a year or so ago after a visit to you. You might be able to throw some light on that, but it's immaterial. Doctor Dill is sufficient. He didn't know what he was wanted for when he was brought here to Chicago. He was placed where he could get a good look at you, without even knowing your name. Tom Wilson was the name you used then. He looked you over and said, 'That's the man I treated for a gunshot wound the night the bank was robbed at Billingtown and the cashier killed.' He will repeat that statement anywhere. You've been paying blackmail for years. Why not clean it up?"

Dinsmore was very quiet and all the time eying his opponent—a quietness that suggested a still, crouching animal.

"What method of cleaning up blackmail would you propose to a client?" he asked with a touch of sarcasm.

"Well, it's true," said McMurtry more composedly than he had yet spoken, "that you can't make a binding contract—in the nature of the case. A man's written agreement not to divulge a murder, for instance, isn't enforceable at law. You've got to depend on the word and the self-interest of the people who are in a position to sell you their silence. The competent witnesses in this affair are old men now. When they're dead you'll be free."

"Unless I set up successors to them," Dinsmore reminded him. He thought it over further, his face composed, and said coolly: "I'm very much inclined to tell yeu to go to the devil."

"But it would be you who would go there," McMurtry replied, unruffled. "Doctor Dill is sixty-five or so, I judge, and not in good health. In fact, he's been a sort of superior bum for a long time and is about all in. His conscience troubles him. Say he goes back to Billingtown—properly attended—and makes a confession for the good of his soul, incidentally claiming the protection of having turned state's evidence. Of course it's a story that every newspaper in the United States would put on the front page—Alfred Dinsmore, the multimillionaire, eminent in society, and so forth. Only once in a lifetime the newspapers get a story like that. Certainly it would please all these retail merchants who, you say, don't like your mail-order business. Personally, I haven't a doubt in the world that you'd be convicted on the evidence I have in my hand right now. What else were you paying blackmail for all this time? But even if you were finally acquitted—well, there wouldn't be much left, would there, of the Alfred Dinsmore who's now sitting across the table from me—and of this?" He glanced round the handsome room. "You know perfectly well you can't afford it. Your family can't."

Dinsmore gnawed at his lip a moment and folded one hand tightly into the other.

"What do you want?" he demanded, like throwing it in the other's face.

McMurtry had considered the point and decided to begin modestly. He answered promptly, "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"You won't get it!" Dinsmore replied instantly.

The peremptoriness of the refusal was a surprise to McMurtry and nettled him, for he thought he had the fish securely hooked.

"In that case there's nothing more to be said," he retorted, and made as though to rise.

"Very well; good evening," said Dinsmore tersely, without stirring. "I'll pay no two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

McMurtry stood up.

"The story will be in the newspapers to-morrow morning," he said, and turned his back and walked toward the door.

"We'll fight it out," said Dinsmore from his seat at the table. "I'll pay no two hundred and fifty thousand." He gave a crooked little smile and added as a sort of taunt, "You say I've been paying blackmail for years. In that case I know how the game is played. You don't want publication any more than I do. That spills the beans for you. You'll get no two hundred and fifty thousand."

That statement jarred McMurtry's nerves. He had been prepared to hear Dinsmore deny the story and bluster and threaten; but the present tactics he was quite unprepared for. Dinsmore denied nothing, but said in effect, "To publish the story is to end your hope of extorting money from me and so to spoil your game."

Such tactics resolved the affair into a game of poker—bluff against bluff.

McMurtry realized that and walked on toward the door, saying, "Good night, Mr. Dinsmore."

"Good night," Dinsmore replied coolly without moving.

McMurtry laid his hand on the door knob, then turned his head and asked jeeringly, "What's your offer?"

Dinsmore had considered that and answered promptly: "I'll pay seventy-five thousand dollars."

The lawyer hesitated an instant, hand on door knob.

"I'll split the difference with you," he offered as though that were final.

"Seventy-five thousand; not another dollar," Dinsmore repeated.

McMurtry jerked the door open and put a foot across the threshold, stood that way a moment, then came back into the room, shutting the door after him, and walked over to the table where he stood looking down at the man opposite who had not moved a muscle except to speak.

"I forgot," said the lawyer half angrily and half jocularly, "that you used to play poker and run corn deals."

"I haven't forgotten how," Dinsmore replied, his face still a mask and his eyes steady as leveled pistol barrels.

McMurtry laughed nervously, dropped into the chair and said, "Make out the check."

In fact, the nerves of both men were tensely wound up—as commonly happens at a crucial point of the game to which McMurtry had referred, though the players' faces may be perfectly composed and their voices careless.

Dinsmore considered the matter of the check an instant and replied, "I can't give you a personal check for seventy-five thousand dollars. I haven't that much to my

(Continued on Page 40)

GUESSWORK and uncertainty about arriving are gone from motoring, insofar as the Cadillac is concerned.

One characteristic that charms its owners, is the train-like regularity with which it can be depended upon to keep up with a pre-arranged schedule, on short, or long distance tours.

Arrival at destination, at a specified time, is almost entirely and exclusively, a matter of the speed at which the Cadillac owner cares to drive.

It will reel off the miles with clock-like certainty—with the same never-varying, smooth, steadiness—at any rate he chooses, from the lowest to the highest.

It will keep on doing this, not merely hour after hour, but day after day, and, if need be, week after week.

It will do it without balking or flinching—arriving at its destination, the same cool, quiet, unflustered, and unflurried Cadillac, as when it started.

And, better still, the passengers arrive, not harassed, but rested—not worn with weariness, but freshened and exhilarated, by the buoyant, floating, quality, of Cadillac travel.

These things are not our testimony.

They are the every-day commonplaces of Cadillac experience.

They are the things that make the Cadillac stand out distinct and luminous among a multitude of motor cars.

They are the things that impel people to ask if any other car could possibly be so depended upon—and invariably inspire the answer:—"No—This is a joy peculiar to the Cadillac."

They are the natural, logical, result of a thoroughness that is not satisfied with ordinary criterions, but makes its own standards and constantly raises them higher and higher.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY // DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from Page 38)

personal credit. I'll send a check to your office by messenger before ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

McMurtry appreciated the reasonableness of that and didn't doubt the promise. He got up again, saying, "Very well. I shall expect it before the clock strikes ten."

"It will be there," said Dinsmore; and without further speech the lawyer left the room. He didn't go exactly in triumph. He had collided with Dinsmore's nerve and felt bruised. As he left the house he was thinking:

"I wonder if he was bluffing? Would he have let me go without raising his bid? Of course he calculated that I'd rather have seventy-five thousand than spill the beans. Plenty of nerve has that same Alfred Dinsmore—cool as a cucumber. A tough customer to manage. I've got to be careful. But I've got the come-alongs on him just the same."

In fact, his nerves were strained and his mind agitated from the sharp contact.

"I'd better have called his bluff—gone out and let him come to me," he thought. He felt a surge of anger. "Rotten, self-satisfied snob! I'll charge it up to him."

By that time Dinsmore had risen and was pacing the room with slow mechanical steps, his mind tensely engaged with what had passed. He went over it, judging, making his conclusions. A gulf had opened before him and all his mental resources were in play considering what he should do. For a quarter of an hour or so he paced the room, deeply absorbed with his problem. He was a man whose thinking ran swiftly to decisions and actions. About a quarter of an hour after McMurtry departed he went quickly upstairs, changed his clothes and left the house without speaking to anyone. It was then ten minutes to ten.

He had been gone from the room two or three minutes when Jenny Dupee cautiously stuck her head from beneath the large couch in the corner and looked round as well as she could from that position. As the room was perfectly still and apparently empty she rolled out, stood up, gave a quick glance round and noiselessly fled upstairs.

When Jenny was engaged by Martha Woods to spy upon the Dinsmore household the maid surmised that her young mistress' relations with young Edward Proctor were the objective point of the spying. Indeed at that time, when the motive was simply to get something on Dinsmore that would make him drop the libel suit against the Leader, those relations had been one of the objective points in Martha Woods' mind, or in the mind of Jacob Morden and Lawrence McMurtry, who moved behind the scenes in the matter. Jenny was not merely a spy for hire. Her heart, prompted by an insatiable curiosity, was in the work. She had been mightily afraid, but the further she got along in the adventure the more secure it seemed. Avarice and curiosity steadily gaining on her timorous nerves, she became bolder.

Then the adventure had taken a new and deeply exciting bent. She had been informed that a mysterious caller would wait upon Mr. Dinsmore and she was to exert herself to find out what passed between them—with promise of large reward. She had exerted herself. The mysterious caller was a negro. Mr. Dinsmore had given him a bundle of money. And she had come out of it scatheless.

That negro caller didn't look at all like a love affair. To Jenny's excited imagination the affair took on vaguely vast and dark proportions—some deep mystery in which somehow or other great sums of money were involved. Jenny was profoundly stirred thereby. Aside from the egging of her restless curiosity, she shrewdly reasoned that the more she knew of the mystery the better show she would stand when it came to a division of those great sums of money.

That had been her general state of mind at eight o'clock, say, of this present evening. Then she had seen and heard something that whetted her to a razor edge—as follows:

When Alfred Dinsmore finished dinner there were some doubts and misgivings in his mind. J. Wesley Tully had called him up, making an appointment for Lawrence McMurtry to call that evening in the editor's behalf. Dinsmore had readily assented. Yet it was rather odd—a sudden engagement of that sort for half past eight or a quarter to nine in the evening. "As soon as he can get out there," Tully had said. McMurtry's reputation was not reassuring. There were some doubts and misgivings in Dinsmore's mind.

He had scarcely finished dinner when Lowell Winthrop strolled casually in. Winthrop was a neighbor, a prospective son-in-law, and Dinsmore's lawyer—junior member of the eminent firm that handled his legal affairs. Most naturally, therefore, Dinsmore had mentioned that McMurtry was coming to the house, and the circumstances. Winthrop took it with decidedly greater seriousness than Dinsmore had.

Perfectly self-possessed in a well-fitting dinner coat, he said at once: "The fellow's a thorough blackleg. Whatever business he's in is dirty business. Best not see him."

"But I've made the appointment," Dinsmore objected. "I'm willing enough to clean up that libel affair. After all, there's nothing in it but annoyance. No particular reason why I should be afraid of a blackleg either. Only—well, Tully's a conceited ass with no balance or weight. He may have some fool scheme in his head. I don't quite like it, as a matter of fact."

"McMurtry is a thorough blackleg," Winthrop repeated. "If you're going to see him I'll be present."

Dinsmore considered that an instant and replied, "I hardly like that either. The door is open to Tully, you know, if he really wants to clean the business up. Having you in the room might look as though it wasn't."

As Dinsmore spoke Winthrop had been thinking it over and something had occurred to him.

"This chap McMurtry, you know, is a rascal," he observed thoughtfully. "I've run across his underground trail more than once. The trouble with some rapscallions is to get them out in the open. He's cunning enough—always underground. And if he's up to any dirty business now he wouldn't open it up with me in the room. I'd give something to catch him."

Not a great while before this he had been engaged in a lawsuit in which a vital part of the evidence turned upon a manipulation of the telephone. That was what had occurred to him and what his mind was running upon. Being of an alert, inquiring turn and knowing something about the mechanics of electrical communication, he had informed himself exactly how that manipulation of the telephone had been effected.

"Of course this fellow McMurtry is entitled to no consideration at all," he remarked to Dinsmore. "Anything is fair with him. If he's up to anything dirty I'd give something to catch him. Suppose we set a trap for him?"

The two men, therefore, had gone into the library, where Winthrop had busied himself with the telephone for some minutes—expertly explaining to Dinsmore as he worked. They then went upstairs to the room known as Dinsmore's den, where there was some further business with the telephone and incidental conversation. But Dinsmore in the security of his own house hadn't troubled to close the door to the den, and restless, peering Jenny Dupee had seen them in there—gliding as near to the door and tarrying as long, with straining ears, as she dared. Then she had seen Mr. Dinsmore go downstairs, while Mr. Winthrop remained at the desk in the den with the telephone to his ear, and she had heard him say into the telephone:

"Yes, I hear perfectly. Are you sitting at the table now? Walk away a little, facing the table, and say something—see if I can hear you that way. Yes, I hear you. That's fine. We'll catch him. Fix the chair so he'll be sitting near the table, facing the phone. Never mind me now—just wait for him. I'll be listening."

From all of which Jenny correctly deduced that Mr. Dinsmore was going to receive a caller in the library and Mr. Winthrop upstairs in the den was to overhear what was said. That was immensely exciting, calling up visions of the mysterious negro, bundles of money—leading on into the great secret.

At any rate, she could try for a sight of this caller. All palpitant and aquiver, she fled downstairs and slipped into the parlor adjoining the library, where her flitting presence—if detected—need rouse no suspicion. The parlor was lighted and empty. The library door stood open—also lighted and empty, as a swift glance assured her. She glided back into the hall. Mr. Dinsmore, his wife and daughter were in the living room. Nobody else was in sight. Temptation beckoned to her—or rather picked her up bodily, swept her back into the library, threw her on the floor and rolled her under the couch, her heart in her throat, her lips parted, the blood pounding in her ears.

That was how Jenny Dupee came to witness the meeting between Mr. Dinsmore and Lawrence McMurtry.

McMurtry's real purpose had never in the remotest way suggested itself to Dinsmore. His mind had been running on J. Wesley Tully and the libel suit. The monthly payment to the negro, Pomeroy, had long since become a matter of routine which hardly ever visited his thoughts except when the pay day came round. One may become habituated to almost anything and accept it as a matter of course. He would as soon have expected the man in the moon to step in with a recital of that old affair as to hear it from Lawrence McMurtry. The shock drove all his preconceptions of the meeting completely out of his head—and Lowell Winthrop with them.

When McMurtry left the house Dinsmore was intensely absorbed with an immediate and exigent problem. The existence of such a being as Lowell Winthrop was as far from his thought as though he had never heard the name. In his deep preoccupation the fact that such a being was upstairs in his den, sitting at the other end of an open telephone circuit, never occurred to him.

Sometime after the telephone had ceased to give any sound—some minutes, in fact, after Lowell Winthrop had hung up the receiver and mechanically lighted a cigarette—he heard someone enter the adjoining room and stir about there. As the adjoining room was Dinsmore's bedroom he supposed the person was Dinsmore and waited, his brows contracted. Then the slight sounds in that room as of someone stirring about quite ceased and for half an hour Winthrop heard nothing at all.

He was in an excessively awkward position. At the end of that half hour he concluded that no obligation required him to wait longer for Dinsmore, so he made his own way out of the house and home—his mind engaged with highly disagreeable thoughts.

VII

PURCELL that evening noted that it was ten minutes to eleven when Morden telephoned him. He left the newspaper office at once and walked down to Quincy Street, where he turned in beneath the red electric sign of the Four Aces Café. He took the side entrance, which gave to narrow stairs carpeted in bright red that led to a series of small private dining rooms on the second floor. There was no watchman at this side entrance; the Four Aces suggested no such restrictions upon its catholic hospitality. But at the top of the stairs a young man in a dinner coat, with the shoulders of a prize fighter and a combative jaw, lounged at ease on a red settee. This young man's standards of deportment could not be considered unreasonably strict; but it was well for patrons of the Four Aces to conform to such standards as he set—as by refraining from breaking the furniture or making an undue racket and most particularly by paying the bill promptly. Otherwise they might suddenly find themselves on their heads at the foot of the stairs.

As Purcell ascended the red stairs alone the young man eyed him in an openly questioning manner and rose negligently but quite ready for action.

"Mr. Morden?" Purcell asked of him.

"Number Seven," said the young man, and resumed his lounging attitude on the settee.

The offices of the Morden Detective Agency were over on Adams Street and conferences might be held there; but as the head of the agency followed the sound policy of not letting his underlings know more than was necessary of his affairs and of not unnecessarily exciting their curiosity, he preferred to hold his most significant conferences elsewhere, and he favored the Four Aces because he had a very special claim upon the consideration of its proprietor.

Purcell tapped on the door of Number Seven. Morden's voice answered from within. The managing editor entered the small room furnished with a dining table, four chairs and a little sideboard and was disagreeably surprised at seeing not only the detective but McMurtry sitting at the table and smiling genially up at him.

Purcell realized unhappily that he was at a disadvantage in this adventure. He was not so free to command his movements as his two fellow adventurers were. Naturally, they would be meeting and talking over the joint business more or less in his absence. And in the nature of the case the affair had passed a good deal out of his hands into theirs. He was obliged to trust them—and he didn't exactly.

He had been decidedly nervous and distraught that evening. It was the evening of the great strike and he had to stay in the newspaper office, going on with his work, until he got word that McMurtry had returned from Highlands and was ready to report. The word came from Morden—a simple invitation to meet the detective at the Four Aces immediately. He supposed that McMurtry had telephoned to Morden on the way down from Highlands and would join them there. But McMurtry was already there. He and Morden had no doubt been talking for some little time—which the suspicious Purcell didn't like.

"Well, Charley, we've got him hooked," said the lawyer, beaming, as soon as Purcell was seated. "I'm sure of it. But he fights hard. He won't believe—or he pretends he won't believe—that we've found Doctor Dill and have him here. I had a long confab with him—half or three-quarters of an hour. He knows in his bones that we've got him hooked, but he fights the gaff like the devil. Of course we've got to give him some line. He can't get away. I told him to take a week to think it over if he wanted to. I don't want him to get the idea that there's the least doubt about it in my mind. I'll give him a week. Then I'll lead him up to Doctor Dill and we'll have a show-down. It's sure! We've got him hooked! He can't get away! That's the way the thing stands."

McMurtry made the assurance blandly, as though he were completely satisfied with the situation and every other reasonable man must be. But Purcell swallowed and the heaviness of disappointment pulled at his heart. He'd thought they were going to divide up about a quarter of a million dollars that evening. And he noticed with pain that Morden, usually so truculent and impatient of any delay, accepted this statement calmly, his aggressive eyes boring at the managing editor's face.

Maybe it occurred to Morden that Purcell noticed he wasn't quite acting in character, for the detective glowered somewhat and growled: "I'd have jumped him right then—give him three minutes to come across or go to hell. But we've got to trust it to Mac—for the present. The crab can't get away."

So the managing editor was obliged to leave it; and after a little further talk he returned to the newspaper office, but with an uneasy mind. There the night's work

(Continued on Page 182)

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I'll Be Happy When The Preacher Makes You Mine (Lewis-Young-Donaldson) ... Sterling Trio Give Me A Smile And Kiss (Sullivan-Handman) ... Arthur Fields, Baritone	22175
Where Is The Girl I Left Behind (Cohan) ... Turner Roe, Baritone Golden Gate (Open For Me) (Kendis-Brockman) ... Campbell and Burr, Tenor Duet	22176
Breeze (Blow My Baby Back To Me) (MacDonald-Goodwin-Hanley) ... Premier American Male Quartet You Didn't Want Me When You Had Me (Russell-Grossman-Bennett) ... Irving Gillette, Tenor	22177
You're The One (That I Want) (Frey) One-Step ... Joseph Samuels' Orchestra (Vocal refrain by Harry McClaskey, Tenor) When The Rainbow Of Love Appears (Samuels) Waltz ... Joseph Samuels' Orchestra	22178
Taxi (Kaufman) One-Step ... Joseph Samuels' Orchestra Chu-Chu-San (Samuels) Fox-Trot ... Joseph Samuels' Orchestra	22179
Big Chief Blues (Bernard) Medley Fox-Trot Intro. "A Good Man Is Hard To Find" ... Master Saxophone Sextet Somebody's Heart Is So Lonely (Metzan) Fox-Trot ... Master Saxophone Sextet	22180
My Baby's Arms (McCarthy-Tierney) Medley Fox-Trot "At The High Brown Babies' Ball" ... Tuxedo Syncopaters Trousseau Ball, *from "Tumble In"* (Friml) One-Step ... Tuxedo Syncopaters	22181

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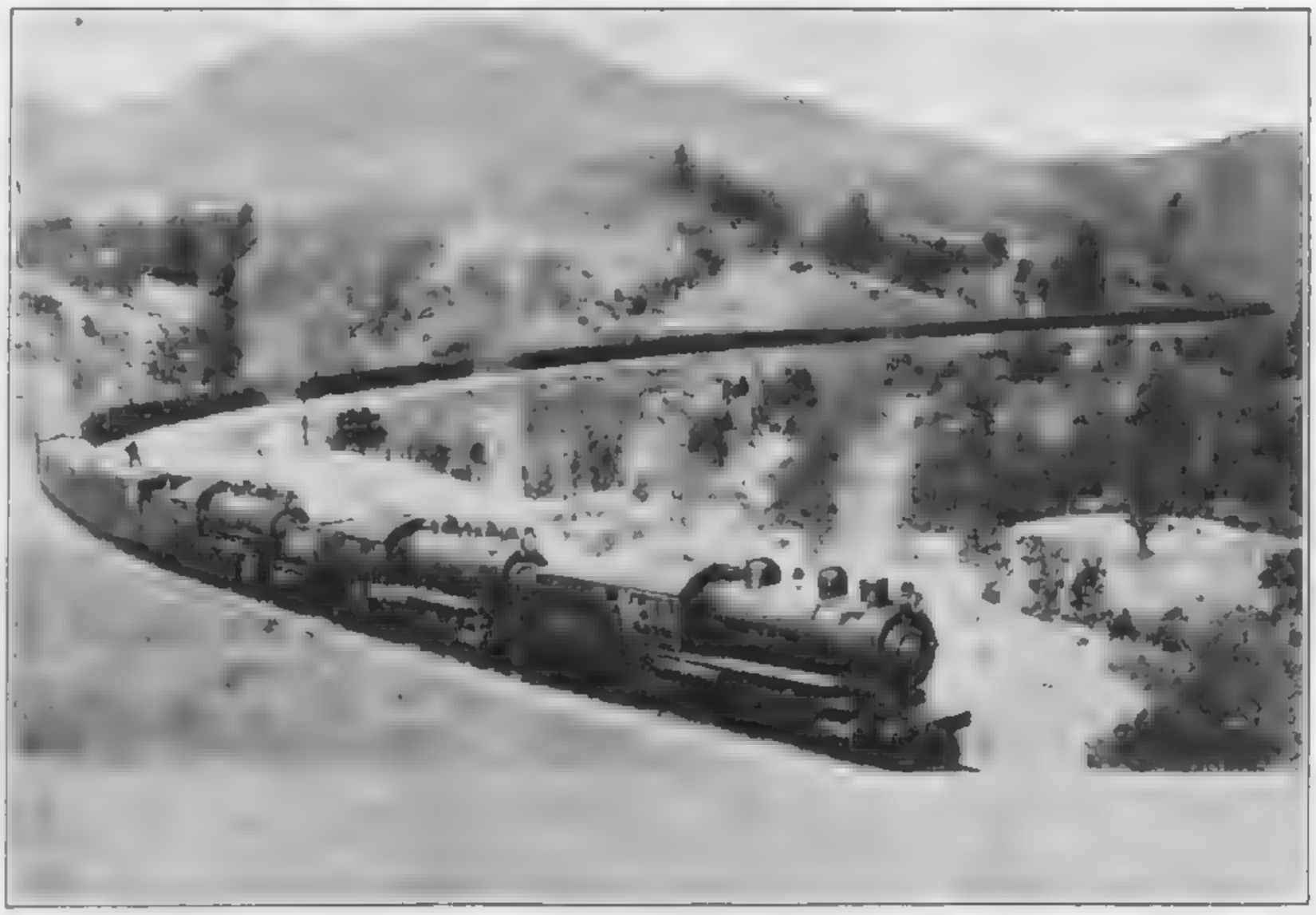
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

The Big Idea In Air



Long Freight Train Climbing the Siskiyou Mountain, Hauled by Six Locomotives

WHAT is the greatest invention ever made? If this question were put to one hundred intelligent men, how many would name the same thing? Some would point to the printing press; some to the cotton gin; others would name the telephone, the incandescent lamp, the internal-combustion engine, the blast furnace or the airplane. There would probably be as many answers as there are separate and distinct industries.

In this connection let me tell the tale of a common everyday device, one that is lacking in elements spectacular but that serves us modestly and efficiently seven days every week. If in the end the reader doesn't agree that the object of my choice is at least deserving of a prominent place in the industrial hall of fame I shall have to admit that I bungled the job of paying deserved homage to a mechanical marvel that people seldom understand and almost never appreciate.

To-night on your way home from business, when you hear that peculiar ps-s-s-sh of escaping air underneath the car as you are about to stop at a station, just remember that our little friend the air brake is right on the job. When you alight from the train and pass the locomotive which has not yet started, listen to that familiar chug-chug, chug-chug, which tells you that the air compressor is busy ramming up numerous small increments of pressure for the air brake to use later when needed.

Not one person in a thousand knows how great is the total bulk of the small increments of pressure that are stored away for useful service. Let me try to show what this reserve force actually amounts to. It will bring a modern passenger train to a standstill in a distance of 330 yards when the train is traveling at a speed of 60 miles an hour. This same force if exerted by a modern gun would hurl a 1000-pound shell a distance of 24 miles. Take, for instance, the Twentieth Century Limited, traveling between New York and Chicago. Assume that this train is running on a level track at the rate of a mile a minute. If there were no air brakes and track friction had to do it all, this fast-traveling conveyance would run for approximately six miles before coming to a stop after the engineer had closed the throttle. Almost fifteen minutes would elapse after the power was shut off before the train would stop. Air brakes are more powerful than the modern locomotive itself. For a train of two locomotives and ten passenger cars to attain a speed of 60 miles an hour it is necessary for the locomotives to accelerate for 1200 seconds and travel eight miles. The air brake will stop this train in 21 seconds and within a distance of 1000 feet.

The development of railroad transportation throughout the world has depended largely upon the ability of the air brake to stop heavy trains in the least possible time. Why do we not travel twice as fast in trains that are twice as long? We have the necessary stretches of solid level track. We can easily manufacture heavier steel rails, and the pulling power of our locomotives has not yet reached its limit. The answer is that the air brake is a limiting factor. To a certain degree civilization follows its development. Without doubt the small body of men who represent the entire profession of air-brake engineering are playing a bigger part in shaping the destiny of mankind than most of us imagine. Progress goes hand in hand with the development of transportation. Railroad efficiency is determined by the size, speed, frequency and safety of train movements, and all these are dependent on braking facilities.

The number of trains a railroad can accommodate is determined by air brakes. A few years ago the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City adopted the electro-pneumatic brake for all its trains, and immediately this company found that it was possible to handle 2,000,000 passengers daily instead of the 500,000 originally estimated to be the capacity of the road. The new brake permitted the use of ten-car trains instead of eight, and allowed them to be run at a greater frequency. The present braking apparatus stops the ten-car train 300 feet short of the total distance required to stop the old eight-car train. This improvement creates a tremendous saving of time and affords a large increase in safety.

Who is responsible for this great drama in our industrial life? Let us, of course, give first credit to the late George Westinghouse, who, back in 1866, got his initial idea while brooding over the delay caused to the train he was traveling on, by a freight-train wreck that had blocked the line just ahead. The prime thought that became implanted in his mind consisted of the idea that no collision would have occurred if the engineers had been able to apply all the brakes at once. This thought took definite form later when Mr. Westinghouse read an article telling how Mont Cenis had been tunneled by using machinery driven by compressed air. This story suggested to the young man, who was then only 21 years old, that compressed air was a force that could be transmitted to any length of train under various atmospheric conditions. A few years later the first air brake was completed and a new epoch in transportation commenced.

A railroad superintendent offered Mr. Westinghouse the use of an accommodation train made up of a locomotive and four cars. The air brakes were attached, the train steamed out of the station, and in five minutes the new device had been subjected to an unexpected test. As the locomotive emerged from a near-by tunnel the engineer saw a horse and wagon standing upon the track only a short distance ahead. The instantaneous application of the air brake brought the train to a sudden standstill, a serious accident was prevented and the world had proof of the wonderful worth of a new mechanical marvel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad after a time adopted the new apparatus and other roads quickly fell into line. Contrary to popular tradition, which accredits George Westinghouse with having endured countless vicissitudes in attempting to market the air brake, the facilities of the original company were too limited to fill the early orders that followed this first successful demonstration.

But anyone who believes that with the building of the first air brake the big job was finished is entertaining an erroneous idea. The science of air-brake control is still young, and the engineer specialists in this line are still working day and night to satisfy the demands of railroads and electric lines for brakes that will permit still more efficient service. Clever minds are constantly exploring the possibilities of compressed air. Eighteen-hour New York-Chicago trains and ten-minute suburban service will be out of date if present dreams materialize. The future will be as amazing as the past if to-day's expectations come true.

However, we cannot measure what will be unless we note what was. The air brake came into being fifty years ago. At that time locomotives weighed 50,000 pounds; now they weigh 600,000. Then we had 9000-pound cars that would carry 14,000 pounds of freight; now we have 52,000-pound cars that carry a load of 150,000 pounds. In those early days a train consisted of 15 cars having a total length of 450 feet; now we haul 130 cars in a train 4550 feet long. The speed of passenger trains was then 30 miles an hour, while now it is 60. Surely these are wonderful changes and they show what a pygmy was the problem of train control in 1869 when compared with the conditions of to-day.

During the fifty years of air-brake history hundreds of improvements have been added to the original device. The recital of how George Westinghouse and his associates overcame dozens of difficult and discouraging problems is a story by itself. The reader should know, however, that each innovation in the art of braking had to conform in principle to the superseded type of brakes. This was always necessary, for the reason that many freight and passenger cars equipped with an old type of apparatus often had to be coupled in the same train with cars fitted with a new model of brake.

One of the earliest problems was that which rose when a train broke apart. There was no means for controlling the rear section. This deficiency brought about the invention of the automatic air brake. The operation of this new device was the reverse of that of the old straight brake. In the latter apparatus the engineer applied the brakes by admitting air to the brake pipe; in the new machine the brakes were applied when the engineer released air from the brake pipe. Consequently if a train broke in two the release of air automatically applied the brakes, and the rear section was brought to a standstill.

But as trains became longer even the automatic brake proved inadequate. It was too slow to act upon the rear cars of a lengthy train, and the result of its operation was a series of severe shocks. This second great problem was solved by using electricity to operate the valves on each car. Then came another marvelous improvement whereby the braking power of a car is automatically regulated by the amount of the load.

To-day the air brake has been so perfected that it is almost human in its operation. Certainly it is too complicated for me to try to describe in a few words. I have already conveyed several thoughts intended to show how important is the part it plays in our industrial life. Let me add that the air brake is responsible for the United States' having the lowest ton-mile rate of any nation in the world. Our records indicate that in 1916 the cost of moving one ton of freight one mile in this country averaged 0.716 of one cent. Long and heavy trains running at high speeds enabled our carriers to secure this low cost. We revel in the comforts of our all-steel Pullman trains, but fail to realize

(Concluded on Page 44)

THE difference which you note, immediately, in the way the Liberty rides and drives, is not a mere surface virtue. That it has its source and origin in the very design and construction of the car is emphatically shown in the slight cost of Liberty service.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 42)

that without braking facilities they would be impractical luxuries due to their heavy weight. The next time you ride on an electric car or a subway train notice how short, smooth and accurate are the stops. Then fix one thought in your mind: Train control is as vital as tractive power.

Some of our noblest devices though serving us faithfully have remained unhonored and unsung. Here is one.

A New Kind of Town

WHAT the others have tried and proved worthy a new Southern town is aiming to adopt. But this isn't all, for that would only be standing still, and the fathers of the new town are bent on doing a little pioneering in the hope that the results will afford an object lesson as well as an inspiration to other industrial leaders. The fact of the matter is, this brand-new town, which in four years has grown from practically nothing to a city of 10,000 humans, is actually a laboratory experiment for the people of America. Can an industrial community made up of a factory population—native Americans, however—be converted into a spotless town? The promoters say yes, and they are backing up the thought in a most material fashion.

Other towns have been developed with the idea that the results would furnish a health demonstration for the country at large. One such is in Massachusetts. Here the community has provided nurses for tuberculosis and infant-welfare work; physicians, dentists and nurses for the schools and factories; unusual baby-clinics; remarkable domestic-science teaching; an elaborate civic and educational program, and neighborhood committees for health and patriotic endeavors. More than 6000 citizens have been thoroughly examined, and 4000 have been referred to their local physicians for treatment, thereby heading off much early disease.

A careful analysis of the town's dangers to health was undertaken with the coöperation of national experts. These investigations covered the schools and factories as well as the general sanitary conditions, and resulted in recommendations for improvement. All such problems as milk handling have been carefully studied and the economic and sanitary deficiencies have been corrected. Children not of school age have been provided with summer-camp facilities, where their diseases and defects have been discovered and followed up for treatment. The town also has its classes in food economy and domestic science, and the local physicians are treated to a course of lectures given by doctors of international reputation.

The results of all this work have been most encouraging. During the year previous to the commencement of these health efforts 81 babies died per 1000 born in the city; in 1917, the first year of the demonstration, only 62 died per 1000 born. During the decade 1906 to 1916, approximately 14 people of all ages died per 1000 of population; during the first year of the demonstration this number was reduced to 11. The tuberculosis death rate decreased from 121 per 100,000 to 99 in 1917, and last year this rate was reduced to 70 per 100,000. Such savings of life are very real and are hard to express in money value. In addition there are the enormous benefits to industry from having a healthy, contented class of citizens who are more efficient and more permanent than the average workmen living in less progressive communities.

This health experiment in Massachusetts is being repeated in the South. The country will have another example demonstrating that unnecessary sickness and death, particularly tuberculosis, can be eliminated by medical and nursing care, personal hygiene and adequate health administration. But this is something more than a laboratory experiment in humanics—it is an industrial experience of the most modern character; a test of the value of various principles which are suggested as the foundation of the business of to-morrow.

Bankers in New York built an expensive railroad from the Atlantic Ocean. This was done some years ago when there was still hope in the building of a railroad—of course no group or individual would be so daring to-day. The road had to have freight and lots of it, for the line had been driven through a country where the construction costs were high. There were plenty of resources—coal, timber, stone, sand, clay, limestone, silica, feldspar, kaolin, and other valuable materials, including a splendid supply of pure, cold mountain water. What was needed was industries to produce tonnage, and it was to fulfill this desire that the town was created. Let us right now, therefore, dismiss the idea that this new and modern community is anything but an out-and-out commercial venture. This makes the work being done there more interesting, for the present plans would certainly not be used if it were thought they would not prove profitable by a dollar-and-cents measure.

Less than ten years ago there were only two farmhouses on the present site of the town. In 1915 there were 900 people in it. At the present time the population is estimated at 10,000. The town is not an outcome of the necessities of war. The people say that the war has held them back. A population of at least 50,000 has been planned for. Doctor Nolen, a famous city planner, was engaged to prepare the design for the new town. The first thing he did was to divide the site into zones. Definite areas were set aside for factories and industrial plants. Other zones were given over for wholesale trade, retail trade and residences, while still other large sites were laid off for parks, playgrounds, rest places, churches and schools.

The charter of the town was drafted by experts and was later submitted to the Bureau of Municipal Research of the Rockefeller Foundation for study and correction. The municipal government consists of five councilmen, elected by the citizens at intervals of four years. Unusual care is exercised by the people in choosing their councilmen, for the reason that these councilmen elect one of their number to be mayor. The mayor appoints a city manager, who need not be a resident of the city or state. The latter employs and dismisses all other employees of the city. The mayor presides at council meetings and appoints the school board, consisting of three men and two women.

The school system is designed after the plan used in Gary, Indiana. Round the schoolhouses are four acres of playgrounds. There is a play teacher for the smaller children. The city hospital is municipally operated, with accommodations for forty patients. There are four miles of concrete-paved streets of unusual width. The cost was $1.35 a square yard, and the owners of abutting property paid three-quarters of this cost. Wide concrete sidewalks flank the streets. The low paving cost is due to the fact that all the necessary cement, sand and stone are obtained within the city limits. A civic center has been laid out, centrally located, with ample space for all public buildings. The planting of trees and shrubbery is being done under the direction of a trained landscape engineer.

The controlling factor in the development of the town is the improvement corporation which owns the city's power plant and most of the real estate in and round the town. This corporation attends to the problem of housing the population. It builds houses and either rents or sells them at cost plus a charge of $200 or $300 for the lot, giving the purchaser easy terms for settlement. The improvement corporation is also responsible for the splendid golf course that has been constructed for the benefit of the town's inhabitants.

Before the war coal delivered in the town was $1.55 a ton; it is now $2.94. All the local plants get power from one big utilities company. The present cost to them is one cent a kilowatt-hour. The river water fed to the city is unusually cold and is therefore useful for condensing purposes. It is also pure—no softening is needed. When the boilers are cleaned every ninety days, a scale of less than 1-24 of an inch in thickness is all that is found. The chief industries are a dyestuff-and-chemical plant, a brick plant, a wood-pulp mill, a hosiery mill, a wood-alcohol plant, a cement-and-lime plant, and a tannery and tannic-acid factory.

The common-sense element is responsible for the development of an industrial scheme that is destined to eliminate all waste eventually. Coöperation is the big thought, and though the different plants have different owners the whole lot are pretty closely linked to one another. The utilities company, as before stated, furnishes them all with power and with water for drinking and fire purposes. The brick and cement companies supply themselves and all the rest with building materials. The dye works furnishes dye to the hosiery mill and bleaching powder to the pulp mill. The extract plant supplies tanning extract for the tannery and extracted wood chips for the pulp mill. The cement plant furnishes lime for the dye works, the tannery, the pulp mill and the industrial-alcohol plant. The tannery will supply the new saddlery and harness factory with leather. What the town still wants is a packing house to encourage the native cattle-raising industry; a fertilizer plant to utilize the refuse of the tannery and the proposed packing house, as well as to produce fertilizer for the surrounding agricultural region from the potash and phosphate bearing minerals of the section; a lime-nitrogen plant; a calcium-carbide plant, and a charcoal iron furnace to utilize the charcoal produced by the wood-alcohol plant.

But this is not all, for the town pays as much attention to humanics as it does to mechanics. A great insurance company heard of the splendid work that was being undertaken there. They got the directors of the enterprise to call all the industries together and said: "Let us insure every worker in the town. We would like to be your partners in this worthy effort, for we share the same ideals. You say the word and we will try to make the town the healthiest spot in America."

The proposition was considered and accepted, so that now there isn't a live person in town who is listed on a company pay roll but has been insured by his employer. All workmen were insured without physical examination. A health center has been established. There is a free nursing service by visiting nurses to sick employees. An elaborate campaign has been inaugurated for the prevention and cure of disease.

This is perhaps the first time in history that the total working population in any town has been first insured without any physical examination, and then has been subjected to health measures by the insurer, who proposes to keep each individual happy, healthy and efficient. The insurance company says: "We are not out to make money out of this undertaking. But we do propose to show the nation what it is possible to accomplish in the preservation of health and life in an intelligent community when the proper steps are taken."

A Development of Workingmen's Houses Renting for $25 Per Month. Each Residence Has Six Rooms and Bath and is Built of Stucco on Hollow Tile

The Way to

Consider it as 15,000 Users Rate it—by Performance and Endurance—Not by its Size and Weight

Judge the Essex

The Essex has filled a new position among motor cars, and nearly everyone knows it.

At first, before they had seen it outperform most every car, they merely regarded it as a fine, unusually well-built and finished, light weight automobile.

They appreciated its quality construction.

They conceded it a better built car. Still, because it has many details in common with other similar weight cars, they could not, at the time, bring themselves to look at it in the light it is now held by some 15,000 users.

The Awakening Has Been Startling

The Essex is just ten months old. But note what a name it has made for itself.

What car ever so quickly made as many friends? And what car has proved itself in the way it has?

Nothing was said to call attention to the way it is built. No claim was made that its motor delivers a performance that ranks the Essex with the performance of those large costly cars that have such fine reputations for the way they climb hills, accelerate and outdistance other cars in touring.

But Essex owners and thousands of others found out.

They are the ones who tell of Essex performance in such words of praise as are rarely applied to an automobile.

Put Aside Its Size and Type Consider Only Performance

That is what all Essex owners will tell you to do. Go see it with the same expectation of its value that you would examine any fine quality car.

If speed is your requirement see if the Essex does not meet it.

Where luxury and finish are demanded compare the Essex with any car.

Don't put yourself in the erroneous position of classing it with light cars.

Expect of the Essex the same riding qualities—the same performance ability—with a range of speeds equal to any of such cars as you consider worth $300 to $500 more.

And then when you have tested the Essex in that manner, consider the advantages it possesses over those other larger cars with which you have classed it.

Costs Less to Operate Easier to Handle

You sacrifice none of the pleasures of motoring because the Essex is no larger than cars known as of the light weight type.

But you gain all their advantages. When riding in the Essex you have no conscious feeling that it weighs any less or that it is performing any less satisfactorily than the big costly cars.

You sit in as comfortable and upon as richly upholstered cushions.

You hold no concern as to the endurance of your car.

If you drive you feel the ease of its operation. You learn that the Essex requires little attention and that it grows in your esteem because it so completely meets your motoring needs.

More Than 100 New Owners Every Day

In January Essex production was 30 a day. It now approximates 125 a day.

So great is the demand everywhere that as many as 100 cars have been driven away from the factory in one day by buyers impatient at freight delays.

It indicates Essex position. No light car equals its performance as is known in every locality. No light car assumes equal qualities in construction detail. And no larger car offers the advantages of convenience and low operating costs.

You will place a large car price on the Essex if you judge it by performance and durability.

That is why everyone is so enthusiastic for it.

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TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

By Carl Mattison Chapin

ILLUSTRATION BY J. GORDON SMYTH

THERE is no record of the exact time at which Joe Patterson piled that last straw on the back of the patient Daleville camel, but it is established that the animal first became conscious of approaching dorsal disintegration at approximately five-eleven P. M., when Henry Robbins, entering Joe's barber shop for his regular Saturday shave, observed the new sign on the wall:

BEGINNING MONDAY

March 17, 1919

Price List

Haircut	.50
Shave	.25
Shampoo	.40
Massage	.40
Neck Shave	.10

Henry turned round and walked right out again, which was sufficient to generate an atmosphere of surprise behind him, for not only was Henry not given to doing things abruptly but it was universal knowledge that he was one of two men in Daleville who came to be shaved five mornings in the week and Saturday afternoon without fail.

The other man was Henry's boss, Mr. Wellington, who in addition to other pursuits of a financial character conducted the affiliated National and Savings Banks in which Henry was known as cashier—known by courtesy, that is, because he really wasn't cashier at all. Mr. Wellington was president and cashier and all the other officers. Henry was various kinds of teller, bookkeeper, clerk, messenger, janitor and all the other employees. His salary was twenty dollars a week, which had once been rather ample as village salaries go, but which in this year of disgrace, 1919, had ceased to be such—even in Daleville.

When Henry arrived home some twenty minutes later he slapped a small black leather case viciously down among the supper dishes.

"What is it, Henry?" his wife asked in a tone of some alarm.

Really the question applied as much to his evident frame of mind as it did to the black case, for Henry was not given to doing things viciously. On the contrary his disposition was the toast of the town, so to speak. But the black case did carry its own message of anxiety, for Henry still occasionally lapsed into extravagances, and Jane, his wife, through her daily encounters with the ascending prices of things, was more acutely aware of the waning power of his twenty dollars than he sometimes appeared to be.

"It's a razor," Henry declared defiantly.

"Henry!" moaned Jane. "Why did you go and buy a razor? You know you can't shave yourself—you've tried over and over again."

As a shaving proposition Henry's beard was in fact a highly effective wire entanglement.

"Maybe I can't," he retorted through clenched teeth, "but I'm going to. Joe has raised the price of shaves to twenty-five and haircuts to fifty. I stood for his raise to twenty and thirty-five—but too much is enough! I'm through!"

Henry was not given to clenching his teeth either. Jane approved so thoroughly of this manner of speaking that she forbore to press the argument. She merely suggested that he wait until after supper.

"Let supper wait!" he grated, and Jane, smiling, let it wait.

After an exclamatory session in the bathroom Henry emerged bearing a proud smile entirely surrounded by smooth but flaming red jowls.

"You know, Jane, it's easy after you get onto it," he boasted. "I never really stuck to it long enough to get the hang. In a week I'll be doing it in twenty minutes."

It was along toward the end of supper that he fell into a period of figuring with a pencil and an old envelope.

"There!" he exclaimed at length. "I've been having six shaves a week, or three hundred and twelve a year—call it three hundred—at twenty cents. That makes sixty dollars. I get my hair cut every two weeks—twenty-six haircuts at thirty-five cents makes $9.10. Joe has been getting $69.10 a year out of me. At the new prices three hundred shaves will cost me seventy-five dollars and twenty-six haircuts thirteen dollars. Joe is planning to get eighty-eight dollars a year out of me, a net gain of $18.90—pretty near one week's pay—but I'll fool him. I'm going to shave myself, and get my hair cut once in four weeks. In the next twelve months, if Joe is lucky he'll get just $6.50 for thirteen haircuts and not a cent more—not a copper cent!"

He lighted his pipe and became so immersed in thought that Jane cleared the table alone. When the dishwater was ready she tactfully roused him to a sense of duty.

"Do you know," he observed when he had armed himself with a dish towel, "if I could get one hundred of Joe's best customers to do the same thing he'd have to lower his prices or go out of business?"

"I wish I could reduce my expenses as easily," Jane sighed. "But I can't get meat and groceries and milk with a safety razor."

"It could be done," Henry exclaimed. "I mean, of course, prices could be brought down if you could only persuade everybody to do it—to just cut down their buying."

"Why don't you try to persuade them—here in Daleville? You could do it if anyone could, Henry."

"Shucks!" Henry snorted. "Nobody could do it! It can't be done! Old human nature is the profiteer's Man Friday. We all sit round and cuss, but when it comes to doing anything we can't get together."

"Try it anyway!"

"Humph!"

At eleven o'clock the argument ended in the usual way—with Henry agreeing to try it anyway. He was the opposite of enthusiastic, but nevertheless he spent most of the night and all of Sunday figuring out how to go about it.

When Daleville saw Henry's hand-lettered cards tacked up in the usual places Monday morning it was interested. Whatever Henry announced on those familiar cards of his was fairly certain to prove an alleviation of the prevalent monotony. This particular announcement had the additional appeal of mystery. It read:

THEY

ARE DRAINING YOUR LIFE BLOOD!

THE

SELF-PRESERVATION LEAGUE

WILL SAVE YOU

JOIN IT!

OPERA HOUSE, MONDAY NIGHT, 7:30

They answered the appeal—practically all of them. Even the barber shop and the drug store were closed. Henry wasted no time on preliminaries. At precisely seven-thirty, clad in jean overalls and a blue shirt, he rose on the stage and announced:

"I want one hundred of Joe Patterson's customers to stand up and solemnly agree not to get shaved in his shop for one year and not to have their hair cut oftener than once in four weeks."

There was silence, then a titter. They didn't know what Henry was up to, but it started out as though it was going to be pretty funny. Joe himself, down near the front, stiffened to withstand the joke when it should rebound in his direction.

"I'm not joking," Henry said with all solemnity. "I mean just that. If I can get one hundred and fifty, so much the better. It means a saving of twenty dollars upward for every man, depending on how much money he is accustomed to spend for barbering."

At that Joe rose up. He was somewhat inarticulate, because he couldn't understand at all.

"What you trying to do, Henry?" he complained. "That'll ruin my business. What you wanta do that for?"

"I am trying to reduce the cost of living for all of us, Joe."

"But you're putting me outa business. Ain't I got a right to live?"

"The same qualified right that all of us have, Joe—the right to live if you can."

"But you got no right to take a man's living away from him," Joe protested desperately. "It's wrong; it—it's wicked!"

"No more wicked than it was for you to double your prices," Henry returned in his gently insistent way.

"But I had to do it, Hen. My expenses were going up and I had to do something to meet 'em."

"And, of course, it did not occur to you, Joe, that your doing that would help toward putting me out of business. My expenses are going

(Continued on Page 49)

He Persuaded a Few Others to Give Part Time to the Emergency Task of Getting the Vital Crops In. And by This Makeshift Means the Task Bade Fair to be Accomplished

CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY

Aloxite Wheels sharpen and accurately shape the teeth of the big band saws of the lumber mill

Aloxite Wheels grind wood-working knives without burning—without drawing the temper.

And the cabinet maker and the carpenter sharpen their tools with Carborundum Stones.

Aloxite Grinding Wheels Play an All-Important Part in Getting Out the Lumber of the Nation.

In hundreds of mills throughout the country the great band saws—some of them seventy-five feet in length—and the giant circular saws—many of them six feet in diameter—are busy getting out the lumber of the Nation.

Ponderous ribbons and discs of steel are these big tools, yet they are so delicate as to require the utmost care and expert attention. It is in keeping these saws on the job that Aloxite Grinding Wheels render their invaluable service to the lumber industry.

Every tooth in every saw must be accurately shaped—perfectly sharpened.

They must be ground with a wheel that cuts clean, fast and cool. There must be no undue friction or heat, because the temper or the strength of the tooth must not be impaired—and the grinding wheel must hold its shape to insure accurately ground teeth. It is grinding to a nicety, and Aloxite Wheels do this work, meeting every condition with amazing efficiency.

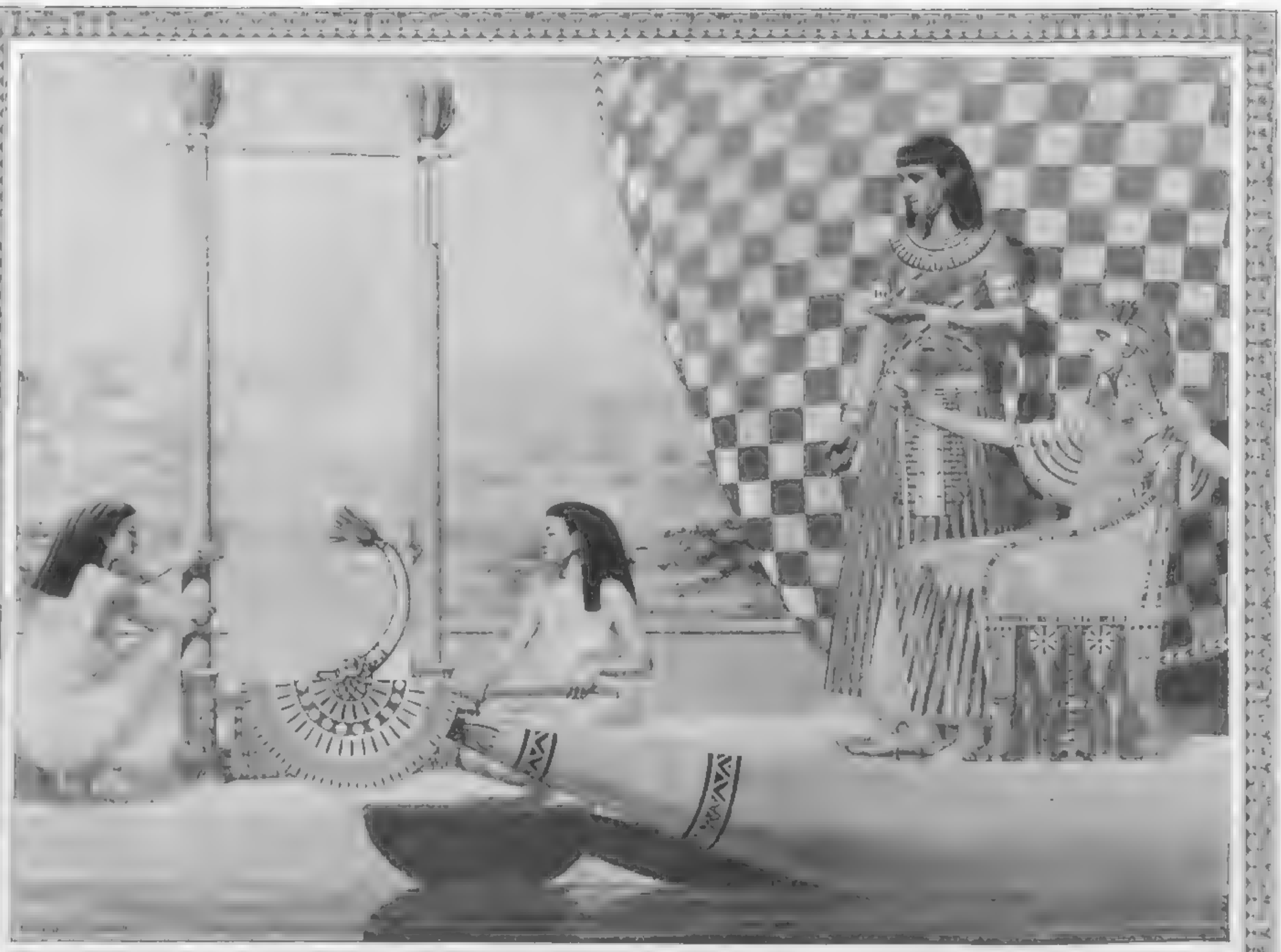
In the grinding of veneer, planer and moulding knives—in the sharpening of general woodworking tools, Aloxite Wheels are giving the same distinctive service.

Aloxite is an artificial abrasive or grinding material made in the marvelous electric furnaces at the plant of The Carborundum Company. It is a Carborundum product.

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

BRANCH STORES:

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON PITTSBURGH CLEVELAND
CINCINNATI GRAND RAPIDS MILWAUKEE



EAGLE SHIRTS

Unapproached in Weave, Design and Coloring

DURING the 18th Dynasty (about 1700 to 1400 B.C.), the kingdom of Egypt grew into an empire. Not only by victories over arrogant enemies, and not only by new conquests, did the great Pharaohs of that period enrich and broaden their country. They were builders of industries, patrons of the fine arts. With keen perception of the importance of weaving, they generously aided that thriving industry.

Given such rich encouragement, those ancient weavers advanced wonderfully in their art. And pursuing their high ideals they were the first to produce fine cloths woven in colorful and artistic designs.

The makers of Eagle Shirts are guided by those same high ideals that made weaving a fine art in ancient Egypt. Given rich encouragement by an ever more appreciative public, they are producing shirts that are unequalled in originality of weave, artistry of design and beauty of color. And exclusiveness, of course, is assured—for the makers of Eagle Shirts are also weavers of their shirtings. Faultless tailoring, moderate prices, and service that is absolutely guaranteed are further Eagle Shirt advantages.

Latest selection of Eagle Shirts now displayed at the *best* men's wear establishments.

JACOB MILLER SONS & COMPANY

Established 1867

Weavers of Shirtings—Makers of Shirts

Philadelphia

A full color reproduction of Edward B. Edwards' above masterpiece showing Thothmes IV visiting the weavers is now displayed by the leading merchants who are featuring Eagle Shirts.

If you do not know where to obtain Eagle Shirts, write us. We will send you a card of introduction to the merchant and also a brochure on The History of Weaving

EAGLE SHIRT

(Continued from Page 46)

up just as rapidly as yours, but—I call Mr. Wellington to witness—my best efforts to increase my income correspondingly have failed. I have got to do something to meet the increasing cost of living just as you did, and since I can't increase my income as you did I shall have to curtail my outgo. I am giving as much thought to the effect of my action on you as you gave to the effect of your action on me. In fact, I am giving more, because I am honestly sorry for you, whereas I doubt if you wasted one tiny worry on me.

"But I haven't called you together to-night for the sole purpose of putting Joe Patterson out of business—in fact, Joe is only a very small incident. What I aim at is to cut the price of wheat, because in the long run the price of wheat governs the price of grain in general and grain governs the price of the other things we eat and wear and use."

"But how's shaving yourself going to affect the price of wheat?—that's what I want to know," demanded the unhappy barber.

"Not very much, all by itself, Joe," Henry replied. "But if enough of you people take up with my idea I think I can show you before snow flies that every time you shave yourself you knock one little chip off the price of wheat. And that, with all the other chips we are going to knock off, will make a hole in it that will be visible to the naked eye.

"The truth is, folks, that we ourselves are to blame for the high cost of living—the whole kit and caboodle of us. We sit round and swear at the profiteers and cuss the President because he doesn't come home and call Congress and make everything lovely right off the bat. Congress may legislate itself black in the face, but it can't repeal the law of supply and demand—they've tried to amend it once or twice and that's one of the things that ail us now.

"We are producing too little and consuming too much. Half the hired men in the world have been on a five-year debauch. Millions of them are dead; more of them haven't got over it enough yet to go back to work; a lot of others who might work just won't. The rest of us, who are back in the shop, are spending most of our time trying to figure how we can do less work and get more money for it. Here we are with a five-year shortage to make good, half our working force gone and the other half loafing on the job. To make it worse a lot of people are getting more money than they ever dreamed of getting and so they think they are richer. They are calling for things they never thought of trying to buy in the old days. Everybody is trying to buy things, but nobody wants to make things.

"The demand is bigger than the supply—that's all, and when that situation occurs prices go up. What we've got to do is to cut down the demand and increase the supply—buy less and produce more; save our money and work harder. We can't do much to help the general situation, because the world isn't going to be greatly interested in the Daleville Self-Preservation League. But we can do enough to better our own lot. If you are interested I will give you my idea and then you may do as you see fit. There is no pledge."

They applauded vociferously, but Henry wagged his head and smiled wryly at them as he went on:

"I warn you that it will hurt considerably in spots and none of you can be certain that he won't be one of the spots. But I believe that will be brief and temporary and that every one of us will ultimately be benefited.

"Now in the first place I am going to shave myself, and have my hair cut not oftener than once in four weeks. I am going to wear overalls like these and colored shirts—cheap, washable clothes—every day, including Sunday. I have laid away the only good pair of shoes I possess and dug out all my old ones. I am going to have them patched and wear them until they fall to pieces. What that means to the rest of you is this: Cut down your expenditures for clothes and shoes to the lowest possible figure, regardless of looks."

Two heads shot up in different corners of the room. They were those of Alfred Worden, the shoe man, and Lester Billings, tailor and clothier. But Henry forestalled them: "Exactly! You and a few others are going to suffer most at first. Your situation also illustrates the weakness that comes from our inconspicuous position in the world. Your prices are largely governed from outside. We cannot hope for much cheaper clothes or shoes except as you may feel impelled to scale your own profits a little—which I suspect you might be able to do without selling at a loss. The same is true of most groceries—sugar, coffee, crackers; practically all of them. Tobacco too. These things, which are too big to be affected by any reduction of local demand, we must simply estimate as luxuries and cut our consumption of them to the minimum—the absolute, irreducible, rock-bottom minimum; and that means to reduce till it hurts.

"After all, getting down to the basis of things, those are really luxuries. Life could be maintained—has been—quite comfortably without them. But the real fundamental essentials of life we can govern right here at home—meat, bread, poultry, eggs, milk, vegetables. These are things we can raise for ourselves."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Henry," rose a plaintive voice. "The prices I pay for my meat is fixed in Chicago. I'm selling now on such a narrow margin it ain't giving me more than a bare living."

"I've sometimes wondered why you kept up the struggle, Pete," rejoined Henry. "But take courage, we are going to rescue you from the clutches of the meat barons. You used to help your father do his own slaughtering, didn't you? Well, we'll have you back at it again before Thanksgiving. And I see Anse Howard rising to make similar observations concerning the grocery business. I tell you, Anse, that your foreign groceries are hereafter unhallowed luxuries. And along in the fall Newt Hawkins is going to begin to mill our flour for us—you can do that, can't you, Newt?"

"I could," the miller returned somewhat doubtfully, "but it wouldn't be like this patent flour you're used to."

"Of course not," Henry agreed. "It won't look as good and perhaps it won't taste as good until we get used to it, but I have an idea it will feed heartier."

"There is one thing you seem to have forgotten, Henry."

An elderly man with a weathered face, a square gray beard and shrewd, kindly eyes had risen. He spoke slowly and with dignity:

"All of this comes back onto us farmers—we're at the bottom of it. If you are going to cut prices on wheat and milk and beef and the rest of 'em it means that we've got to raise more and sell cheaper. Well, we can't do either one. We're raising now all we can get help to raise, and with the wages we have to pay we can't sell what we do raise any cheaper than we're selling it now—not and make anything on it."

"Quite true, Mr. Stockwell," Henry smiled. "But it is not going to cost you so much to raise your crops this summer, and you are going to have all the help you need to raise the extra wheat and things which we require. And now, you kids, a word to you if you can wake up long enough. You're in on this too. No candy, no chewing gum, no ice cream—did you know you were paying about twice as much for ice cream as you used to?"

"That ain't so, Henry," a new voice broke in. "I'm charging five cents a cone—same as I always did."

"I know that, Frank. I buy one myself now and then, and there's just half as much ice cream in it as there used to be. Figure it out for yourselves, fellows. Of course it costs Frank more to make it, but I guess he could manage to sell the new-size cone for four cents at that. Ice cream is a home product. You fellows keep away from the drug store for a spell now and we'll bring it down where Frank can afford to give us the old amount for a nickel. Are you with me?"

"Ye-e-s-a-y!" agreed the juvenile section of the gathering. They were with Henry on any and every proposition he propounded, forasmuch as he had never played them false.

"Now, folks," Henry went on earnestly, "the proposition in a nutshell is just this: Think three or four times before you decide to spend two cents on anything and then think again and see if you can't get along on one cent's worth. And don't be so darned afraid of work. Have a garden—every man in town ought to have one as big as he can manage or a little bigger. Do your own washing—you men can get up Monday morning and help. If you keep your mind on it you'll be surprised at the number of things you can go without or do for yourselves. If you find it isn't working out the way you expected come and see me and we'll talk it over."

When the meeting broke up, which was not until the mercantile section of Daleville had expressed itself individually with considerable emphasis, Stockwell, the farmer, approached Henry with a quizzical smile.

"I don't quite see through this, Henry, but you usually know what you're doing and I guess you know this time. I cal'late a lot of us that clapped our hands pretty loud to-night are going to get a taste of something we don't like—sort of a dose of castor oil for our own good, huh? Well, if they don't lynch you first, Henry, you'll probably come out all right. And by the way, I can use all the help you can get me at twenty dollars or maybe twenty-five dollars a month and board."

Joe Patterson lasted just three days under the new régime and then came up to Henry's house in a mood of mingled wrath and tears.

"I supposed you're satisfied now," he said sullenly. "You've ruined me. I'm drawing money from the bank to live on."

"It's hard luck, Joe, and I'm sorry. I mean that," Henry answered. "You're not ruined, though, and you won't be."

"Why not?" Joe demanded angrily. "You know how much money I got in the bank—how long will that support a wife and two kids?"

"Not long—if you try to live on it," Henry agreed. "But, Joe, when you began barbering you were a good farm hand. Sam Stockwell is looking for help at twenty-five dollars a month and board. Probably you could arrange to take the board home to the family. And you could keep the shop open nights the same as you did when you first began."

A long and sometimes stormy argument followed, but the next day found Joe at work clearing brush and stones from a pasture that was to become a wheat field.

From that moment Trouble became Henry's sworn brother and was rarely absent from him, even when he slept. The castor oil was being more widely administered than even he had foreseen. Close on Joe's heels came young Tom Galusha, who had been clerking it in Al Worden's shoe store. The shoe business had fallen flat and Tom had lost his job. Tom started in to be rather truculent, but Henry threw him into a chair and laughed him to cheerfulness of a sort.

"What was Al paying you, Tommie?" he demanded.

"Six dollars a week, but I was going to get more pretty soon."

"Four times six is twenty-four dollars a month. You're an object for pity, Thomas. You've got to give up a twenty-four-dollar job and take one that only pays twenty-five dollars and board. You report at Stockwell's to-morrow morning and tell him I sent you."

"I don't want to work on a farm," the boy wailed.

"Of course you don't," Henry retorted. "You'd rather slop round in a store and wait on people and keep your hands pretty and your muscles soft, even if it costs you ten or fifteen dollars a month to do it. If you tried to play baseball now you'd drop dead. Get out on the farm and harden up and presently your twenty-five dollars will buy as much as fifty dollars will now."

The next attack came from a different direction. It came from Henry's boss.

"Now-a, Henry," Mr. Wellington began with a portentous clearing of his throat, "of course I know that your theory is sound enough as a theory, Henry, but it's turning out to be sort of a boomerang. Three loans that were as good as made have been called off to-day. Joe Patterson was planning to put five thousand dollars into an addition to his shop for pool and bowling. Al Worden has decided not to build that new house and Anse Howard has canceled the plans for enlarging his store. Altogether it amounts to eighteen thousand five hundred dollars."

"That's healthy," Henry rejoined. "Pool and bowling, as the town stands now, would be only an artificial stimulus to spending. Al really isn't in financial condition to build a house anyway, and Anse's store is plenty big enough if he'd make an efficient arrangement of his goods. All three of them were pure inflation and we're better off without them. The farmers are going to need money for new equipment, fertilizer and wages until they can cash in on the new crop."

"But it's cutting into our deposits already, Henry. No business, no deposits ——"

"We'll get them back soon enough. Meantime we're gaining in the savings department. Four new accounts there to-day and all of the money saved in just one week."

"Hum-m!" Wellington commented. "How about the men and boys who are losing their jobs—Patterson and Galusha. Anse Howard discharged young Raymond to-day and says he will have to let his other clerk go by the end of the week. Billings is going to discharge his clerk to-morrow. Frank Cramer says he cannot make the drug store pay without the soda business. And that's the way it is going all round."

"I'm sorry in a way," Henry replied; "but actually it won't hurt any of them. The clerks are getting practically as good pay on the farms as they got before, and healthier work—even if they do not like it as well. They become producers instead of mere overhead charges on the community. The drug store can be run on short time just as the barber shop is and Cramer can put his time into productive farm work.

"The point is, as, of course, you have seen, Mr. Wellington, that not one job has been affected—not one will be more than momentarily affected—which is basically essential to the existence of the community. They all contribute to its comfort, but they also contribute to its expenses and it can maintain life perfectly well without them. And when we are thinking in the larger terms of the community we cannot afford to think in terms of the individual who may suffer."

By the time spring plowing was under way not only Stockwell but a dozen smaller farmers found their farms manned with labor so plentiful and cheap that they could hardly believe the evidence of their eyes and pay rolls. Every one of them was in position to double his cultivated acreage. It was the season when milk was scarce and when chickens were hatching. The lessening of demand for dairy products did not bother the farmers at that particular time, while the prospects for the future filled them with delight.

But in the village there was lamentation and loud talk, for there was scarcely a soul therein—barring Henry himself, the two ministers of the gospel, the school teachers and a very few others of fixed and immutable income—who was not feeling the reflex of the economy wave. Not even Henry had realized how closely the interests of each individual in the community were interwoven with the interests of all the rest.

Runyon, the carpenter, had been counting upon Al Worden's new house and the alterations in the barber shop and grocery store to keep him busy all summer. His two journeymen and an apprentice boy suffered with him and were forced to seek work on the farms. In one of these Mrs. Pearson lost a regular boarder at the little hotel, which ordinarily furnished her a home and maintenance. She likewise lost the trade of the drummers, who ceased their visits when the stores ceased buying from them. Mrs. Brophy, the washerwoman, found her occupation swept away by the new fashion of washing at home, as did young Elmer Tibbetts, who partly supported a widowed mother on his commissions as agent for a steam laundry in a larger town fifty miles away. Henry Robbins' heart turned rather sick as he catalogued the long list.

In the meantime clothes and shoes and meat and groceries cost as much as ever, except where the retailers had seen fit to scale a few pennies from their margin of profit in the hope of attracting customers. The fruits of their sharp economies were barely sufficient—in many cases insufficient—to balance the curtailment of their incomes, and few indeed were endowed with the vision to see in their weary labor on the farms the promise of better times just ahead.

Thus Henry's life became just one argument after another, and it was high testimony to their love and confidence that his arguments did prevail with the individuals at whom they were directed.

He could have told in a single word how to end it all, and sometimes in his extremity he was tempted to do it. Yet if he had told them that by resuming their old scale of expenditures they would restore the former order of things they would in all likelihood have slain him on the spot. Increasing expenditures would not have appealed to their simple mental processes as a logical method of treating deflated pocketbooks. So they increased the rigor of their economies and more cheap labor made its way to the farms on the hills.

The first ray of light came to Henry one afternoon in May when he encountered Pete, the butcher, actually smiling.

"I finally got Sam Stockwell to sell me a heifer," Pete announced. "Got her pretty cheap too. Sam's getting more milk now than he can use, and he's beginning to cut down stock a little. Creamery ain't shipping quite as much as usual past few weeks, and the village ain't buying as much as they used to either. Guess all of 'em's beginning to feel it a little."

It was not in Pete's nature really to gloat, but he was not above cherishing a touch of chaste contentment at the thought that the arrogant farmers might be getting a taste of theirs.

Henry, too, was jubilant in his soul, for here was evidence that the medicine had begun to work.

"A fine critter, I tell yeh, Henry. I'll have her on the blocks in a couple of days," were the butcher's parting words.

The appearance of that relatively cheap native beef was the greatest sensation Daleville had known since the big fire. When the meat-starved villagers saw Pete's card in the window they could not believe their eyes. It read:

Sirloin steak	$ .35 lb.
Round steak	.25 lb.
Rib roast	.30 lb.
Pot roast	.20 lb.

It was literally a riot. For these same cuts they had been paying respectively sixty to sixty-eight cents, fifty-five cents, forty-five to fifty cents and thirty-eight to forty-two cents—and they went crazy over it. All day long Pete cut and weighed and sold, and when—worn out—he locked the door in the face of the stragglers scarcely even a bone or a strip of fat remained, for he had been too busy and his customers too insistent to permit of trimming.

It was a few days later that Stockwell, the farmer, dropped in at the bank.

"So you're still alive!" he said.

"Just about," Henry replied with a grimace.

"I guess the worst is over now, Henry. I begin to see what you're driving at, and it looks like it was going to work. I'm giving you a little boost—going to let Pete have a hog to kill Monday. I'm really letting it go for less than it's worth—a little—because I had to buy skim milk from the creamery and some corn to feed my pigs last winter and the big ones are pretty expensive pork. But for more'n a month now I've been feeding 'em on garbage. First time in three years I've had help enough to collect garbage in the village, and it's been going to waste down here all that time. I can tell you it makes a big difference in the cost of raising pigs. Got a bunch of new shotes growing up on it now, and I can pretty near afford to give 'em to Pete in the fall."

"How are crops coming?" Henry asked.

"Fine so far, I tell you, Henry! I got so used to working short-handed and paying high prices for corn and hay and things I could have raised myself if I'd had the help, that I'd clean forgotten what it was like to run a farm the old way. I won't have to buy a thing this winter. I've got help enough to cut all the hay I can feed up to next summer. I'll have corn enough—and cheap enough—to feed it to the pigs if I want to without making 'em much more expensive than if I fed 'em on garbage. And you know what cheap corn means in the cost of chickens and eggs. Without any hay or cattle feed to buy next winter, I cal'late my milk is going to cost me maybe two or three cents a quart less than it has been. The creamery'll be paying the same—maybe better—and that means probably twice or three times the profit on every quart I ship out. I tell you, Henry, I guess you didn't figure yourself it was going to work out quite as strong as this when you set out, did you?"

"I didn't set out to raise the farmers' profits," Henry retorted grimly. "I set out to lower the cost of living in the village. If you farmers pass a share of it on to us down here it will come out all right."

"We'll have to," the farmer declared. "We're raising more than we can get rid of any other way, and besides we're just as much interested in keeping prices down as you are—on quite a lot of things. With the cheap help we got now and the cheap feed that's coming we can sell our extra milk down here for seven cents a quart and make a profit on it. We'll have wheat enough to feed the town and we'll probably make as much selling it here as we would trying to ship it out. It'll be the same with corn, and we might as well turn it into cheap pork and beef and chickens and eggs as let it rot. We're going to lose money on truck, Henry—did you tell all the farmers the same thing you told me?"

"I urged them all to raise vegetables for sale."

"And you advised everybody down here to run a garden," the farmer commented with a sardonic New England smile. "Well, I guess everybody took your advice. We'll be paying people to haul the vegetables off the place this summer."

"It won't be as bad as that," said Henry. "You remember what the famous old lady is reputed to have said when they asked her what on earth they did with all the fruit on the place?"

"No."

"She said. 'We eat what we can and what we can't eat we can.' She was a thrifty soul, and we might do worse than imitate her."

Out of that sprang Mrs. Pearson's community canning center, which turned the little hotel from a place of gloom and poverty into a hive of bustling prosperity. The bank financed the equipment and supplies, taking a small mortgage on the property. The industry cared for the surplus vegetables of the whole community and for great quantities of fruit and wild berries. It gave steady employment to the erstwhile waitress and chambermaid, whom Mrs. Pearson had been forced to discharge when the hotel business went flat; to Mrs. Brophy, the idle washerwoman; to Elmer Tibbetts, the ruined laundry boy, who lacked the strength for farm work, and to his mother besides. The gathering of the raw material occupied and enriched the boys and girls of the village. After winter needs of the housewives had been provided for there was a surplus so cheaply produced that it was able to bear heavy transportation charges to a distant city and yet bring back a profit which left Mrs. Pearson with all debts clear and a neat balance against the winter.

Then in various other unforeseen ways business began to pick up. Al Worden had once been a shoemaker and he resurrected his old bench and set it up in the rear of his shoe store. He also resurrected one Twomy, in his day a skillful tanner of hides, whom the centralizing tendencies of modern industry had long since banished into obscurity. Pete, who had no profitable market for the occasional cattle hides from his slaughter house, was glad to sell them for a song. Twomy tanned them and Worden turned them into rough but serviceable working shoes. With the prices of shoes as near heaven as they were in the summer of 1919 there was no difficulty in conducting this rude and elementary industry with reasonable profit to all concerned. In two weeks Al was employing the town cobbler and two boys, one of whom—tempted by higher wages—came off one of the farms. When he heard of that Henry sighed deeply and ceased to smile so triumphantly as had been his wont of late.

By this time Pete was getting about all the meat he could handle or the village could eat. The villagers' economy of milk consumption made the farmers willing to sell at a fairly low price the really negligible percentage of beef stock which the little meat market required. Scrap-fed pigs were also available because of the plentiful labor which made possible the gathering of this cheap feed. Pete was his own cattle buyer, carrier, packer, wholesaler and retailer, and the usual costs of the middlemen, which he thus eliminated, were partially passed on to the consumer in the form of low prices. Meat became a commonplace on tables which had known it only as an extravagant luxury for several years. Here too, however, Henry soon detected a presage of possible trouble in the future.

"The wholesalers are beginning to write me funny letters," Pete said to him one day. "Curious about why I've stopped buying. If the big fellers find out I'm selling native meat they'll be putting in a store here and underselling me. That's what they did to my father—sold less than cost till his business was all shot to pieces and he either had to quit or promise to buy from them."

"I don't believe they'd do that now," Henry replied reassuringly, but his heart sank another degree.

It was not until late summer, of course, that the cheap wheat was ready to be ground in Newton Hawkins' mill and converted into cheap bread. The same was true of the effect of the cheaper corn upon poultry and eggs, though the farmers had to a certain degree responded to the lessened demand caused by the economy campaign in the village. But the dairy herds had long since freshened and begun to feed on grass, the only cost of which was interest on the low-priced pasture land and the taxes upon it. Labor to milk the cows and to handle the milk was plentiful and cheap, and the price for local consumption dropped to six cents, one cent better than the forecast of Farmer Stockwell.

Midsummer saw Henry's scheme at the high tide of its success, despite the fact that some of its chief benefits had not yet reached full fruition. Meat, milk products and vegetables were plentiful and cheap. Practically everyone had become adjusted to the new conditions of smaller income and smaller expenses, and most of them found to their surprise that the margin of income over outgo was relatively materially larger than it had been in the days when considerably more money passed through their hands. This was partly due no doubt to the fact that they had practiced an economy far more rigid than had been the custom in the other days. At any rate they found themselves possessed of a real and tangible balance of money in hand, which made them realize that their seeming prosperity under the old régime had been more apparent than real. Those who had been forced into occupations less desirable than the tasks they had left had not yet found the irksomeness sufficient to overbalance the advantages of the new situation. It was a happy community in the main, still under the sway of the novelty and surprise of it all.

So no one except Henry detected the new slant in the wind. Business continued to improve. Al Worden found an increasing demand for his regular lines of foreign shoes. Anse Howard, who had made a fair living despite the embargo by handling products of the farms and selling such quantity of general groceries as was necessary even under a reign of economy, found his trade in these picking up of a sudden with surprising rapidity. Both he and Al were presently forced to call back their clerks from the farms, despite the protests of the farmers, who needed every pair of hands for the impending harvest.

Lester Billings, the tailor, had not had his premonitions of ruin fulfilled. His trade in the cheap washable cotton clothes, which Henry had made fashionable, had sufficed to maintain him, and now he, too, felt the slackening which came with the villagers' realization that they again possessed a margin of real money. The trade in ready-made woolen clothing began to increase at a very rapid rate and soon he, too, was offering inducements to his former clerk to abandon the farm.

Frank Cramer's ice cream cones had—as Henry predicted—increased somewhat in proportion to the decrease in the cost of his raw materials. Though they never quite attained their ancient proportions, they had long been sufficiently large to tempt the juveniles whose pockets were bursting with the proceeds of the fruit and berry picking. Frank had been one of the first to drop the hoe and return full time to the soda fountain.

At length Stockwell came to Henry with a long face.

"It don't seem to be working out quite right somehow, Henry," he said.

"Not right," Henry admitted, smiling ruefully, "but quite naturally."

He refused to expand this, but listened sympathetically to the farmer's tragic story of the shrinkage of his help.

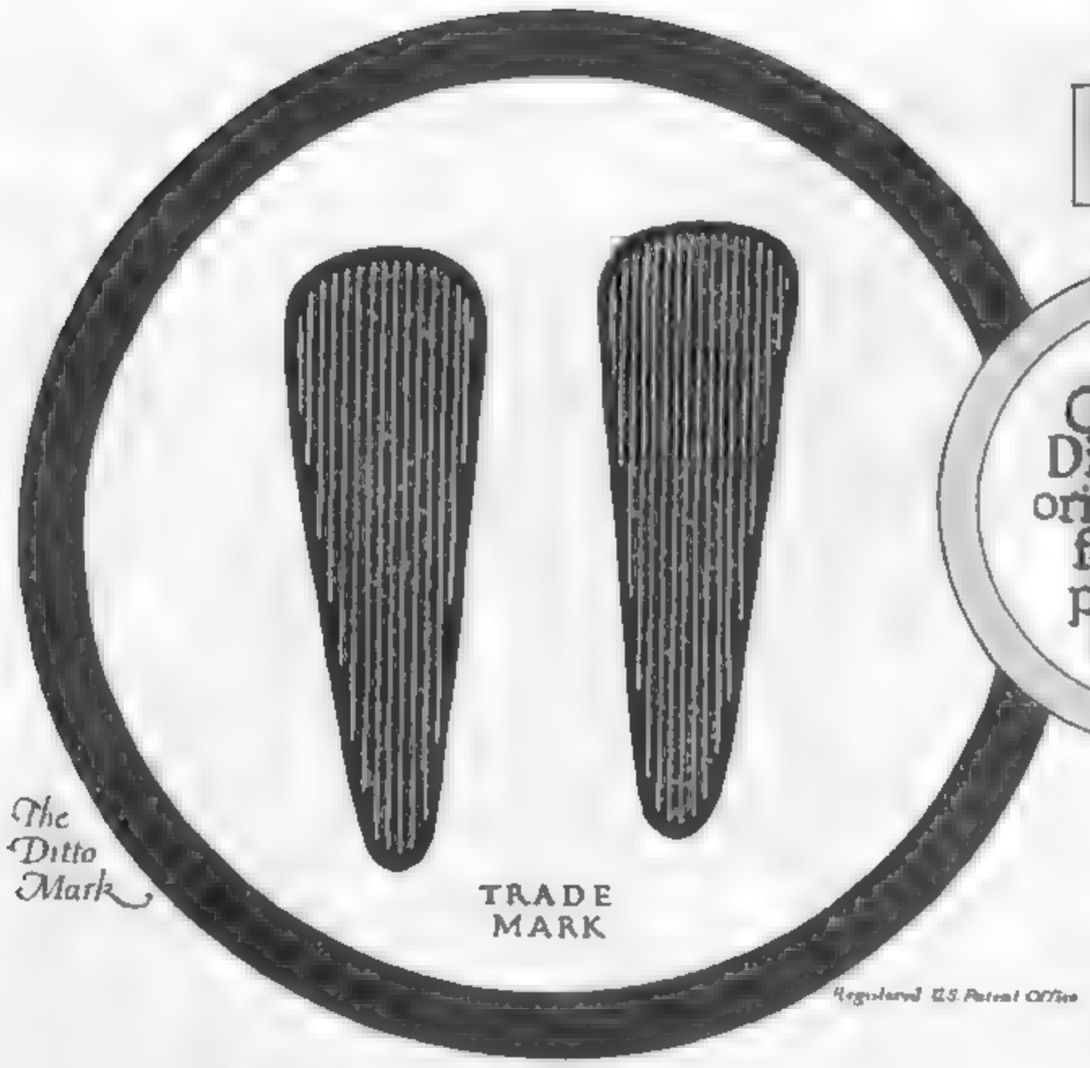
"I'll tell you," he said at the end of it; "if I can arrange it at the bank I'll help you afternoons."

He was as good as his word, though it forced him to work at the bank in the early morning and late at night. He persuaded a few others also to give part time to the emergency task of getting the vital crops in. And by this makeshift means the task bade fair to be accomplished.

In those weeks there was in all the village no such shame-faced hang-dog person as Joe Patterson. Joe's devotion to Henry approached worship and he felt that he had played a Judas part, for he had bit by bit extended the hours of his barbering until he was once more devoting his whole time to the shop. The guilty feeling oppressed him heavily and he avoided Henry as he might have dodged the avenging angel.

Henry had stuck to his self-shaving against odds which became well-nigh insurmountable when he stretched his working days from dawn to nearly midnight. One evening, returning from his farm tasks with a three days' beard tormenting his face and a mountain of bookkeeping ahead of him, he temporarily abandoned the struggle and entered the barber shop. Joe was trying to smile and in attempting

(Concluded on Page 194)



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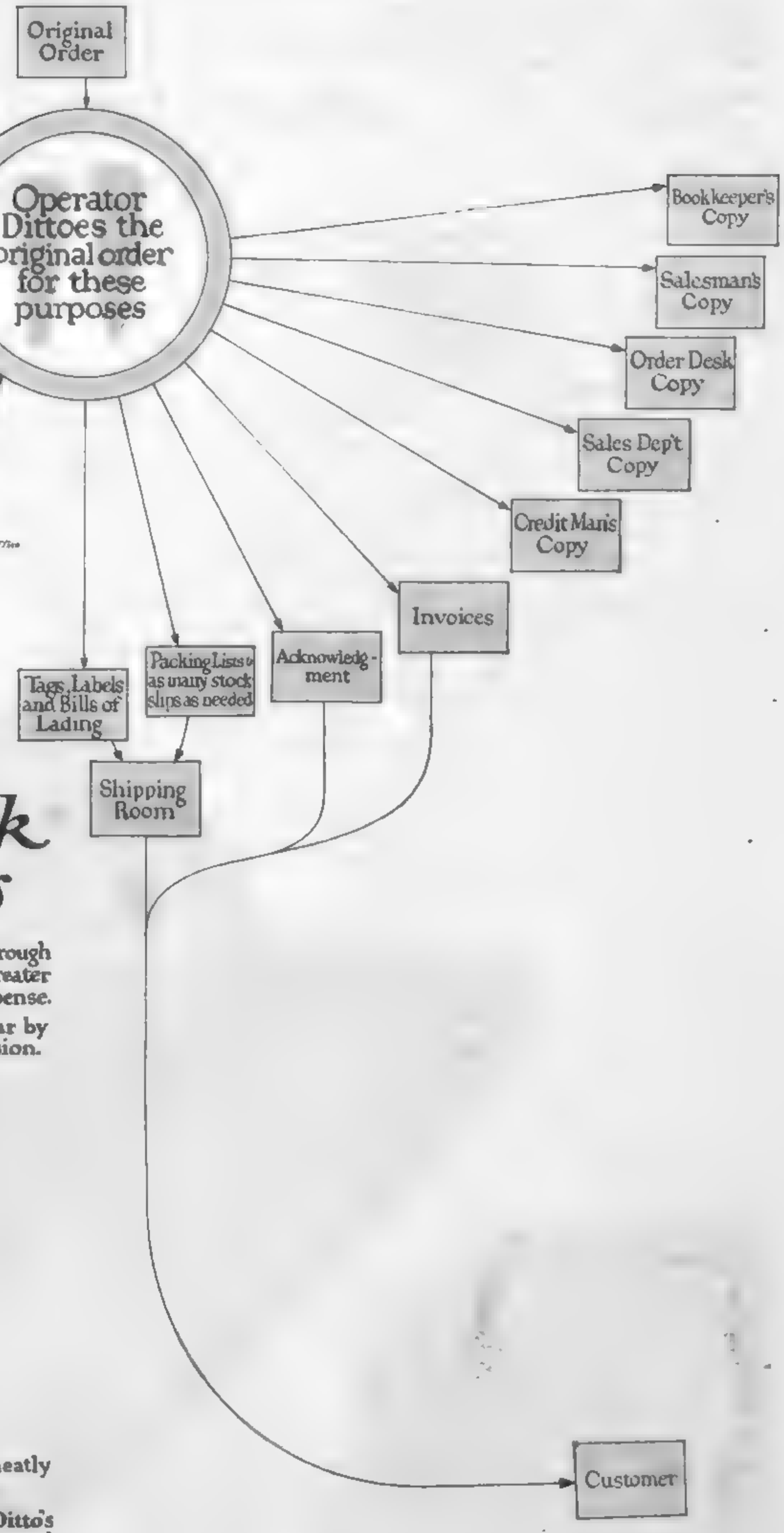

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CAVE STUFF—By Josephine A. Meyer

IN THE flourishing adolescence of the town of Marion, Montana, where I had been assigned to some school-survey work, I came across the name of Orville Ard over the door of a large, well-kept express office. I stopped in astonishment and stood gaping through the handsome plate-glass windows, shamelessly intent on getting a view of its proprietor. I could not believe that two families in one country could combine the defects of ear and humor that made that name possible, yet the imposing affluence of the Orville Ard Transportation Company's headquarters had absolutely nothing in common with the Ards as I had known them ten years back down in Maine.

That summer we had camped on one of the many lakes Maine contains for the convenience of city campers, and our nearest source of supplies was the seedy little village of North Bradford. There one could find a general store, a livery stable, a shoemaker's, three boarding houses, a few devitalized farms and some unhappy, decrepit homes that seemed to have come into this gathering for mere company's sake. To this last class the Ards belonged, shiftless and poverty-stricken. They seemed to get their living by doing useless things badly and by simply being the Ards. It was an old stock and notable for two reasons: its ability to endure—due to its being too healthy to die out and too lazy to move away—and its astoundingly virile, clamorous and consistent bad temper. To be "as mad as Ol' Ard" was locally conceded to be the superlative degree of wrathfulness. Most of the family, when their time came, went off in apoplexy like firecrackers, but there always remained behind an Ol' Ard, male or female, to fit the proverb.

They were a tall, stout, red-blooded and powerful tribe, and as no family but themselves dared defy their aggression they usually confined their contentiousness to their own kind. The young that survived the beating up that did for bringing up in their midst arrived at man's or woman's estate hardy and vengeful. They were a compelling clan as a whole and the reports on their home life that circulated freely among their neighbors bullied the town into a kind of respect for them.

All but Orville.

He was about twenty-two at the time and the eldest grandson of the then existing Ol' Ard. He was a big, black-browed giant in that family of giants, in face and form the incarnation of the tigerish ferocity of his breed, but to the disgust of the community bearing in his deep hairy chest the palpitating heart of a mouse. If his brother Homer, six years his junior, had not once openly attacked him with a hammer before an assemblage in the general store, North Bradford's pessimism regarding the inferiority of the new generation would have been confirmed.

All the suppressed trepidation of his ancestors came out in Orville. Not only could his own family bait and abuse him with impunity, but the whole town and the country surrounding after tentative trials took up the game. It sounded brave and risky to say you had sassed an Ard. It would get a rise out of inhabitants for miles round until they remembered and added scornfully: "Oh—you mean Orville! Him!"

It wasn't because he was good-natured that he stood for being kicked about either. Most butts I have met have rather relished their position in society, or at least have made a grace of it. But Orville was openly miserable. He sulked and growled smothered and unoriginal curses to himself, and on occasions when sufficiently goaded had been known to weep. I was at first inclined to believe this might be due to a physical weakness that belied his splendid figure, but I was mistaken. His towering body, well, if somewhat thickly built, his great heavy arms and tremendous knotted hands, his broad back and shoulders and long muscular legs were not merely for show. This was evinced when his timid disposition brought down upon him the weighty drudgery of his family and of the village. He alone of the Ards was known to exhibit energy—involuntary, surly but effective.

The day I met him he had been detailed by the owner of the general store to carry our provisions down to the boat, and he bore them all in one load in a frowning silence that was not due to effort. There was no effort. I can swear to this, for it was my privilege to be near him when in the course of his trip he managed to stub his toe. He had plenty of breath for the occasion, and for a moment I wondered if it were for me—a stranger alone in the woods with him—to behold the long-looked-for breaking out of his temper. I confess to a sincere wish to share the honor with other witnesses—preferably large, strong ones. But suddenly he caught my eye and his uninspired profanity ceased as though it had been switched off like an electric light. He mumbled an apology, averting his head, and the turn of his shoulder and the furtive look in his eye suggested that he was dodging a prospective blow from me.

It was of these things I was thinking as I stared through the expanse of glass that made public the neat inner workings of the express office of Orville Ard in Marion, nearly three thousand miles from where I had last seen or heard of him. Failing to distinguish the burly coward from outside, I entered the office and boldly inquired for the boss—not sure of what I was going to say to him when I saw him. He had gone home, the foreman told me. It was late and the office was closing up. Something in his manner and that of his associates, something in the glances they exchanged and the awed drop to their voices when they spoke his name recalled to me the atmosphere of the general store at North Bradford when the genus Ard was mentioned—Orville excepted.

I inquired where Mr. Ard lived and the foreman hesitatingly told me. Then scratching his head, in a manner both anxious and embarrassed, he asked me if I were a personal friend of Mr. Ard.

"I knew him pretty well back in Maine. Yes, it's a purely social visit," I smiled.

"I see," he nodded uncertainly. "I beg your pardon, sir," he added desperately, "but if you know him pretty well you'll understand me when I ask you not to tell him who give you that address if he—if you—well, if—if that visit ain't a success."

"Mr. Ard is—er—irascible?" I ventured, muting the tones of enlightenment in my voice.

The foreman's glance roved nervously over my face, sidewise down my right arm to the floor, up the walls, across the ceiling, whence it leaped to my hat, and descending my forehead came back to my eyes. In that tour it had been unable to gather anything in the shape of a denial.

"Irascible," he admitted warily.

"See here," I said, "you are closing up. Would you object to letting me walk home with you? I'd like to hear something of Mr. Ard's story since he came here, before I call on him. To—to insure the success of my visit."

Having bound myself to him with his own words and manner, he became almost intimate at once. He arranged to have one of the other men lock up and we started out together immediately.

"First," I began, "to make sure this is the same man that I mean, how old is he?"

He gave me an excellent description of Orville as he might be ten years after my memory of him, ending with "He's got a arm on him like a derrick."

"When did he come here?"

"Oh, about six years ago. The town wasn't nothing then to what it is now. Just beginning, you might say—and he's had his hand in building it up. It's a funny thing."

The foreman shook his head, and here I shall take the liberty to transpose and compress his wandering tale into some sort of sequence, using in it some of the things I learned subsequently from other people.

Orville had been pitched into Marion by an accident—a railway accident. He was in the blackened, bloodstained overalls of a railroad employee when they picked him out of the débris and rushed him and four other victims to the nearest doctor, who happened to live in this little town, which was then six miles from the tracks. Two of the other four died, two recovered and quietly returned to work for the railroad, but Orville in the course of his interesting convalescence had stamped the personality of generations of Ards upon the great Northwest—to his own advantage.

I was inclined to reckon that the nearness of death, the solution of the mystery of pain—in a word, the realization at one blow of the worst he might expect in the way of bodily discomfort—had at last awakened courage and endurance in Orville, and with their wakening he had reverted to type. His weeks of mending were historic in Marion. At first he was merely a voice, blasphemous and unmodulated. Then his arms came into play and with the Ard precision he began to throw things—things that grew heavier as his strength increased from day to day. By the time he was well enough to get out of bed he showed indications of tearing up by the roots the ménage that had succored him. The gentle, hospitable pair who had devoted themselves to saving his life now were forced to devote themselves to saving their own and their household effects.

"But why did they allow him to stay on with them?" I demanded of the foreman at this point.

"Who in blazes was going to try to put him out?" replied the foreman succinctly.

Gradually his host and hostess, it appears, began to be grateful to him for not actually murdering them or devastating their property when it seemed the obvious thing for him to do. They felt for him that exaggerated tenderness a sentimental and safe community accords to pirates who show any signs, however meager, of human chivalry or self-control. They grew fond of him and not a little proud of his highly efficient pugnacity.

The old man was a sort of carrier or expressman, who gathered produce from the farmers round and took it to the railroad seven miles away. One day he suggested to Orville that that worthy might help—and was undoubtedly amazed when Orville consented. I imagine that Orville, trained to hard work, was bored by idleness. At any rate, he was a success, for his enormous strength and his truculence combined to aid him. He handled the goods assigned to his care with mordacious dispatch and looked with such malevolence upon those of his customers who had not a great deal of transporting to do that they redoubled their efforts to enlarge their business. An enforced diligence and prosperity reigned throughout the county.

Orville Ard's name became a byword, the reverse of what it had been in Maine. He was soon elected to the office of town councilman and two years after went up at the head of a committee to the headquarters of the railroad company to persuade them to extend their line out toward the growing Marion. The town aspired only to a spur. No one seems clear about that meeting except to agree that Orville did a lot of talking—loud talking that grew louder the longer he was listened to—and the upshot was that the old route became the spur and Marion was on the main line.

Shortly after this the old man retired from business and Orville took it over. His fearful vitality blew it bigger and bigger. In the course of time he had to have the use of several trucks and an office staff which finally included a stenographer.

"He wanted a girl," reported the foreman. "Now wouldn't you think he'd 'a' had no chance at all, him being what he was and known for it all over? I was with him those days already, and I told him what I thought—that we'd have the devil's own time gettin' a woman to come into his office."

"Did you?" I asked politely on his dramatic pause.

"We had the devil's own time keeping them out," he answered, his voice solemn before the miracle. "Even when he'd fired a half dozen or so—and with language it ain't usual for ladies to hear. More came all the time and them he'd fired come back. Why, they lapped up his tantrums like they was being made love to!"

"Cave-man stuff," I interpolated.

"Huh? Yeah, women is queer," he mused.

At last a woman came along who seemed to satisfy.

"I don't get it—not a little bit," said the foreman helplessly. "You'd orter seen her. She was no sort of looker and she sneaked round the place like a cockroach on cleanin' day. If you dropped a stamp behind her she'd jump like she was shot and she never sat down without she'd looked all round the chair to see it was safe."

"But she was a good worker?" I hinted.

"What, her?" He chewed his yellow mustache and let his inquiring eyes sum up the possibility of his criticisms going further. "She was the dernedest bungler I ever seen in all my born days," he confided at last circumspectly. "She took dictation like she was drawin' what he was saying, and maybe she was, but she was no artist and didn't know herself what it was all about ten minutes after she done it—she nor nobody else. He'd have to dictate all over again. An' as for bookkeeping—well, she had a way of adding by ear."

"Yet he kept her?" I demanded incredulously.

"Till he married her," answered the foreman briefly.

"Married her?"

"Oh, we was more surprised than you are! But I'll admit every one of us there was glad to get her out of the office. We was losing our nerves, what with being afraid of stepping on her and not daring to blame her for the bulls she made."

"Was he in love with her?"

"Mebbe." He looked skeptical.

"Perhaps he was sorry for her and that was the only humane method of firing her."

"Him!"

"What's your idea then?"

He shook his head.

"My wife says it's because she was the only woman he'd come across that didn't fall for him. Women like to think that."

"So she wasn't in love with him?"

"Lord, no! She wasn't that kind. It's as hard to understand her takin' him as it is to find out why he took her. But they got married all right. They bin married two years now without no hitch and they got a baby too. He named it after her people—Beltz."

"What?"

"Beltz—Beltz Ard. That was her name—Minnie Beltz. She was from Pennsylvania somewheres and her folks was Dutch. It is a kinder funny name when you think of it.

I'd have to be pretty fond of my wife before I'd let her give that kind of a name to my baby."

His marriage put an end to the idea of a woman stenographer and bookkeeper. Ever since then that old man with the whiskers had been employed. A good sort—had I noticed him?

"But it was too late then," said the foreman philosophically.

"Has married life altered him?" I asked curiously.

"No-o-o," answered the foreman after a judicial pause. "Sometimes it seems like it has, till you look back and remember. He couldn't be worse than what he was."

On the assurance that he was still town councilman I made up some question in connection with my school-survey work on which I might legitimately approach him, thinking it just as well to be armed with a motive. When I left the foreman I only took time to eat dinner, or rather supper, before going directly to the address he had given me. I did not wish to give myself time to recall all the Ard legends I had heard in Maine lest my present interest in Orville might die out.

The house was set well in a good-sized lot. It was pretty and neat and highly conventional, suggesting any nice suburban cottage. When I called to mind the family seat of the Ards in North Bradford and compared the two places my respect for Orville grew, likewise my desire to investigate his career.

As I approached up the pathway I heard a sound as though someone were making a speech—a passionate speech, punctuated by short, harrowing silences which seemed designed to reënforce the speaker's fury. I retarded my pace, not sure how keen I was about rencountering Orville, and I was hesitating on the steps of the porch when the front door was thrown wide open and the thunderous voice shouted: "Get the hell out of here! All of you! This is my home, not my office! I don't do no business here, an' if you don't keep your damned noses out of my private premises I'll brain the crowd of you!"

I was aware of a murmur—as incongruous as it was anxious—concerning hats, and then there was a rush past me in the dark like the flutter and whir of distracted fowls when a chicken house is invaded. The massive silhouette in the doorway called belated and virulent bits of advice after his fleeing visitors, and then at last we stood alone, face to face in the broken yellow light.

"Who are you?" he snarled acrimoniously.

I told him my name in a voice far calmer than my feelings and I added pleasantly the details of our last meeting in the Maine woods ten years ago. He listened to me, standing very still and silent, and because his features were just an inky blot against the drop lamp in the hall I could at first gather nothing of the effect I had produced on him. But all at once he reached out his hand for the support of the door knob, and to my amazement I beheld that he was trembling!

"From Maine?" he said, swallowing hard. "You don't say so!"

An extraordinary change had come over him. His loud and blustering voice sagged limply and I was reminded of the impotent flapping of a sail from which the wind had withdrawn. His enormous bulk seemed to grow soft under my eyes and I beheld that old familiar crouch of his shoulders that used to flinch so persistently before the thrashings his pusillanimity invited. He held out his hand with the gesture of one making haste to surrender.

"Come right in," he invited weakly. "How are the folks back home?"

I forgot completely my carefully planned method of attack, as I forgot the new vision of Orville in the old. It was like waking up from a distorted dream of him, and my contempt for myself at having been fooled into believing it for a second redounded upon him. I shook hands with him with disdainful sympathy and explained that I had not come directly from Maine, and in fact had not been there since he had left home.

"Don't you hear from your people?" I asked with some of the exasperation that invariably tinged the tone in which North Bradford addressed him, as though he were half-witted and could help it.

He cringed at my manner.

"No," he answered. "They don't know I'm here. I don't want them to know I'm here. Don't ever tell them, will you?"

"Of course not, if you don't want me to. But why?"

"Well"—he looked so crafty that I was misled into wrong conclusions—"I run away from them."

"You—you don't mean to say you got into trouble?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, I did."

"You broke out at last?" I interpreted and basked in the light this threw upon his conduct out here in Marion. He had led me into a neat and shining little parlor that smelt like new carpet and fresh plaster.

He now motioned for me to be seated on one of the Jacobean chairs, and when I had done so he sat gingerly on the edge of another.

"It was Addie," he confided. "You remember Addie?"

"Your sister? The little girl with the long braid?"

"Yes, the youngest. She near to killed me—and I got even."

"No!" I was horrified at the thought.

"Yes," he nodded. "I run away."

"After—but what did you do to her?" I dreaded hearing.

"Do? I didn't do nothing. Who'd dare to do anything to her? I tole you, I run away. That's how I got even. They can get some other goat to do their hard work for them now," he growled malignantly.

I was relieved for Addie's sake, but must admit that somehow he did not go up in my estimation for having refrained from violence.

"And you came here?" I asked. "How?"

"I got a job on the railroads—first one branch, then another. I kinder felt safer moving round. Then I got a chancet to work out here somewheres and I took it, but on the way we got dumped. It was pretty much of a smash-up."

I told him what I had heard from the foreman, and he listened with a growing complacency that wiped out all signs of the old cowering. He seemed especially gratified over all reports of his belligerency.

"Yes," he smirked at last with a self-satisfied air, "I got quite a name here."

"I would have thought someone was kidding me if I hadn't seen you bidding good night to some guests as I came in this evening," I replied sternly, "for you are not the least bit different from what you were in Maine. What's the idea?"

"How do you know I ain't different?" he asked, scowling, but his voice was unsteady.

"Good Lord, man, I have eyes and ears! You're dead scared of me this minute—and for what, I don't even know."

He tried to meet my gaze and failed.

"Don't give me away," he pleaded at last in a low voice. "It's been the making of me."

"You mean that you planned this bluff?"

He nodded, staring down at the hands he was crushing together in his lap. He looked like a little boy trying not to cry.

"If I can only keep it up," he muttered.

I found it absolutely necessary to bolster up his manliness with reassurance.

"You give no outward evidences of weakening," I exclaimed impatiently, and told him what the foreman had said when I had asked if marriage had altered him. He brightened, but added disconsolately: "I tried to be worse than I was before."

"Was to-night's affair on the doorstep a sample of your methods?" I asked.

"Oh, that wasn't as bad as some things I done!" he answered defensively.

"Anything much worse ought to land you in jail for assault," I retorted. "What were they? A delegation of strikers that made you so mad?"

"Oh, no! They wasn't strikers. One of them had a kick about a delayed delivery. The others come round about some alterations I'm making, enlarging my office. But I tole them I don't want no business brought here into my home. It upsets the wife and wakes up the baby."

"I can believe that," I conceded. "Do you suppose they'll any of them risk going to see you downtown to-morrow?"

"Sure! They always come back. They're used to me. They expect it of me. I guess they like it. Anyways it never done me no harm, and lots of good. You know what I was like before I started this kind of thing."

"What on earth ever gave you the idea?" I wanted to say "courage" but delicacy prevented me. "Did you work it out deliberately?"

"Something like that. That railway accident helped. After they picked me up I was what they call de-leer-ious for a while and I must 'a' dreamt I was Homer."

"Home?"

"Homer—the brother that beaned me with the hammer. He was ornery—real honest-to-God ornery," he added enviously. "He didn't have to fake it."

"How do you know? They say every bully is a coward."

"I wouldn't like to think that of Homer." His voice had the hushed gravity of one defending an endangered ideal. "No. Whenever I want to raise particular damnation I think how Homer would have gone about it and it gives me the guts—right from the start—from the day the ole woman looked at me laying there in bed and says, 'I'm afraid you're a hard man.' I've seen them looking at Homer like that. Scart, but tickled—especially women. You wouldn't believe it!"

"I can believe anything of women," I said sententiously.

"So can I—now," he almost whispered.

"And it was because she looked at you like that that you decided to be a treat-them-rough?"

"Not right off. I was pretty sick. It just made me keep on thinking I was Homer."

"But there must have been a time when you woke up from that dream. You don't still think you're Homer, do you?"

"No," he hesitated.

"Well, what I'd like to know is just when you consciously began to impersonate Homer. What started you?"

"It was like this." He revolved back his slow memory with an effort. "One day I apologized to the ole lady for swearing and I seen a look in her eye. Gosh, I can't explain it! I just couldn't put up with the thought of going back to all that again. I guess I really lost my temper that time, and it was awful easy, once you'd started, so long as the other feller thinks it's real."

"Is that why you didn't try it on me?" I smiled. "You thought I'd call you?"

"Something like that. You knowed the real Homer."

"You give a good imitation."

"Do I? I got lots of points from him. Throwing things was one."

"It made a hit?"

"Not often. I wouldn't try so long as I didn't have to. They was so good to me—and elderly." He looked ashamed of his squeamishness. "But one time I threw a clock with gold angels on it through the parlor window, and once I ripped down the chandelier. That was when I heard someone said my bark was worse than my bite. But it was risky."

"It certainly was! You might have killed someone!"

"You mean I might have got killed. You orter seen how mad the ole lady was over her clock. I had to go into a kind of a fit and made tracks for the office. When I got back that night, though, she was as meek as Moses, so I carried on some more."

"And the old man never interfered?"

"Nah! He was always worse scart of me than her. That's why he got out and left me his business."

"You terrorized him?"

"Well, I'd made it what it was—the business."

"Yes, I've heard you have been increasingly fortunate. Your only trouble seems to have been the lady bookkeepers."

"Oh, they wasn't a trouble!" He breathed out a deep, blissful and regretful sigh. "That was great—only it didn't last."

"How great?"

"Then I was nearest to really being Homer. The way they'd come after me, fawning like dogs when you got a whip in your hand. And some of them was so pretty."

"You proved you liked the applicants by marrying one."

He stared moodily at the carpet.

"Yeah," he said reticently.

"Pretty too?"

"Minnie? No, she ain't."

"Well, looks aren't everything."

"No, they ain't."

"She has charm undoubtedly."

He chewed his lips miserably and at last looked up.

"What have you been hearing about her and me?" he asked.

"Only that you married her and that she was such a frail, mild, helpless little woman. It makes rather a charming romance—your strength and protection for her weakness."

"You ain't kidding?"

"What is there to kid about?"

"I suppose you might just as well know all about me. I'd kind of like to tell somebody."

"What?"

"'Twas Minnie married me."

"Oh!" I did not look much impressed.

"I took her on for a week—same as the rest. I used to fire them reg'lar, just to keep the line moving. I thought I could stand Minnie for a week and if not—she looks the kind you could shoo out the next day by coughing kind of loud. Well, in a day or two I seen my mistake. I was in for a fight and a grand bounce. I had her into my private office late one day—after closing time so's she'd be tuckered out by the day's work—and I started to jump on her like I done to the others."

"Yes?" I asked. "And so she threw herself into your arms and you were softened and compromised into a proposal?"

"No," he answered, blinking a little. "No, it wasn't like that at all. There was a knife on the desk that I used for a paper cutter. She just grabbed that and started after me."

"She attacked you?"

He rolled up his sleeve and showed me a whitening scar.

"That's her handwriting," he said.

"Good God! And then?"

"She bandaged it up. She jawed me all the time, telling me I was a coward and a bully and a sneak and a lot of things only you and me knows about me out here in this town."

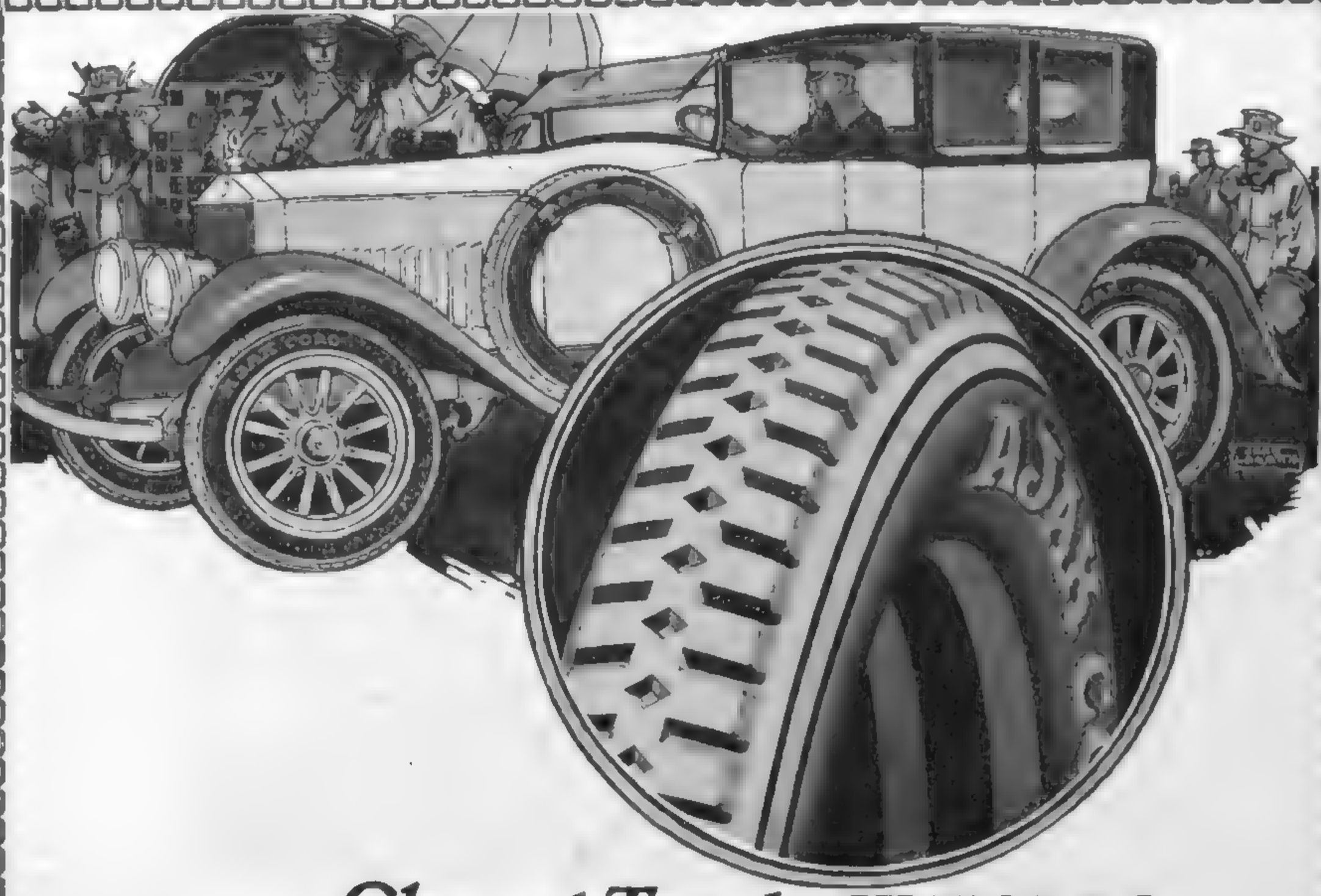
"And you married her?"

"She married me, I told you."

"It's the same thing."

"No, it ain't. I never would have married her, only I had to. Do you know why she always looked so pale and quiet and nervous? It was because they was after her."

(Concluded on Page 170)



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OVER AND BACK WITH SCUDS

By TORREY FORD

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

IT WAS pretty much of a section love affair from the start. All hands, from the loot to the greasy cook, knew each time the heart of Rosie wavered or the soul of Scuds quaked. As you may have guessed, Scuds was not a secretive per-

He began telling about Rosie exactly twenty minutes after his name had been attached to the section roll. Nonchalantly he referred to her as The Wife, but she was Rosie to the bunch long before anyone dared to call him Scuds.

Scuds had a certain dignity, you see. No one knew how he came by it or why it endured, yet dignity he surely had. When he spoke others grew silent and listened closely; when he chuckled lowly others roared with boisterous laughter.

He came to the section four days before our sailing orders for overseas. As we were a bunch of more or less college men, amateur soldiers, setting out for war, Special Orders No. 32, Extract, permitted that we carry as a regular part of the section equipment: One (1) cook, army, regular. In the flurry of hasty preparation back there in hot Allentown, Sp. O. No. 32 had been overlooked until just before the arrival of Scuds.

"They All Yelled 'Oo! se Américain. Ouh! la! la!' Then One of the Janes Threw Her Arm Round My Neck and Somebody Snapped a Camera"

Rumor preceded him by only ten minutes. The sergeant had it from the loot that a regular army cook would join up that morning. Before the debate could begin as to which of the college cooks was to be shoved back into the ranks there he was, striding confidently down the long aisle of cots inquiring for Section 325.

Just a glance told any of us that here was a military man. His shoulders, chest and neck somehow fitted into that sartorial invention called familiarly by the Q. M. "one (1) coat, O. D." His campaign hat tilted slightly to the southeast, his sharp thin nose, his black close-trimmed mustache, his narrow set mouth—suggested years of rigid discipline. We gathered round him timidly.

"So you're our new army cook?"

"I have that privilege, gentlemen," he said as he generously offered his hand to any who dared intrude.

"Been in the army long?"

"Not very."

"But we thought you were a regular army cook."

"I intend no deception." His manner was magnanimous. "I have spent the last four years as head cook in a military academy. Before that I did a three-year trick as apprentice chef in a famous cuisine of a New York hotel. Of course I ain't a specialist on army stew, nor hash, nor beans; yet if you are willing to put up with my dishes I think none of you will complain."

He winked wickedly at the humble clerk. His entry into the section had been a success. You might call it a knock-out.

"And now," he continued, for there was no one to dispute that he had the floor, "I should like to have a few words with the sergeant about a little matter of a week-end pass."

We all gasped. The sergeant had just turned ten of us down. Men expecting sailing orders were to be given no liberty.

"I have to run up to town to see The Wife," he explained. "She expects me, Rosie does, on the 8:07."

"So you're married?"

"Not exactly. But there is no telling what may happen any moment. Just let your eyes wander over that for a moment and tell me how long you'd go it alone in my place."

From somewhere he produced a cabinet photograph, embossed with a Bayonne trade-mark, and we were introduced to Rosie. She was fair, Rosie was. She smiled; and down below in flourishy twirls she had inscribed herself: "All your Rosie." The photograph, admired and exclaimed over, passed from hand to hand until it reached the sergeant, whom someone had towed into the gathering. Responsibility and authority sat heavy on the shoulders of our sergeant. Three weeks before he had been a junior at Harvard—now he was a sergeant, first class, in the U. S. Army. He scorned to look at Rosie and turned to Scuds.

"Am I to understand that——" he began.

"Yeah, I'm the regular army cook," Scuds interrupted, cordially extending his hand. "Glad to meet you, sergeant. Just wanted your name on my pass up to see Rosie. Rosie likes all the military souvenirs I can bring her."

"Men expecting sailing orders are not given liberty," quoted the sergeant mechanically from the Orders of the Day.

"I have that all arranged with the adjutant. He's to wire me in case anything comes up. Sign here under the captain's name." Scuds had borrowed the clerk's pen and was thrusting a small typewritten slip under the sergeant's nose.

The sergeant signed. And Scuds was off with a merry "Ta, ta, boys!" and another wicked wink at the humble clerk.

Going over on the boat we didn't see much of Scuds. It seems that section and company cooks were detailed on permanent K. P. down with the navy cooks. Where Scuds hid no one knew. Perhaps down in the engine room with a friendly gob or up near the wheelhouse telling the captain about Rosie. There was no official confirmation that he ever served in the kitchen.

Along toward evening, when the guard on submarine watch was doubled up, and mysterious orders were flashed from ship to ship of the convoy, and worried officers rushed from bow to stern with nervous authority, there were those of us who had nothing to do but ride. We used to collect in small groups, snuggled behind a stack of life rafts, and talk over the rumors of the day. More often than not Scuds would suddenly crawl into the circle and be one of us. It was here that we learned little of Scuds and much of Rosie.

"I suppose Rosie is feelin' pretty blue to-night," he would tell us. "She took it mighty hard, my goin' away. Cried something awful there at the last. Wanted me to chuck the whole thing and stay on there in Bayonne."

"And leave us to hell-fire stew and army beans, eh?" asked one whose romance didn't go beyond his stomach.

"Oh, Rosie don't know I'm cookin'. She thinks I'm carryin' a gun. It didn't seem necessary to set her right. I even promised to bring back a couple of tame Huns as pets. I told her about you college boys. She's glad I'm goin' over with such a respectful bunch. Wants me to study 'rithmetic and spellin' and all that sort of stuff. An' I says: 'You don't want me gettin' too intellectual, deary, 'cause then I might grow up above you socially.' She cried a lot more then and said I'd do as I was.

"You see, Rosie is clerkin' in at the five-and-ten while I'm away. Not that she has to woik, my Rosie. Not much! Fine family. Lotta dough. But she wants to pass the time bein' useful and takin' some man's place. Besides, she's puttin' away eight bucks a week toward furnishin' a flat we got picked out up on Bayonne Heights. That's the spirit that is goin' to win this man's war, I tell her."

When the call would come to go below a lot of us would lie down there in our stuffy bunks thinking more about Rosie than about the folks back home we should be remembering.

Soon after landing in France the real hardships of war began to appear. The censorship rules were presented to the section through the sergeant in a neat compact form of thirty-two typewritten pages. They not only prescribed what might be written and what might not, but they insisted that the loot should personally read all outgoing correspondence and affix his signature at the bottom of Page Eight, down next to the "Lovingly yours."

To most of us it was a catastrophe beyond all human expression. How could a fellow write down the tender thoughts that occurred to him along about tattoo and face the loot at inspection the next morning? There couldn't be any attempt at intimacy. One might as well correspond through the personal column of the daily newspapers. There is no denying that this military censorship put a crimp in many an affair that had promised big when viewed from the peaceful side of the Atlantic.

There were those of us who raged and fumed and spoke of outraging all decency. There were seditious members who plotted and planned to bridge the hide-bound laws via the civilian post. And there was Scuds.

He took the news calmly. Then his eyes brightened and he set himself busily to writing. Later in the day someone saw him handing a letter to the loot.

"Here's a note I scratched off to Rosie, lootenant," he is reported to have said. "If you can find time to read it and get it off to-day Rosie will appreciate it a lot. She'll be mighty anxious to hear. And if you think I've gone it a bit strong in spots don't hesitate to tone her down. Never mind the spellin'. Rosie don't."

Two months later, when Rosie's answer officially arrived in the section, Scuds lost no time in finding the loot's tent.

"Thought you might like to read Rosie's answer," he said as he passed over the perfumed heliotrope letter. "Kind of mean the rules only let you in on one end of a co-respondence.

"And, lootenant, I'd like to ask a favor of you. I wonder if you could find room in your trunk for my picture of Rosie. She gets mashed something orful in my pack."

The loot was a man of parts and kindly. Thereafter the belle of Bayonne nestled comfortably and intimately in between the extra-heavy woolen underwear that the loot's wife had insisted on cramming in the bottom of his steamer trunk. On rare occasions she—that is, Rosie—came forth to convince some new member of the section that Rosie's smile was all for Scuds. And once, according to the loot's orderly, she drifted away from the underwear and climbed up among his favorite neckwear. But this was considered highly unmilitary, and back she went with the woolens.

Scuds' reign in the kitchen was short and spectacular. The first dinner with Scuds on duty was described as more of a meal than General Pershing ever dreamed of. There had been a rich bisque soup, steak, French-fried potatoes, spinach à la russe, hot rolls, and a pie that passed for apple. Scuds had appeared in the rear of the mess hall. He had been toasted and cheered and assured that his name would be written down in capital letters in the annals of the great war.

It wasn't until the next day that the mess sergeant discovered that most of three days' rations had gone into that one meal, that a whole side of beef had passed on to the dump pile after giving up its portion of steaks. It also appeared that dinner had been produced by the K. P.'s, directed from a social distance by the amiable Scuds. Breakfast that morning, unassisted by the K. P.'s, had been burnt oatmeal and a brownish liquid that no one dare name. Scuds was informally retired on buck private's pay, and a college boy who used to go camping summers was promoted to cook.

Later, when the section had its twenty ambulances and was attached to a French division of infantry, Scuds qualified as a driver of no mean note. Someone taunted him concerning his seven years of cooking experience.

"Perhaps I did vary the truth a bit in my efforts to be sent over among the first," gravely admitted Scuds. "But a lot of you birds who claimed to be first-class chauffeurs hadn't ever ridden behind anything but a mule."

The persiflage of Scuds was never brilliant. Yet there were some in the circle who grew pink behind the ears and changed the conversation.

In the late fall of 1917, right in the middle of the French offensive on the Chemin des Dames, the Supreme Council of Eight was formed and the affair of Rosie became a serious section problem. Up to then we had been interested, mildly at times, flippantly and contemptuously at others. Now it was our turn to show where we stood.

Several of us were up in the lines down in the dugout of a *poste de secours*. The day rush was over and the night calls hadn't begun. We could hear the twilight barrage playing fiercely round the front trenches. That would mean work later on in the evening.

Suddenly there was a stumbling down the passageway and someone staggered into the dugout. The candle flared low from the draft and for a moment we didn't realize it was Scuds. We had seen shell-shocked men and men with grievous wounds where there wasn't much left but a face and a smile. No one had ever seen a living person as white as Scuds was that night. His helmet and gas mask were gone, his short black hair stood straight up, his lips quivered. As he slumped down on a stool his head came forward into his arms.

"Ho, Scuds!" several of us called at once. "Are you hit? Where, Scuds? Tell us!"

"No," he groaned. "It's Rosie."

"Is it that bad? Is she dead?"

"No. It's worse. She thinks—she thinks I'm—I'm untrue to her."

You may think we should have laughed. If you had been there to see Scuds in his agony you probably would have done just as we did—waited silently and seriously for him to tell more. He pulled a crumpled envelope from his shirt and tossed it on the table. On his last trip down to the *triage* he had stopped at camp and found the letter.

We read it. Rosie thought he was untrue all right. She wasted no words in making all her thoughts plain. After all his promises, and her plans, not to mention the eight dollars a week toward the flat!

"Why, Scuds! We're ashamed of you. Who is this French dame you've been chasing round with all the time you've been trying to make us believe you were moony over Rosie?"

"It's a lie!" fired back Scuds as he lifted his head.

"Well, then, brace up and tell your story."

"There isn't any French dame. I don't know her name or nuthin'. You remember the day we went sight-seein' up to Nantes? I got lost from the crowd and wandered down a side street into a mob of Frenchies. An' they all yelled *'Oo! ze Américain. Ooh! là! là!'* They hadn't ever seen an American soldier before. They jammed round me and pulled at my coat and buttons and everything. Then one of the Janes threw her arm round my neck and somebody snapped a camera. An old woman who could speak a few words of English asked my mother's address. Said she'd write her a little letter sayin' she'd seen me over here safe and well.

"And then she went and sent that picture to maw. And maw showed it to Rosie just to tease her. And Rosie'll never, never believe it was all a mistake!"

Scuds slumped back again and began a series of low moans. With the 75's cracking overhead, the big naval guns down on the Aisne opening up, and Scuds moaning away, it was a party you could never forget. We all sat round like a bunch of dummies waiting for the other fellow to speak. Finally one chap, who ought to be cited for beanless bravery, discovered that Rosie's letter was dated five weeks back. Which helped matters a lot.

Scuds jumped up like a crazy man and began tearing round the dugout doing the figure eight backward and forward. He upset two French poilus who were sleeping over in the corner. They jumped up, too, yelling *"Nom de Dieu," "Quel, le misère!"* and joined Scuds in that fool dance. They thought the Huns had sprung a counter and caught us all napping.

In between hurdles Scuds was yelling disjointed phrases that might have meant something:

"It's awful—awful—five weeks—gotter get out of this—gotter go to Paris—see colonel—he'll understand—lemme go to Rosie."

On the eighteenth lap round the dugout Scuds got disentangled from the Frenchmen and made a break for the door. Going out the corporal was just three strides behind him. Coming back they were even and all in a heap. We held Scuds down while someone quieted the Frenchmen by telling them our friend had had *trop beaucoup de cognac*. Then up spoke the corporal:

"Listen here, buddy, this is no pink tea. This is war. You think you're being treated rough. There are a lot of fellows out there going through more hell this minute than you can imagine in three years."

"I know," said Scuds, humblelike, "but Rosie—for five weeks she's been thinkin' ——"

"And she is going to be thinking so for twenty-four hours more. And then she'll get your cable ——".

"My cable?"

"Sure, your cable. The first car down to-night will stop at camp and tell the first car going to the rear to send a cable to Rosie saying: 'Await explanations. Scuds'."

Scuds cheered up a lot at that. We all congratulated the corporal and slapped him on the back, while the corporal modestly stuck out his chest and assumed an always-come-to-your-military-superiors-for-advice-boys pose. Suddenly Scuds came to with a jerk.

"But the explanations? Who is to be making them?"

The corporal thought hard for a minute, but only for a minute.

"Why, we'll all make 'em, Scuds. We're all behind you in this and we're going to see you through, you bet!"

So we all promised. Scuds made us shake hands on it all round, and if the war hadn't been going on we would have fixed things up right then and there.

"Trois voitures tout de suite. Deux encore après dix minutes."

It was the pale-faced *brancardier* who broke up the party. While we were getting into our road togs the corporal gave Scuds his instructions:

"You're to stay here, see! If the whole French Army walks in here wounded you are not to go up on those roads to-night until you get to thinking and acting like a normal human being again."

They kept us running steady for four days after that. Mostly it was gas, tossed into the hollows on the Laon side of the Chemin des Dames. Gas patients fill up the cars quicker than wounded men. Sometimes, when you thought the post was all cleared out, and were settling down for a few minutes' snooze a whole company would come straggling down a bayou with evacuation tags on their coats.

On the fifth day the division was relieved and the section ordered back into one of those quiet little Marne towns. We had good quarters, peaceful nights and plenty of time to ourselves. Scuds convened the Supreme Council and hinted that he wanted action.

During two long nights and the best part of three days we argued. It was difficult to arrive at a set of explanations that would please each member of the council and Scuds, and eventually content Rosie. Finally we fell back on the old army manual with findings based on the in-line-of-duty-and-not-caused-by-willful-misconduct-or-neglect-of-the-soldier clause.

We made it in the form of an affidavit, countersigned by the loot and stamped with the official section seal. It purported to show that the offending snapshot had been taken in the presence of the entire section; that a nameless French lady had asked as a personal favor to France to have her picture taken with an American soldier; that Scuds had neither volunteered nor rushed into the venture, but had been duly detailed by the sergeant in charge; and finally, that the elbow crooked about Scud's neck had been an unforeseen display of French emotionalism.

There were those in the section who jeered at this action of the council and prophesied unpleasant results, claiming that no American girl would accept any such dished-up bunk. They had not counted on the lure of the typewritten form, the official seal, the authentic signature and the faith of Rosie.

On Thanksgiving morning Scuds had a cable that turned the holiday from pale blue into rosy pink. He came round and thanked each member of the council separately. Then he called us all together and made a speech:

"On behalf of Rosie and myself I want to thank you fellows. You got me out of a lot of trouble and made me a better soldier for my country. I'll never forget it and Rosie won't either when I tell her about it some day. And now, in closing, I want to ask one more favor of you: This Supreme Council you have formed—don't disband it! Stay with me and help me until this orful war is finished and we have carried Old Glory back to New York."

And so once more we promised allegiance to Scuds and the cause of Rosie.

The council met frequently during the winter, mostly to consider minor issues, and Scuds invariably abode by the decision as rendered. We had pulled him through one hole, and thereafter our word was law. There was the question of what to send Rosie for Christmas, and later for her birthday; whether Rosie should throw up her job in the five-and-ten to be day cashier in the gas office, and nice diplomatic questions as to whether Scuds should accept cigarettes sent by a former sweetheart and wear the socks knitted faithfully by his mother's cousin.

There came a small split in the council along with the general order concerning compulsory allotments to soldiers' wives and dependents. Rosie could be classed as neither, but Scuds insisted that he should make her some allotment. After many ballots the council stood four to four, several New England conservatives holding out to the end that such an allotment was a policy of little wisdom. Scuds claimed an ex-officio vote, and the twenty dollars a month went to Rosie.

The big split came in September of 1918, when the Germans were on the run and fellows were talking about getting home for Christmas. We had the first news of it from one of the mechanics who had been with Scuds when the letter arrived.

"Yeah, Scuds is cut up somethin' awful," he said. "Got a letter from his sister sayin' she'd seen Rosie down to Luna Park in the scenic railway kissin' a guy from the gas office. He's been down in his dugout ever since and won't speak to nobody."

We waited for Scuds to come to us. He always had. He surely would this time. But Scuds stayed in his bunk. He came out only for meals, looking pale and nervous. He conversed with no one. Late in the evening of the second day he solemnly called the council down into his dugout.

"I suppose most of you fellows have heard the news I've had about Rosie." His words were grave, but there was a triumphant sparkle in his eye.

"I hate to believe it. Yet sis don't write lies, most especially not lies about my Rosie. 'Course I'm not sore, nor harsh about Rosie's amusin' herself. I've written out a little piece here showin' Rosie just where I stand. Thought I'd show it to you fellows before I send it off."

That Scuds was confident he had accomplished something big was apparent from the way he offered for inspection this stack of ten or a dozen sheets of paper. It took several minutes to catch the idea of it all.

He began courteously enough: "My very dear Miss Rosie Olmstead." There followed a brief description of the Luna Park incident as it had been passed along by sister. Then came the big accomplishment. Scuds had gone through Rosie's letters, from those dating 'way back in August, 1917, up to the present, and clipped out all phrases and sentences that might be construed by an impartial jury to suggest that Rosie had a passion for Scuds. These he had carefully pasted together, several clippings to the page, for some ten pages. There was some attempt at chronological order, which made repetitions frequent; there were no connotations nor annotations.

Here was ample proof for anyone that at one time or other Rosie had been to Scuds his yearning sweetheart, constant lover, faithful servant, proud better half, and so on. Scuds would ever be her darling little boy, companion in joy and sorrow, onliest only. Her love for him would last as long as God gives me breath, the dark waves of the Hudson wash the dank shores of Bayonne, we two may tread this little planet called Earth.

Where the clippings ended Scuds had added but one line of his own: "May I ask for explanations?" He had signed himself "Your sorrowful Scuds."

"Pretty neat, eh?" said Scuds when the last man had read the last shivering line.

"My own idea, you see. Don't want her to think I'm jealous or anything. Just plain facts from a plain man. That's the kind of a fellow I am."

(Continued on Page 61)

THE ILLUMINATING EXPERIENCE of a MUSIC TEACHER with the DUO-ART PIANOLA

Chicago, Jan. 10, 1919.

Can you take 6:04 train this evening? Want you to hear Symphony with invisible soloist.

J.C.H

THE telegram puzzled me somewhat but sent me scurrying for the 6:04 train to Chicago. How often have I blessed "J. C. H." for sending me that wire.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra was at its best. The soloist? Just a beautiful Steinway Grand Piano! The orchestra played the opening bars, the conductor touched a button, and as if by magic the piano became invested with

The Spirit of a Great Artist!

TO my utter amazement that wonderful instrument, untouched by human hands, played the great concerto in perfect synchrony with the orchestra; the expression, the rich, singing tone, the masterly bravura spelling Harold Bauer in unmistakable musical characters. Yet Bauer himself was that very evening playing to an audience hundreds of miles away!

During the intermission I read in the program the story of how the Aeolian Company has, with infinite pains, and the vast resources which it has at command, developed the player-piano principle until it has become possible to reproduce to the life the performance of the great pianists.

On the way home that night thoughts of

The Possibilities of the Duo-Art Piano

in musical education kept crowding through my mind. What could I not accomplish in my piano-teaching with one of these instruments, with its great album of tone-portraits—each a perfect replica of the most inspired playing of a great genius!

The next day found me in Chicago arranging for the purchase of a Duo-Art Piano. I couldn't afford to buy it outright, but by turning in my old piano and arranging moderate monthly payments the instrument with a

carefully selected list of Record-Rolls were sent to my home a few days later.

In the eight weeks since then, instead of a score of half-interested music pupils, I have a large class of young people, eager and progressive, who say that the hours spent in my studio are the happiest of their time. I have increased immeasurably my

own pleasure in my work and in addition

I Have Doubled My Income!

In numerous ways the Duo-Art helps me with my pupils. By comparison—by going over and over the different passages at varying tempos, by the constant inspiration of hearing the piano at its best, by the actual example of the playing of the masters, it has proved an unending source of pleasure and profit. Occasionally I give a little talk in my studio to pupils, their parents and friends on "Musical Appreciation," "History of Music," "Contemporary Masters of the Piano," etc., and for the purposes of illustration the Duo-Art impersonates Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, Ganz, the great women pianists such as Carreno, Novaes, and Leginska. Also the most noted exponents of the modern school such as Prokofieff and Arthur Rubinstein and for lighter moods the best Dance music of the day, played by the past masters in their line, are included in the repertoire of the Duo-Art Piano.

Every person engaged in the pursuit of musical education should have a Duo-Art Piano. In a short time it will be found indispensable.

The Duo-Art is obtainable in the Steinway, Steck, Stroud and famous Weber Pianos. Grand and Upright. Catalog and address of nearest Aeolian branch house or representative sent on request.

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Carbon
a real danger to your engine

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Sediment formed after 500 miles of running

WHEN your car isn't pulling right
—when the spark plugs start to miss fire and the engine knocks on the hills
—when the water boils after a short run
—then you know the engine is full of carbon again.

This carbon has been accumulating in your engine for weeks, perhaps months.

Broken spark plugs, scored cylinders, broken piston rings, burned valves and all sorts of mechanical difficulties are the results you may expect. The damage begins long before the driver at the wheel notices any trouble.

Carbon is the motorist's worst enemy.

The causes of carbon and how to prevent its formation

You need not permit your engine to be fouled and damaged by excessive carbon deposits. There are but two natural causes of this rapid accumulation.

1. Inferior oil that forms sediment, or oil that is too heavy or too light in body.
2. Too rich a gasoline mixture. (This can be improved by a slight carburetor adjustment.)

Carbon is formed by ordinary lubricating oil which breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° F. to 1000° F. Large quantities of sediment are formed and the oil is left thin and watery.

This thin oil fails to hold the piston seal. It permits the broken-down oil and sediment to pass the pistons.

In the firing chamber, it rapidly forms great plates of carbon.

Thus oil that forms sediment not only damages every moving part, but rapidly forms excess carbon deposits. Poor oil is the beginning of serious engine trouble.

Solving the sediment problem

The striking superiority of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, over ordinary oil is clearly illustrated by the two bottles at the left. Veedol, shown in the right hand bottle, reduces sediment 86%.

With the correct grade of Veedol in the crankcase and with a proper fuel mixture, you can drive your car for thousands of miles with less carbon than ever before. *Carbon does not form rapidly.*

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

Make a test run on familiar roads. Your car will have a new pickup and power. It takes hills better, and has a lower consumption of oil and gasoline.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. Ask for it today. The new 100-page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

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With due reference to sober judgment we tried to tell Scuds what kind of a fellow he really was. We argued and even threatened. But Scuds had invented this thing and to his mind it was perfect. His self-respect, he said, would allow him to make no more of an appeal to Rosie. We had guided him through many months of strenuous campaign, but here was a case he must decide for himself.

Early the next morning we roused the whole section to submit the letter to a referendum vote. The action of the council was upheld and the letter voted down. There was one dissenting vote, cast by one of the mechanics who thought Scuds had hit on a clever idea. With the coöperation of Scuds he immediately planned a similar affair to be dispatched to a young lady in West Virginia, who had proved faithless to him.

Scuds' letter went off in the morning mail. The Supreme Council disbanded officially twenty minutes later. Thereafter there was no talk of Rosie in barracks or mess hall. Scuds avoided his former advisers and they in turn had little interest in him.

The morning of the armistice found the section nearly up to the Belgian border, well to the left of Sedan. It was not a town for celebrations. There remained but a scattered few of the forlorn civilians who had endured and survived the four years of German occupation. These few built no huge bonfires to celebrate their liberation. The Huns had been gone such a short while it was hard to realize they would not be back. For French people they were unusually timid, even hesitating to believe that we were Americans.

A beautiful arched stone bridge across a stream that passed through the center of town had been blown up by the retreating enemy. The entrance and exit of the town had been barred by huge mine holes. Several of the few houses the town ever could boast had been shattered in the process. Yes, it was a dismal place for such a merry day.

But the section was celebrating. Established in a recent German *Soldatenheim* there was joy to every square inch of the floor space. Outside a roaring American bonfire leaped high in the air, fed by a constant fuel of German war material. A huge painting of the Kaiser and one of Hindenburg, torn from the walls of the *Soldatenheim*, crackled merrily while the dancing crowd rocked with joy.

Way down the street in an isolated barn, far from the noise and fury of this new peace, sat Scuds. He was reading a letter. It was brief but very pointed. It read:

"You may not ask for explanations.
"ROSIE OLMSTEAD."

Historians have already recorded and bewhiskered professors down through the ages to come will expound for millions of weary hours on the simple truth that November 11, 1918, was the turning point in the progress of world civilization. There are but few who know and almost none to relate that this same day was the turning point in the career of Lemuel T. Hawthorne, familiarly and sometimes affectionately called Scuds.

It might have been so different. Had he cheerfully admitted that as a diplomatic wooer he was a zero; had he signaled distress and called on his fellow friends to rally round him; had he come on bended knee and begged the all-wise Supreme Council to sit once more on the case of Rosie; lastly, and emphatically, had he not, in his depths of human despair, crossed trails with Mademoiselle Philomene Guichard of Pondrome, Belgium.

In polite circles Philomene might be described as buxom. Ordinary folks would call her fat. But she had golden hair that trailed well down her back, pink cheeks that make you think she never stopped blushing, large wide-open blue eyes, and—just to prove there are such persons in the world—when she smiled there were two rows of pearly white teeth.

Wherever fate or fortune had placed Philomene she would have been a winner. Pondrome may have appreciated her. In one of the twenty-odd houses that constituted the little village there may have been some youthful swain who told her of her glory. Probably not, for Belgian swains had been gone to the war since 1914, or had been drafted by the Germans to till the fields of *Der Vaterland*. Philomene had been only thirteen at that time, hardly old enough to do more than cower at the terror of the Hun. She had seen her mother shot against the wall, her father's house burned to the ground, his cattle taken and his lands destroyed.

In other countries people were asking: "Are not the newspapers exaggerating the atrocities in Belgium?" Some even argued it was pure propaganda to get neutral countries into the war. In Pondrome, Philomene with her five sisters had the task of convincing an elderly, broken father that life must go on. She had smiled sweetly when other girls would have had hysterics. She had worked, too, along with the sisters, when they built a new house, replanted the fields and struggled for an existence.

During the four years of German rule Pondrome was too small a village, too far behind the lines to be bothered much by enemy troops. Too, after the first reign of terror, there had been some attempt at flattering and cajoling of the rural folks, for Belgium was eventually to become part of Germany. Yet when a chance German officer happened into Pondrome, Philomene had hidden in the cellar and shivered until the all-clear signal was given from above.

She had often talked with her sisters of the great day when the Allied troops would march back into Pondrome. She would rush out and throw her arms round the first soldier she saw. Then she would kiss them all. She would laugh, she would sing, she would dance, she would never be unhappy again.

When the great day came Allied troops passed to the left of Pondrome, to the right of Pondrome, and into the village came one mud-spattered flivver ambulance. At the wheel sat a queer-looking person dressed in hip rubber boots and a uniform that beneath several layers of grease and mud might have shown olive drab.

It was Scuds, a disgusted Scuds of bad humor and low morale. Of all days why should they pick out this day to make him the goat and send him off ahead to find this out-of-the-way village and stake out a claim for the rest of the section? Well, here he was, dammit, in spite of a leaky radiator, a dirty commutator and two missing spark plugs. Everything and everybody, including Rosie, was against him.

Just then something touched his elbow. Someone's arms were round his neck. He had been kissed!

He whirled quickly and found his ear tangled up in some golden hair. There were soft pink cheeks very close to his own muddy cheeks. He was kissed again and again; not by this same lovely person, but by old women, old men and even young boys. Now he was standing alone in the middle of a circle.

"*Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Alliés! La Belgique est libérée! Les boches sont kaput!*"

They danced as they sang. Scuds rubbed his eyes and tried to believe it was all true. He felt that he looked foolish. He tried to stammer "*Bonjour*" and "*Merci.*" The simple words stuck in his throat.

The circle broke up as several of the girls grabbed him by the arm and towed him off toward a farmhouse. They took him into the kitchen and fed him with bread, butter, honey and a big bowl of coffee. The girl with the golden hair was among those present.

Late that afternoon the section arrived in Pondrome *en convoi*. We were tired and dirty and cold and there were many fervent hopes that Scuds had found good quarters, properly policed and ready for us. We found him sitting peacefully on some stone steps. On his smudgy face there rested a saintly expression, while his eyes wandered off some ten paces to the left where a fat girl with yellow hair scrubbed over a wooden tub full of soapy water and clothes.

"Hey, Scuds! Snap out of that! Where are the quarters?"

"Why, I—er—er ——" Scuds actually blushed through the mud. Then he was himself again. "Say, do you fellows know that I gave that girl the first cake of soap she has seen in three years?"

We weren't interested. Just at the moment barracks, a place for the rolling kitchen and a machine shop were more important than the sufferings of the poor Belgians. If the mayor of the town hadn't come forward with an offer to find a room with a real bed for every member of the outfit Scuds might have paid dearly for his philanthropic candor in Pondrome.

Everyone thought and had some reason to expect that the stop in Pondrome was just for the night, that the morning would bring further orders to proceed across this narrow part of Belgium and eventually lead on to the Rhine Valley. Army orders are seldom logical to the rank and file. No one could suggest a possible excuse why we should be shelved there in Pondrome for two months.

Perhaps headquarters was working off a grudge, for we had come all the way from the Aisne in fashionable flivvers, while the majority had splashed through the mud on foot. For themselves, for army-corps headquarters, they had taken St.-Hubert, with movies every other night; divisional headquarters had Beauraing, with its seven cafés and a line of stores; the artillery occupied Gedinne, with its bright lights; and the ambulance section was awarded all rights and privileges to Pondrome, with its twenty houses, twenty manure piles and a rickety old church.

Most of the fellows spent the two months in grouching. If this was the armistice give them war. The few hours of daylight kept everyone busy stealing enough wood to keep warm during the long cold evenings. Sitting in ever so hospitable a kitchen listening to old men and women tell of the filthy boches ceased to be an amusement after the first week.

It is not reported that Scuds ever joined the section in any disapproval of life in Pondrome. Daytimes he mutely watched or courageously assisted the fair Philomene in her long routine of tasks. Evenings found him close beside her before the kitchen range, their heads bent over a French-English conversation book. A foreign language continued to present difficulties to Scuds. Not so with Philomene. After the fourth evening of intensive study in the kitchen she had tried it out on some of the boys:

"To—'ell—wiz—ze—Keezar—I—loove—you—very—many—times—kees—me—très—queek."

She had said the words slowly, yet all in one sentence, laughed prettily, picked up her pail and dashed back to the house.

Meanwhile the section looked on with scant approval and an occasional frown. There was no blame attached to Philomene—she was all right in every way—but this man Scuds, this fickle person who had spent months training us to believe that his fountain of happiness sprayed only in Bayonne, New Jersey, lost popularity daily. When it was learned that he had stopped his allotment to Rosie, written for the money she had already received, and intended to marry Philomene the day the check arrived Scuds was shunned even by those who had been his closest friends in the bunk house.

One member of the Supreme Council had an opportunity for sweet revenge, and he took it. Scuds had some important sentences, not to be found in the conversation book, which he wished transmitted to Philomene. When he asked for a volunteer interpreter the ex-justice cheerfully responded.

"You tell her," said Scuds, "that my father is one of the richest millionaires in America, that he owns half of New York and most of Chicago. Lay it on thick and tell her that I personally own more villages the size of Pondrome than there are in Belgium and France put together. Then you suggest how I'd like her to come back and ride round in my limousine for the rest of her life."

The ex-justice stuck to the basic facts, but varied the details here and there in his liberal translation. The version, as received by Philomene, recounted how Scuds' father was one of the best liked garbage dealers in America, that Scuds had an enviable position as driver of a garbage truck with good prospects, that he already had one wife and several children but he wanted her to come along too. He could promise her an excellent opening in the garbage business.

After three nights of exile from the kitchen of Philomene, Scuds edged his way back, and called for no more volunteer interpreters.

Toward the end of our stay in Pondrome the conservative element of the section decided that Philomene deserved better than the idle love of Scuds. At least she should not be permitted to plunge wildly into something she knew nothing about. They asked her about Scuds. She explained in pretty French with many words of English:

"Meestaire Scuds, he ees nice man I loove him veery much like I loove all ze soldats who come long way to save my Belgique. But when I am marry"—she tossed her head and let the words roll from the tip of her tongue—"I marry Belge man. My children must be Belge children. Belgique needs children. Amérique no need children."

Which satisfied everybody—even Scuds.

"That's all right," he said. "If she wants Belgian children she can have 'em. I can get my discharge over here and settle down and be a patriotic Belgian. I ain't got no particular ties back in the U. S. A."

"How about ice cream and apple pie and stores where you don't have to stand in line two hours to buy a package of cigarettes?"

Scuds reconsidered. Think of looking a whole apple pie square in the face! He wondered if candy stores were still doing business, if you could still get a double chocolate with nuts down at Louis Mason's drug store. And Snickers' Burlesque! Gee, wouldn't it be swell to camp down in the front row and watch a bunch of those naughtily dressed young ladies come romping out on the stage and sing something in a fellow's own language!

Perhaps he couldn't manage to get his discharge in a foreign country anyway. Maybe it would be just as well to let matters take their natural course; go back for a brief peek at America, and then come over as a stunning civilian and capture Philomene. Of course she would wait for him.

When the section was relieved and ordered back to a base to make preparations to embark Scuds confessed that he had made some such set of arrangements with Philomene. Still, it must be said Scuds did not depart from Pondrome in the same gleeful spirit as the rest of his fellows. His was the last ambulance to pull out of town and—if you can believe Scuds—there were tears shed simultaneously and equally by himself and Philomene. He had kissed her, too; not on the cheek, where most foreign girls make you kiss them, but right in the middle of where she was telling him good-by.

Coming home on the transport Scuds had some difficulty in getting an audience that would remain docile and attentive while he rehearsed over and over again the brilliant future that waited him in Belgium. We were, as you might say, fed up with Scuds and his love affairs. But there were others on board who had not begun the war with Scuds, who had never heard of Rosie or the little flat on Bayonne Heights. Once they were cornered and quite away from those who really knew they made easy victims for Scuds' magnetic chatter.

"Yeah, I suppose Philomene is feelin' mighty blue to-night," he would tell them. "She took it mighty hard, my goin' away. Cried something awful there at the last."

It was the same old line, but Scuds could put it across with just as much feeling and the same catch in his voice as when the principal had been Rosie. And somehow a Belgian sweetheart, now that Belgium had been left a good many damp kilometers astern, went big with the gallery. Scuds had worked himself up to the point where he could shed real briny tears at the mere mention of anything Belgian when things began to break in the opposite direction.

Forty-eight hours out from New York time was passing slowly and restlessly. The officers were being amused by a flock of Red Cross nurses up on B Deck, and there was no one to prevent our slipping down in the forward hold and indulging in a modest little game of galloping dominoes. There were six of us in the game, including Scuds, who had borrowed a fiver on the strength of the promised discharge bonus and was plunging recklessly on quarter bets. He had just rolled a flock of threes twice in a row and was pulling out a dividend when this important-looking orderly person from the adjutant's office sailed by.

"Wireless message for Private L. T. Hawthorne!"

"Huh?" said Scuds. "What did that guy say?"

"Private L. T. Hawthorne!"

"Here!" called Scuds, and received the yellow envelope without getting up from his shooting stance. He tossed the wireless aside carelessly, just as though he was in the habit of having them delivered regularly along with breakfast, luncheon and supper.

"Better open it, Scuds. Might be from the mayor of Bayonne."

Scuds did, and though his fingers trembled he gave an outward appearance of being greatly bored with the whole proceeding. "Hun!" was his illuminating comment as he read the single typewritten line and spread it out so we could all see:

"Waiting at dock. ROSIE."

"That's what I think of that," said Scuds as he tore the message into small pieces and stuffed them in his pocket.

Which would have been convincing evidence that Scuds had finished, quite finished with the belle of Bayonne had not someone been wandering round the bow toward dusk that evening and discovered Scuds carefully piecing together the torn fragments of his wireless message.

We steamed into New York harbor in the thick haze of an early spring morning. We couldn't see any land, but a flock of small tugs and fishing craft told truly that America was near. And then suddenly off the starboard bow loomed the dim structure of a Ferris wheel and a shoot-the-chutes, and everyone who hailed from east of the Mississippi breathed in one voice: "Coney Island!" A few moments later and the shore line of Staten Island was waving us a welcome.

For the past twenty months most of us had been putting in all our spare time thinking about the grand little thrill that would be ours when we first caught sight of the Statue of Liberty. But the old lady was lost in the haze and it was just an ordinary girl standing on the wheelhouse of a dingy old tug that gave us our real thrill. She had on a white dress, white shoes and stockings, and a pink sweater; and she stood up there, with a light wind blowing her skirts, waving just as though she were glad to see us. She didn't know a one of us, but we all knew her. She was an American girl. And, gosh, she did look good!

And then there came a great roar from the port side of the ship. It was the reception committee's boat, steaming out to say how do you do in our own language. Probably she did the same thing several times a day every day, but to us she had come just for us and we were tickled all over. There was too much traffic in the harbor and too many tugs fidgeting round our sides for the committee boat to get near enough to distinguish anybody. Here and there we could make out a sign that was intended to welcome somebody. There was Hello, Captain Ed; Boys of Co. G, Welcome; and then someone spotted a girl in a green suit up in the bow with a huge banner that read Sec. 325.

There may have been one or two pessimistic old grouches in the section who weren't positively sure that the girl in the green suit belonged to them. The rest of us, individually, hesitated a moment or so with doubt and then made up our minds that she belonged exclusively to each one of us, and we gave her that kind of a welcome.

Scuds hanging by his ears to the top rung of a rope ladder along the main stay was going crazy. He waved and threw kisses and did all the things the rest of us were doing seven times over. Big tear drops were rolling down his cheeks. Perhaps he was thinking about Mademoiselle Philomene back in Pondrome, Belgium. And perhaps he wasn't!

It took several weary hours to get our boat edged into its dock, the gangplanks down, the various units sorted and marched off in something like military formation. Some few members of each unit were met at the gangplank by Red Cross ladies who spirited them away in a mysterious manner. Rumor said that these lucky ones had friends to meet them. Scuds was one of the fortunates.

He didn't rejoin us until after we had been lined up and inspected by the transportation officers. His face was tinted up and he wore a smile that spread from ear to ear. And he had something to tell us.

"Some girl, my Rosie! Waitin' right there for me, lookin' prettier than a picture. Some girl! Got a job all tagged for me. Floor walker in the five-and-ten at eighteen bucks a week. And the flat up on the Heights is all furnished and waitin'."

"Humph!" called the sergeant from down at the end of the line. "What's to be happening to Philomene?"

"Now listen here, sarge, all military formalities to one side, if I ever hear you mention the name of Philomene again I'll hop the first train to Worcester and spill a few inside secrets myself."

And Belgium had lost a promising customer.

THE WRONG HAT ON THE RIGHT MAN

(Continued from Page 29)

If a feller can use his artistic judgment and get one of those old-timers to change the style of his hat everybody'll take notice of it."

O'Brien paused a bit.

"Will Savage claims that no man wants advice; that they have their own ideas about hats. He's wrong. The egotistical cusses don't and the freaks that want to exaggerate their freakishness don't, but clever well-dressed men do." He chuckled. "And they're willing to pay for it so long as they know they're going to get it for nothing. Minnie, I'm going to prove to Mr. Will Savage that men do want advice."

"Is that part of your scheme to make business square with conscience?"

"It is."

Minnie reflected a moment, then: "What is your scheme, Joe?"

"I'm not tellin' the details just now, Minnie. But it's a new scheme for doing selective advertising. When I put it at work, Minnie, I'll sell goods all round Will Savage."

"Well, for heaven's sake, put it at work then, Joe!" Minnie fell serious. "I suppose you're hypnotizing me. I came here to scold you, Joe—to get you to change your methods—and now I'm beginning to believe your methods are all right, that they don't need changing. It must be your personality, Joe."

She leaned a little nearer to him.

"I want to tell you something, Joe."

O'Brien leaned a little nearer to her.

"What is it, Minnie?"

"I like you better than I do Will Savage."

There was a touch of moisture in O'Brien's eyes.

"God bless you, Minnie, for that! And now I'll tell you something."

It was the irrepressible Irish again.

"What is it, Joe?"

"I like you better than I do Will Savage."

O'Brien reached under the table and took Minnie's hand and looked into her eyes so long that the girl at the next table nudged her escort and giggled. But the giggle didn't deflect O'Brien from his purpose any more than it would have deflected a bulldog by tickling his rump with a straw.

"Minnie," he said presently, "I want you to help me in my new scheme."

"How, Joe?"

"Ask your Old Ma—I mean your pop—to let me take my lunch hour from a quarter to three to a quarter of four every day."

"I'll do it, Joe."

As they left the restaurant O'Brien said: "Minnie, I think you'd better put your arm round me just to hold me down to earth."

"I can do that by hanging onto your coat tails, Joe."

Minnie did some arguing with her father to get him to let O'Brien adopt the new and unusual lunch hour he had suggested, but she carried her point—even against the protest of Savage, who urged that it was only a scheme of O'Brien's to absent himself during the rush hour of the afternoon and thus make his delinquency as a salesman less noticeable.

"How's the scheme coming on, Joe?" said Minnie the third day.

"Great!" said Joe. "Great!"

The fourth day brought no tangible results, neither did the fifth day. That night Squires said to Minnie: "I don't see as O'Brien's selling any more hats because of that scheme of his—leastwise, Savage says he ain't. And he stays out during rush hour when his time is twice as valuable as any other hour of the day."

"Oh, you and Will Savage make me tired, pop! What's five days to show results for any kind of a scheme?"

"I gave him a chance against my own judgment, just 'cause you wanted me to, Minnie."

"Well, just you have a little more patience 'cause I want you to, pop. He'll make good all right."

"Well," grunted Squires, "if he don't make good here he'll have to make good somewhere else."

Notwithstanding the Joe O'Brien chip she was carrying on her shoulder so bravely, Minnie was worried.

"Pop was asking about you last night, Joe," said Minnie in the morning.

"Just you wait, Minnie! Things'll happen all right."

And things did happen two days later. It was a little after nine in the morning. A gentleman who looked as if he might live in the Fifth Avenue section, so strikingly distinct was he from the usual run of customers in Squires' uptown branch, came into the store and asked for O'Brien. The clerks were gathered in a little knot near the door, listening to a disquisition by Savage on the best methods of salesmanship, in which Savage's own methods were upheld by contrast with certain eccentric ideas practiced by a certain other person. Joe O'Brien, who was standing near the cash desk, heard his name mentioned and came forward, grinning a welcome to the stranger. And of course the stranger grinned back at Joe.

"How do you do, Mr. Rawson," said O'Brien, reaching mechanically for the man's hat and looking for the size. "Come right back here. We've just got in something new that'll suit you—shape and color just right."

Ten minutes later O'Brien edged over to Minnie's desk and handed her a twelve-dollar check.

"Push Number One, Minnie." He pointed to the amount indicated on the check. "It's no piker's game I'm playing. You can show that to Mr. Will Savage." Then: "I told you things'd begin to happen pretty soon, Minnie."

"Friend of yours, Joe?"

O'Brien grinned.

"Never saw him but once in my life, Minnie."

Minnie hesitated, then:

"Friend of a friend, Joe?"

"Now, Minnie, be good!"

At two o'clock another stranger came into the store and asked for O'Brien. For the life of him O'Brien couldn't recollect the newcomer's face. Nor did the stranger recognize O'Brien. When O'Brien was summoned he cautiously led the prospective customer down the store away from Billings, a satellite of Savage's, who had very recently seemed to be making it his business to keep within earshot whenever the red-headed clerk was negotiating a sale.

"You're Mr. O'Brien?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm a friend of Fred Rawson, the lawyer, who got a hat here this morning. He told me to come to you. He said to be sure it was O'Brien and to talk to no one else. He said you knew more about hats than anyone in the world. My name's Muldoon."

O'Brien grinned.

"I thought it was Muldoon or something like that."

"And O'Brien sits well on you, my boy. That was a bully good hat Rawson got here this morning."

"I'm glad you liked it. Have you been wearing this style of hat long, Mr. Muldoon?"

"It always suited me."

"I'd like to have you try one that I think'd raise your spirits. Change is good, you know."

Muldoon chuckled.

"I see what Rawson meant now. Let me look at it." Presently Muldoon looked at himself in the mirror. "By gosh, I don't know what the wife'll say, but I'll take it anyhow!"

"Believe me, she'll do nothing but congratulate you," said O'Brien.

At two-ten Muldoon left the Squires' branch looking ten years younger and two inches taller and wearing a broad smile—and all because of the hat O'Brien had sold him. He proceeded to the Subway, somewhat conscious of his new and unusual headgear and rather uneasy in his mind as to what Nora would think of the innovation. But he was immediately reassured, for right across the car from him sat Jimmy O'Toole, the contractor.

"I say, Muldoon," was O'Toole's greeting, "where did you get that hat?"

"Like it?" said Muldoon, beaming as a mother beams when a stranger admires her child.

"I like the style of it. Did the wife make you get it, or was it Molly, just back from that fashionable boarding school, that has got good ideas about style?"

"I'll give you a tip, O'Toole. It might be of value to you if you have sense enough to take it."

"I've sense enough to take any tip, Muldoon—any tip that was good enough to make you change that old hat you've been wearing so long that it got to be a scandal in the neighborhood. Sure, it was the sight of the new one gave me a shock!"

"Never mind that, O'Toole. I'm trying to do you a real service, as all your friends'll admit when I'm tellin' you to go to Joe O'Brien and get him to put a hat on you that'll make you look like a respectable man."

"And who's Joe O'Brien, Muldoon? The name sounds good to me."

"He's a clerk in Squires' hat store on Broadway in the forty's."

"Seventy-second Street!" shouted the guard, which was Muldoon's station. He jumped up.

"And O'Toole, O'Brien's the man. Don't let 'em shove you off onto anyone else."

"Another yellow chip, Minnie," said O'Brien, laying Muldoon's fourteen dollars on the desk with the slip.

The happenings of the day marked the starting of the rolling of the ball in O'Brien's direction. As a matter of fact, O'Brien had given said ball a start several days before. And the ball gathered momentum and size from day to day. Morning, noon and night O'Brien's artistic services were invoked. O'Toole did as Muldoon had told him to do, and—pleased with the result—carried the word to Henderson and to Clarke. Thus the movement Rawson had started in O'Brien's favor grew and spread like the branches of a tree. While the other salesmen were idling about in little groups or waiting on casual customers O'Brien was busy, rushed—early and late he was kept at it.

Savage noted the effect this curious phenomenon was having on Minnie and sought to divert attention from O'Brien by directing the other clerks to fuss in and get some of the new trade. He even tried it himself once or twice.

"Friend of yours?" Savage suggested to an immaculately dressed tub of a man with rolls of fat on the back of his neck who came in several days later and asked for O'Brien.

"I want Mr. O'Brien," snapped the man, and Savage was temporarily discouraged from detective effort.

"O'Brien!" shouted a friendly salesman.

"Ah," said O'Brien, grinning at the fat man, who was strutting heavily down the store, "Mr. Stromberg. Here's something for you right here."

O'Brien led Stromberg to a remote counter. He placed a beautiful creation of pearl gray and black on Stromberg's head, giving the same a slight jaunty lunge to one side, thus contributing to the sporty vanity of the man, and pulling the broad brim well down in the back.

Stromberg chuckled as he looked in the double glasses.

"You're right, Mr. O'Brien. It does cover up that fat neck of mine, don't it?"

O'Brien grinned affirmatively.

"How much?"

"Only twelve dollars."

"It is to laugh!" grunted Stromberg, peeling the required sum from a huge roll. "I offered my doctor five hundred dollars to take that fat bunch off the back of my neck and you hide it for twelve, and no risk for me."

"Go on with you!" said O'Brien, patting Stromberg on the shoulder. "You look as fit as a prize fighter."

"How do you do it, Joe?" asked Minnie when Stromberg had gone.

O'Brien grinned.

"I've got 'em all guessin' like you, Minnie. They're all mystified. You'll laugh your head off when I tell you how I did it."

"Tell me now, Joe."

"Not till I've cinched it. You'd be tellin' and they'd all be standin' eggs on their ends just as I'm doin,' for it's that simple."

"Fourteen to-day," said Squires to Minnie. "All asked for O'Brien. Wouldn't talk to anybody else." He puffed his cigar to give himself the appearance of thought. "How do you reckon he does it?"

Minnie's eyes twinkled.

(Concluded on Page 64)

SOME BOYS' CLOTHING HAS STYLE, BUT "RIGHT-POSTURE" IS STYLE!

The Mother likes Style for her son and the Father expects it, but the Boy of 1919-1920, his eyes sharpened by observation, *demands it*, and *gets it* in

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Boys' Clothes

Not extremes and exaggerations of style; not style for "little old men", but style which couples mannish smartness with boyish slenderness, in addition to promoting an upright carriage.

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There should be a "Right-Posture" Clothier in your town. If not, write to us.

THE SNELLENBURG CLOTHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK

(Concluded from Page 62)

"It's his artistic conscience, pop."

"For sellin' hats, yes. But how does he get 'em in? I was tempted to try to pump one of 'em to-day."

"Good thing you didn't. You might queer Joe's game."

"Bet your life I didn't, Minnie! I'm only too glad to see 'em come in." Squires puffed his cigar. "All expensive hats too. How do you reckon ——"

"All I know is, pop, he's carrying on what he calls his personally conducted campaign of selective advertising."

Squires frowned perplexedly.

"You don't reckon he stands on the corner and solicits 'em, do you, the way they do on Seventh Avenue? 'Cause I wouldn't like that for this store."

"I don't reckon anything, pop. Joe gets 'em in. Let's mind our own business."

"Savage wanted to bet me that these customers are all friends of Joe's; that he's posted 'em to come in here and ask for him just to raise the price of his stock in this market—and in your eyes, Minnie."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Minnie laughed. "Where are your wits, pop? Don't you see that most of these customers are rich men—swells?"

The girl caught the lapel of her father's coat and pulled him over close to the cash desk.

"Say, pop, I wish you'd tell Will Savage for me to go to the devil."

The scene shifts to the office of Kidder & Slocum, stock brokers, Exchange Place. The time is eleven A. M., the morning after Stromberg's visit to the Squires branch on Broadway in the forties. Off the general public room is a small room in which the more select clients of the firm are wont to gather in great armchairs round the ticker. Into this room strode Stromberg.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" cried Slocum, the glad-hand member of the firm. "Get on to Stromberg!"

Stromberg grinned.

"Where did you get it? It's a masterpiece, the way it makes you look."

Stromberg let the tape run through his fingers until the price of Southern Pacific gave him elation, but modestly held his peace.

"By jingo, I think Strom's the last one!" said Nichols.

"That depends," said Slocum. "Where did you get it, Strom?" he insisted.

"What do you mean—I am the last one—Nichols?" said Stromberg, mystified.

"Never mind," said Nichols enigmatically.

"It was a curious circumstance that made me get this hat, boys," Stromberg began.

Slocum nudged Henderson.

"I knew it! Go on, Strom!"

"I got in the Subway yesterday a little after closing time." Stromberg paused—surprised, embarrassed—for there was a loud laugh, a unanimous, gleeful, joyous laugh. "What's funny about that?"

"Nothing," said Slocum, repressing his mirth while the others quieted down and waited, keenly expectant. "Go on."

"I've heard of men who were half drunk laughing at anything, but I don't see anything funny about getting into the Subway."

There was a chorus of "But we do, Strom—just now."

"I got into the Subway, I told you," Stromberg resumed good-naturedly, for he saw that the boys were trying to get some kind of rise out of him and he was determined not to give them any satisfaction.

Here Smithers broke in: "You got into the Subway, Strom, yes; and there was a red-headed chap with a broad grin—a good-looking chap, one you'd take to, a regular feller."

"Don't omit the blue eyes," called out Briggs.

Stromberg grinned.

"Were any of you fellows there? Did you see him?"

"Not one!" said Slocum.

"Mind readers!" said Stromberg.

"And the car wasn't crowded—there were plenty of seats," said Jones.

"But the red-headed chap came over and sat down by you," said Robinson.

"Wait!" interrupted Smithers. "He looked all round first, and he might have got a seat anywhere else, but he chose to sit next to you, Stromberg."

"I wondered at it myself," said Stromberg.

"And presently," Green, who had made a killing out of cigars, chipped in, "the red-headed man nudged you, Strom, and he said: 'Look at that stout man down there, three from the corner on the other side.'

"And you looked and you were interested at once, as he expected you to be, 'cause the man he'd picked out was stout like you. And the red-headed man said: 'I'll bet Joe O'Brien never sold him that hat.'

"And you were about to say: 'Who's Joe O'Brien?' But the red-headed man went right on his way."

"Let me tell it," Clarke broke in. "He said: 'Ain't it strange so few men have any idea of what's becomin' to 'em in the way of hats? Look down that row there—the wrong hat on the right man most every time. A man with a sense of humor can get a laugh out of it every day, noticing the different kinds of hats men wear.'"

"And you observed 'em all," Jennings piped up. "But your eye was principally on the fat fellow with the hat like the one you had on. And suddenly you began to wonder: 'Who is this Joe O'Brien he's talking about?'"

Stromberg lifted his hand.

"For the love of Mike, what next?"

"And then," said Slocum, "you were so interested—as the red-headed man had calculated you would be—you asked him who Joe O'Brien was, and he said: 'He calls himself an artistic hat salesman and honest adviser. He's up in Squires' store on Broadway in the forties. He's a curious chap, O'Brien is. He positively refuses to sell a hat to a man unless it looks good on him. The boss is always jumping on him for standing up for his artistic conscience.'"

"And now you're so thoroughly interested," Green chimed in—"as the red-headed man calculated you would be—that he pulled out a card the size of a blotting paper with a lot of caricatures sketched on it—caricatures of all kinds of men in all kinds of hats."

"And on top of the card," broke in Smithers, "was printed: 'The Wrong Hat on the Right Man,' and below was printed: 'Joe O'Brien Would Never Have Sold You a Hat Like That.' Ain't that so, Strom?"

"Witches!" said Stromberg.

"And he told you to keep the card," said Slocum, "and point out to your friends the caricatures that resembled them in the wrong hats."

"And yet you didn't tumble to his game," said Smithers.

"No, I didn't tumble to his game yet," Stromberg admitted.

"Not till he handed you his card and grinned as he left the train at Forty-second Street," Smithers went on. "And then you said to yourself: 'By jingo, but that's a clever fellow! If he is as ingenious at fitting the right hats to the right heads as he is at catching flies in the Subway I'll go in there and see him.' That accounts for your new hat, Stromberg."

Stromberg grinned.

"I see! That red-headed feller tackled all you fellers like he did me, eh?"

There was a chorus of "Sherlock Holmes at last!"

"And did all you fellers have sense enough to fall for that feller's little game like me?"

Slocum crossed to a clothes closet and threw the door open wide.

"By jingo!" exclaimed Stromberg in admiration. "They're all new ones, ain't they? Boys, you've got more sense than I thought you had."

"There's only one empty hook there, Stromberg."

This time Stromberg laughed.

"Ah, that's what you meant by saying I was the last one!"

The foregoing accounts for the fact that O'Brien's ball continued to grow and to roll with accelerated speed.

"Anybody could do that," growled Savage when the secret leaked out, as secrets inevitably leak out where so many are concerned.

"Why the devil don't you do it then?" said Peters, a friend of O'Brien's.

For answer Savage grunted and returned to his place near the door to continue to act as announcer for O'Brien.

The same evening as Squires was going out O'Brien came to him, very white. There was grim determination in O'Brien's face.

His breath came short and fast, but it was not from walking or overexertion.

"What's the matter, Joe?" said the boss.

"Nothing's the matter," Joe panted. "Only I want to marry your daughter Minnie, Mr. Squires."

Squires raised his hand, but O'Brien was resolved to deliver himself of his set speech willy-nilly.

"It's no use protestin,' Mr. Squires, 'cause I love her and she loves me an' we're goin' to be married anyhow, an' I'm only askin' your consent to please Minnie and out of respect for your fatherly dignity."

"But who the devil's goin' to protest, Joe?" said Squires.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Old Orchard

DREAMING where the cider mill
Clanks and rattles on the still
Sweet October afternoone;
Listening all the drowsy tunes
That the autumn's orchestra
Booms from hills and far away,
Drifting come the long agoes
When the hips were on the rose
And the banded bumblebees
Noisy in the gnarly trees,
And the apple globes were bright
In the autumn's burning light.

All the music and the mirth
Of the homely sounds of earth;
In their coats of powd'ry gold
Foraged yellow jackets bold
Round the rich dark pomace heaps,
Winy pyramids where seeps
Temping sirup, dusk and brown,
Where a boastful bee might drown
As that drunken prince supine
In the butt of malmsey wine!

As the yellow sun swings down
To the distant spires of town
Memories blossom, one by one:
Apples drying in the sun,
Plowman's shout and loud halloo
And the laughing eyes of you;
And your chant, so like a croon,
Of some oft-repeated tune
Sung with pause and interlude
Of youth's phrasing, where intrude
Minors half-prophetic, sad,
From the deep heart of a lad.

Strange what beauty lies half furled
In the Lilliputian world
Of a boy's most secret dream;
Visions prescient, half a gleam,
Half a shadow. And who knows
All the secrets of the rose
Knows the wild heart of a boy,
All its hidden hurts, its joy;
Wiser he than all the sages
With the wisdom of the ages!

'Tis a score of years since we
Heard the cricket's minstrelsy;
Watched the nut-brown cider drip,
Saw the striped pippin slip
Downward to the yielding grass;
Watched the busy hornets pass
With a boy's respect for what,
Sheathed, they carried, piping hot!
And we spoke our dreams in queer
Half confessions, lying here.

Twenty years have worked their will
With the orchard slopes, but still
Stretching toward the autumn sky
Apple globes are hanging high;
Still the old earth keeps her tryst,
Though her sorrows, like a mist,
Silver with the hint of tears,
Touch with gray those golden years!
Oh, my comrade, what mischance
Left you on a field in France?

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

Afield

OH, THE scrubby pines are standing with
their lyric tops together,
Far from town and train and trolley and
the strident ways of men,
And the little hills are waiting in the sunny
autumn weather
For the swift Llewellyn setters to be thread-
ing them again.

Seas of golden sedge are shining in the open
widths below me,
And the yellow grasses shimmer in the
sweet rich swale,
And my eager heart is faring through the
virgin lands that know me,
Where the gleaming thickets echo to the
whistle of the quail.

I can feel an ancient gladness as my setters
bound about me,
I am brother to the wildness and my blood
runs free.
And I know the ridgy wilderness were lonely
here without me—
Oh, my heart has gone before me and the
fields are calling me!

Now the dogs are flashing swiftly through the
tawny meadow sedges,
With their brushes wagging madly and
their heads held high;
And I know the quail are feeding in the amber
thicket hedges
Where the hazel bushes stand against the sky.

Now the dogs are moving slowly up a gentle
elevation,
For the wind is in their nostrils and the
scent runs strong.
They are padding through the brambles in
suppressed exhilaration,
And my beating blood is lyric with a song.

See! The dogs stand stiff, and their muscles
thrill and quiver!
Now the birds are whirring up before the
sharp clear gun!
I can see them curve and settle in the cane
along the river
Where the sumacs flaunt their crimson to
the sun.

Oh, the blunted pines are singing on the
silver slopes together,
Far from town and train and trolley and
the multitudes of men!
And the golden fields are waiting in the vital
autumn weather
For the silken-coated setters to be threading
them again.

—*Perrin Holmes Lowrey.*

Nouveaux Riches

WE ENVY no one on the earth,
Whatever be his high estate;
His claims to money or to birth
Arouse no jealousy or hate.
Let others of their riches prate,
Or be like Solomon arrayed.
This is our fortune roseate:
We have a flat, we have a maid!

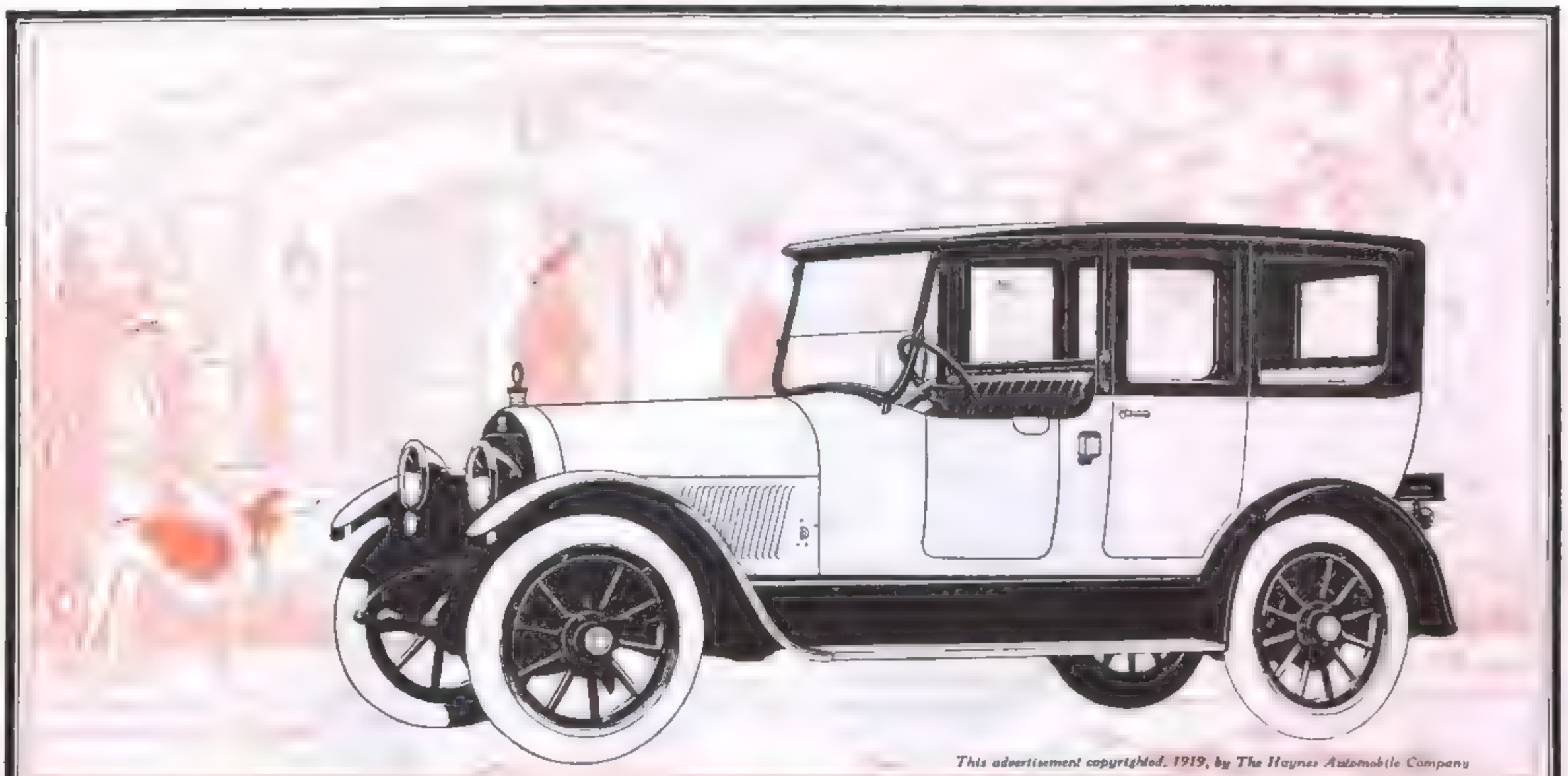
We roamed the city's length and girth
With sad apartment-hunter's gait,
A target for the jester's mirth,
The prey of janitors who wait;
But at the last there came a date
When, leases signed, our rent we paid.
It left us broke, but ain't it great?
We have a flat, we have a maid!

Of servant girls there is a dearth,
And though we pay our maid a rate
Three times at least what she is worth
We don't complain—we celebrate!
Flat seekers, homeless, wail their fate,
And maidless housewives shriek for aid,
A tragic crew to contemplate—
We have a flat, we have a maid!

Envoy

Rent, wages, both extortionate,
Will leave us bankrupt, I'm afraid
But still, we recapitulate—
We have a flat, we have a maid!

—*Berton Braley.*



This advertisement copyrighted, 1919, by The Haynes Automobile Company

THE 1920 HAYNES LIMOUSINE
AMERICA'S CLOSED CAR OF CHARACTER

THE NEW 1920 seven-passenger Haynes limousine is built in limited volume. It is a chauffeur-driven car of luxury, designed, finished and equipped for those whose positions demand a closed car of obvious character, utility and refined elegance. In accord with all the new 1920 Haynes cars, it offers a perfect combination of the four essential factors of car character—beauty, strength, power and comfort.

The dignified-lined body with its mirror-like finish opens to an interior of luxurious richness. Genuine mohair velvet upholstery covers the restful, lounge-like seats. Plump hassocks may be moved to the desired positions for providing complete comfort and relaxation. Silken curtains on quick-acting rollers, await the wish of the owner for covering the wide glass windows.

Chaste Mount Vernon silver fittings blend harmoniously into the quiet, artistic interior. Two auxiliary seats of the most comfortable design are easily raised or lowered in position. Thoughtfully arranged conveniences and beautifications—the chaufphone, the mahogany vanity and smoking cases, the clock, the dome and quarter lights and the like—add to the cheerful atmosphere of the interior.

The driver's compartment, finished in long-grain, hand-buffed leather, emphasizes the privacy and exclusiveness of the car.

Immediate delivery is promised for the 1920 Haynes limousine—a car whose elegance, serviceability and comfort cannot be overstated.

Should you not know where your nearest Haynes dealer is, kindly communicate with us and our response will be prompt.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

Luxuriously appointed interiors, thoughtful conveniences, and the many added niceties focus the new 1920 Haynes limousine to those who prefer the privacy of this chauffeur-driven car of character.

HAYNES
America's First Car

1920 "LIGHT SIX"

Open Cars

Touring Car—7 Passenger	$2685
Roadster—Four doors, 4 Passenger	2685

Closed Cars

Coupé—4 Passenger	$3300
Sedan—7 Passenger	3500
Limousine—7 Passenger	4200

Cord Tires and Wooden Wheels Standard Equipment

1920 "LIGHT TWELVE"

Open Cars

Touring Car—7 Passenger	$3450
Roadster—Four doors, 4 Passenger	3450

Closed Cars

Coupé—4 Passenger	$4000
Sedan—7 Passenger	4200

Cord Tires and Five Wire Wheels Standard Equipment

Prices are F. O. B. Kokomo.

A new catalog, beautifully illustrated, will be sent on request. Address Dept. 101.

The Haynes, AMERICA'S FIRST CAR, now exhibited by the government at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes, in 1893.

1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

White Teeth with Klenzo

GLISTENING, dazzling white teeth—white because the enamel has been cleaned and polished smooth—

White because the enamel is freed from every bit of discoloration and tartar—white because Klenzo brings out the marvelous beauty of the enamel as nothing else can bring it out.

Klenzo's snowy whiteness is just one more evidence of its purity and refinement—whiteness that goes naturally with white teeth.

By keeping the enamel polished white, Klenzo protects the teeth from bacteria and decay.

There's a new sensation in store for you with your first tube of Klenzo—that cool, clean feeling that comes after a vigorous brushing with Klenzo—that stimulating sensation of mouth cleanliness that refreshes like a shower-bath.

Know that Cool, Clean Klenzo Feeling. Show that smiling Klenzo signal—White Teeth.

At the 8000 Rexall Stores only, 25c

UNITED DRUG COMPANY

BOSTON TORONTO LIVERPOOL PARIS

STEEL PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 5)

"Oh, I'm all right. Doin' fine," he would say, laughing the while.

At sixteen he was hooking in the rod mill, and he was a good hooker. Sligo, the boss roller, knew it; he liked the boy and he was keeping an eye on him. And but for a moment too much of playfulness Wally Gay might have become a rod roller.

With the two other hookers he stood one day on the long incline back of the roll train, holding a light iron hook in his hands, with which he was keeping the rolled rods in place as in long graceful loops they slithered down the iron incline. Out of the whirring rolls shot the glowing ends of the red rods, like heads of fiery serpents, to be seized by the tongs of the roll hands, tossed lightly about, brought down, and thrust into guides for the return pass, while the looped rods poured down the incline in quivering streams of red. Rod followed rod in monotonous regularity, and the floor was alive with the serpentlike folds of the sinuous steel.

At one side of Wally worked a boy known about the mill as the Jumper, the name having been given him because of his nervousness and irritability. Wally found good fun in reaching across with his long hook, when the Jumper wasn't looking, and poking him—he liked to see him jump. Sligo had seen him doing this and had ordered him to stop it, but the temptation was there, and on this day he could not resist it.

He looked at his rods. They were all in place, the loops slipping and sliding over each other in perfect order, with the freed ends flipping into the troughs with a snapping sound like the cracking of whips. The Jumper's back was toward him. The long hook went out and jabbed the unsuspecting boy. With a yell he jumped forward, and his own hook went flying from his hands. Wally began to laugh, but he checked his laughter when he saw one of the rods on the Jumper's incline working out of place.

He darted across to restore it to its place, tripped, stumbled forward and set his foot within a loop. A swish, a snap, and the red-hot rod was kinked about his ankle, and he was on the floor among the snarling wires, being drawn rapidly up the incline toward the rolls.

His clothing was set on fire, the hot steel burned his hands and scored his face as the irresistible pull of the mill dragged him on. He screamed with pain and terror.

A whistle shrilled the danger warning and the workers at the rolls jerked back the glowing ends of the bars which they were about to thrust into the guides and held them aloft with their black tongs. Closer and closer he came to the spinning rolls, and deeper and deeper into the flesh of his leg burned the kinked rod. Suddenly a workman darted out from behind a roll train, seized a heavy steel-cutting ax, and with a quick and powerful blow severed the strand. The whistle shrilled, "Go ahead!" and the workers lowered their tongs and thrust the candent ends of the bars into the guides.

The injured boy was carried to one side, and chisels and tongs cut away and pulled away the twisted rod from his lacerated leg. Sligo, looking at the deep red furrows in the quivering flesh where the burning rope of steel had wound round and round, said gently, "You ought to have listened to me, Wally. I warned you——"

"Sure, Sligo!" broke in Wally, smiling the queer little smile that had made his teachers love him. "All my fault, Sligo—I'll never do it no more!" Then he fainted.

When Wally came out of the hospital Sligo refused to take him back. "Too much pep; altogether too flip and frisky to work here," said the boss roller. "You've got to be careful when you're working in a rod mill."

Wally was not sorry—he was afraid of the rod mill now. Sometimes he would look at the ugly scars on his leg. "S'pose it had got round my neck!" he would mutter. "I'm off that rod-mill stuff for good!"

He went to Ackerman, the yard superintendent, and asked for a job; and was made a roustabout. He liked the work better than any he had yet had, for it gave him opportunity to build up a wider acquaintance among the men of the mills; it allowed him greater freedom of movement, and it made it possible for him to investigate every nook and hole in the great plant. He proved to be a good roustabout, so good, indeed, that before a year had passed he was being called on to do all the dirty and most disagreeable jobs about the mills.

Was there a flywheel pit of one of the great engines to be cleaned out, a pit filled with rancid oil and engine drippings and floor washings? Wally Gay was called. Down into the filthy hole he would drop, grinning, to stand waist deep in the foul mess and ladle it out, heeding not the slop-over from the buckets swung above his head, laughing with the gang when someone purposely sloshed him with a pailful.

Was there a cesspool in the yard that must be looked after? Send for Wally Gay. Down into its dirty depths he went without a murmur, to muck and sweat in its fetid atmosphere until the abominable task was done, and then to come up smiling and asking, "Where's the next one?"

Was there a clogged sewer, choked with all the offscourings and sweepings and dreggy débris of the mill yards? Wally Gay would open it up—he was clever at that kind of work.

Who tarred the smoking roofs of the mill buildings on hot summer days? Wally Gay. Who swept out the soot-blocked gas flues, down underground in stifling heat and Stygian darkness? Wally Gay. Who dumped the reeking refuse pots from the mills, on the slopes above Vinegar Gully? Wally Gay of course.

"He's a mark, if ever there was a mark," said Ackerman; "but I really believe he likes his job. Let him alone—I'd have trouble in finding a man that would do what he is doing for me."

There was a hooker at the rod mill who thought much of Wally. One day he came seeking him.

"Say, Wally, let's beat it out of this here burg," he said. "Let's get out and see somethin' of the world."

"Leave Steelburg?" asked Wally.

"Sure! Steelburg's rotten!"

"I think it's a swell place."

"Oh, you saphead! Why, Steelburg is the rottenest place in ten states. Anybody'll tell you that. It's punk. Say, didn't you know Steelburg stinks so bad that these here airplane fellers are afraid to fly over it, afraid the smells might knock them off their buses?"

"I've never smelled anything wrong about it."

"Get out! You say you didn't smell that garbage foundry last night, with the wind blowin' up from the south?"

"Nope."

"Good night! Well, let's say it doesn't stink. Nothin' never happens here, does it? What is there goin' on in Steelburg but work? Work, work, work, night and day, day and night, that's all! Half of the burg in bed, the other half workin', all the time! Nothin' never happens but work!"

"You go down to Vinegar Gully and watch them dagos fightin' with them new coons from the South that just blowed in, and you'll think somethin' happens besides work. And say, Ed, you come down to my shack to-night and I'll take you over to The Bucket of Blood. Bulger the Bat and Woppy Crabbe are goin' to have a go at it with bare fists."

"That so? Guess I'll come down. But I'm goin' to quit Saturday and light out of this place—goin' West. Better go 'long, Wally."

"Nope; I like Steelburg."

"But you ain't doin' no good here; you ain't gettin' no place. Why, you're doin' work here they couldn't get a green hunky to do. I wouldn't do it—not much!"

"I like my job, Ed; I'm makin' good money; I'm havin' plenty of fun, and I think Steelburg a swell place."

"Good night!" The hooker walked away in disgust.

Ed Hannis left Steelburg. In a few weeks he wrote to Wally, describing the wonderful new steel city in Indiana which he had discovered and where he had secured a position, and urging his Steelburg friend to hurry on and join him. Wally read the letter, threw it away, and forgot Ed Hannis.

One day the roustabout was sent to one of the track scales to bail out the scales pit, which had been flooded by an overflow from a storage reservoir. He found a locomotive shoving a cut of cars over the scales, and he stepped inside the weigher's shanty to wait until the cars had been weighed out. A billing clerk sat at a desk, poring over a sheet of paper that was black with long columns of figures. His hair was tousled, his face haggard, and the pencil he held between his fingers twitched nervously—signs of the strain under which he was laboring. Suddenly he threw down the pencil and struck the desk before him a blow with his fist.

"What d'ye know about that, Bill?" he cried, turning toward a young man who was busy at the scale beam. "I can't find it! I've footed this sheet a thousand times, and I've cross-checked it a million times, and I can't find the bull! What d'ye know about that, Bill? Calla Lily has been yelping for this sheet all morning—wants it for the monthly statement! It's got to be in by eleven, that's a cinch! Here's where I get the run-run, I'll bet a nectarine!"

Wally had walked across the room and was standing near the billing clerk's desk, looking down at the sheet of paper that carried the long columns of figures.

"Say, you ain't got that right," he said, pointing at five of the footings. "That one down there ought to be a four, and up there where you've carried it over you've got a six and it ought to be a seven."

(Continued on Page 69)

Sheldon AXLE FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

Constructed on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Hitting a curve at high speed is a tremendous side strain on wheel bearings. Your trucks are subjected to these strains every day.

To gain greatest strength on locomotives, freight and passenger cars the wheels are fixed rigidly to the revolving axle. This permits of wide spread of bearings and a long leverage to hold the wheels steady against side strains.

This is the Sheldon Principle. On crowned roads, cobblestones, street-car tracks, slippery pavements, there are frequent side strains on the wheels.

A bearing at the hub and one at the differential end of the axle give the long leverage that means stability. It is the difference between locomotive and horse-drawn construction.

Buy your truck for strength and long life—buy the truck with the locomotive factor of safety.

The axle is the life of the truck and the Sheldon Principle is employed in Transporting the Freight Tonnage of the World.

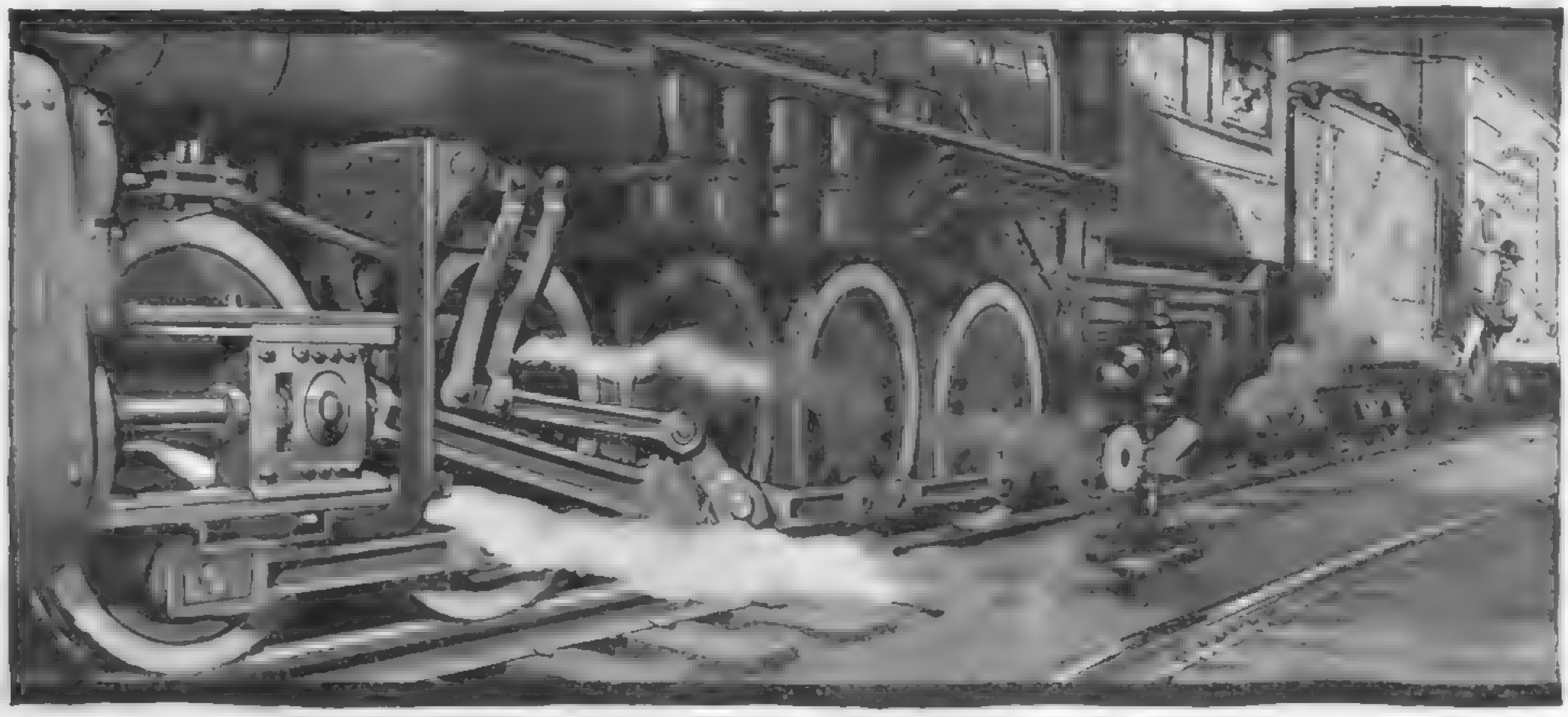
Write for booklet explaining in detail the Sheldon Principle

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Sheldon Axle and Spring Company

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Automobiles and Trucks

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



(Continued from Page 67)

"Huh?" grunted the clerk. "Where-'bouts?" He hurriedly changed some figures, refooted a column, and jumped up. "Say, Bill, I've got it!" he cried, dancing about the room. "Wow! Wow! What d'ye know about that, Bill? Say, kid, how did you happen to see that?"

"Oh, I just saw it," replied Wally.

"You didn't happen to foot that column while you were standing there, did you?"

"Sure—that's easy."

"Huh? You did, eh? What d'ye know about that, Bill? Here, you take this pencil and let me see you foot this other column, this long one, and we'll see what you get."

"I don't want the pencil. You keep it and I'll tell you what to put down."

For a minute or two Wally's eyes were fixed on the long column of figures, traveling up and down it. Then he called out, "Two hundred and eighty-nine thousand, one hundred and ten." The clerk removed the piece of paper which he had placed over his total for the column. The numbers he had set down at Wally's bidding were the same as those he had concealed.

"What d'ye know about that, Bill? We've got a new adding machine here. Say, can you write a pretty fair hand?"

"Sure. I went to school."

"So did Bill; and Bill writes like a hen with muddy feet. Here, write something on this," and he pushed out a scratch pad. "Write this: Steelburg Steel Mills, Shipping Department."

Wally wrote as directed. The clerk picked up the pad and looked at it. He whistled in astonishment.

"Look here, Bill—copper plate, by George!" he called. "Say, kiddo, how would you like to have a job in here, pushing a pencil and rustling the Manila paper?"

Wally laughed. "Get out! Don't you go tryin' to josh me!" he said. "That engine's gone, hasn't it? I've got to bail that pit out."

"By the jukes, Bill, what d'ye know about that?" demanded the billing clerk after Wally had left the room. "That gink's a regular old adding machine. And write—say, Bill, look at that! He's got me skinned forty miles, and you a thousand! I'm going to tell old Calla Lily about him and try to get him to put that guy in here. He'd be useful. He'd make good here, don't you think, Bill?"

"Sure thing, Jim Jones," replied Bill, "but if he comes in here to work I go out—unless he takes three or four baths first."

"What d'ye know about that, Bill? He is a little strong, isn't he? Well, I'll trot this sheet over to Calla Lily's office, and I'm going to speak about this lad—what's his name—Wally Gay?"

But Mr. Cecil Calla, chief clerk, who was refined, delicate and supernice; who, in spite of his six feet three inches of stature and his two hundred and four pounds of weight, sang tenor in the choir of one of the biggest churches in the big city; who minced in his walk and swaggered in his talk; who played the ukulele, and owned a complete set of Balzac in twenty-four morocco-bound volumes, and who possessed other evidences of culture—Mr. Cecil Calla turned a harsh ear to the billing clerk's recommendation of Wally Gay.

"No, Robert, no—it's not to be considered. The young man is impossible. He's very crude, Robert, very low. I've heard Mr. Ackerman talking about him at the superintendents' meetings."

"But he's there with bells when it comes to figures; and write—say, boys!"

"No, Robert; I want the men on my force to possess qualities of refinement and genteelness. I want them to be of a class different from that class to which the mill workers belong—more cultured, not so rough."

The billing clerk went back to the weigher's shanty. "What d'ye know about that, Bill? Calla Lily says you and me are more refined, more cultured, more genteel than the guys that work in the mills. Give me a chew of your spit-quick tobacco, Bill, and we'll argue the question. He won't have anything to do with that human adding machine that was in here—says he's too crude. What d'ye know about it, Bill?"

Bill passed over his package of scrap and grunted.

Meanwhile Wallywas finishing his task, bailing out the flooded pit—a nasty, disagreeable job for any man but Wally Gay. When the last bit of muck and slime had been scooped up and thrown out he climbed to the top, replaced the covering to the manhole, and picking up his bailing bucket set off down the yard, whistling gayly some tune he had never heard before, improvising as he went. He had quite forgotten his little talk with the billing clerk in the weigher's shanty; he was thinking of his next job; he was to paint a tall rusty smokestack.

Past the ore docks and the pig-iron stockyards he trudged, and in between two long lines of freight cars. Suddenly his whistling stopped, the iron bucket fell from his hand and rolled bouncing away over the slaggy ground. He stood before a worn and dilapidated old box car, staring up at the car's initials and number; and that number and those initials were P. G. M. 67677! He walked to the side of the car and read them there again: P. G. M. 67677. He stepped to the door of the car, which was standing open, dropped his elbows on the rough flooring and looked in. The car was empty. He saw grains of wheat and oats and corn scattered about, and there were pebbles of coke and little piles of broken straw and pieces of limestone and crushed rock.

He remembered what old Joe had told him of his finding him in a box car loaded with pig iron. He remembered the car's number and initials that the old man has given to him, and he remembered too that entry in his foster parents' Bible—P. G. M. 67677. Here was the car!

"That's a funny thing!" he muttered. "I wonder if this car's ever been in here before, since that time. I'm eighteen years old. I didn't think cars lasted that long. I'll ask McNutt. Wonder which end of the car I was in. Might have been that end; might have been that end." He picked up a piece of rotten wood that lay on the floor before him and slowly crumbled it to dust. "Funny business!" he murmured.

He picked up his bucket and walked on down between the two lines of cars until he came to the open yard. There he turned toward the yardmaster's office.

McNutt was still yardmaster at Steelburg Mills, but McNutt was older, grayer, stouter now. He had a new office and he had a new chair and a new desk, but Wally Gay found him in the same old position he was occupying that day, eighteen years before, when Joe Gay came to ask him to hurry up with that drag of iron.

"Say, McNutt, how long's a box car good for?"

"Eh? What's that? Hello, Wally!" The yardmaster dropped his feet from the desk, sat up and rubbed his eyes. "What did you say, Wally?"

"How long's a box car good for?"

"Oh, ten or twelve years usually—it depends on the way they're handled. With good usage they ought to last twenty-five or thirty years, I suppose. Why?"

"I seen a car down in the yard that was in here eighteen years ago; and I got to wonderin'."

"How do you know that car was in here eighteen years ago?"

The question confused the roustabout, and he grew red in the face. He never talked to anyone about his coming to Steelburg, and no one ever mentioned the subject to him—but once. Tom Lakkin, a steel worker, had once taunted him about his birth, and the boy in a rage that was almost maniacal had nearly killed the man with a shovel. He did not care now to answer McNutt's question, so he lied without hesitation:

"Denny Danks told me he remembers havin' that car off the tracks in C Yard, eighteen years ago, and workin' half a night to get it back on."

"What's the number?"

"P. G. M. 67677."

"How is it you happen to remember it, Wally?"

"Oh, I remember numbers, all right. Say, Mac, what road is that P. G. M.?"

"Western road—Dakota or Minnesota, I think."

"Think that car's been in here any since that time Denny Danks saw it?"

"Maybe it has, maybe it hasn't—can't tell. Probably not, though—it's a long way from home. That car's done most of its work west of the Mississippi."

"What'll you do with it?"

"Start it toward home—send it west. Not allowed to send it east."

"Well, so long, Mac. I've got to go; got a stack to paint."

McNutt rose and went to a window and watched Wally going down through the yard.

"By grab, I'll bet that's the car he came here in!" he muttered. "Old Joe told him. I'd just like to know, though, to be sure. By grab, I can find out! I remember putting a blue-pencil cross mark before that car's number in the yard clerk's book!

"Hey, Flammy!" he called to a young man in an adjoining room. "Fetch that flash light and come up in the attic with me. I want to look up an old record!"

The two climbed up the stairs into a dirty unlighted lumber room. Against the walls great stacks of old car-record books were piled.

"It was in June, all right—I remember that," the yardmaster said to himself, "and Wally is eighteen. If these files haven't been disturbed I ought to find it. Here, Flammy, pull this one out."

He opened the book and laid it upon a box, and while his clerk held the torch he bent over its dusty pages and ran his finger up and down column after column of figures, turning page after page. Then his finger stopped before a heavy cross mark that had been made with a blue pencil.

"Ah! P. G. M. 67677!" The yardmaster read it as trainmen read car numbers: "Sixty-seven, six, seven, seven."

"All right, Flammy; that's all."

They put the book back into its place and went down. The clerk returned to his work; McNutt sat down in his chair and lifted his feet to the top of his desk.

"I thought so," he murmured. "Queer about that car getting back here and his running across it. That would make me, if I was in his place, feel funny. Guess I'll stroll down and have a look at it. Clever little chap, Wally is. Good stuff in him. Tough, tough as a Tartar, but straight as a yardstick and steady as a stone hill. If some of these fat-salaried stiffs about this dump weren't so keen to grab all the good jobs here for their sons, nephews and second cousins, and for the young squirts that belong to their Sunday-school classes, and would give Wally Gay a half chance, he'd make some of them sit up and look dazed. By grab, I'm going to speak to the Old Man himself about Wally!"

And McNutt did speak to the Old Man; but nothing came of it.

"Humph!" grunted the Old Man; and walked on.

And that day he made a place in the rail mill for the son of a former governor of the state, who wanted to learn the steel business. The young man came to work next morning in a monogrammed car, smoking a monogrammed cigarette, wearing a silk shirt, creased trousers, an Alpinish hat and spats. He lasted three weeks and four days.

Wally Gay continued to roustabout for Ackerman, still performing the hardest jobs, the dirtiest jobs, the jobs that other workmen refused to do. Then Ackerman, when his own work was well up, began loaning him to the heads of other departments when they were pinched—when there was a man missing, when there were no job hunters at the gates; and always the roustabout was given the worst end of the deal. He was sent down into the ash pits under the gas producers, into the tunnels beneath the soaking pits, into the roll scale holes, into the pits at the open hearths, to the cupolas to wheel pig iron, to the rod mill to pile hot coils of rods.

He always worked long hours, for he was a twelve-hour man, but not infrequently after he had done a stint of twelve hours he would be ordered to report for duty for the next turn, in some other department. Often he did a thirty-six-hour stretch, and more than once was he on duty for forty-eight hours.

"Everybody's goat and nobody's pet!" laughed Ackerman as he watched him. "If his brains matched his muscles we'd hold him here about a minute!" Ackerman's motto as a yard superintendent was "Broad backs and no brains."

Life was a rich find for Wally Gay—he enjoyed it, every minute of it. He liked Steelburg and he stayed close to Steelburg. Rarely indeed did he go beyond its bounds, not even to the big city of a million inhabitants, of which Steelburg was a corporate part. Steelburg sufficed for him—it held all he desired.

He liked to visit The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood after his day's or night's work was done and drink an iron cocktail with some of the mill men. He liked to walk the crowded streets of Steelburg on Saturday evenings and listen to the talking and the wrangling and the cursing and watch the fights and count the drunks and look in at the picture shows and play a game or two of pool at Stollwerk's parlors. He liked to sit alone at his home far into

When you buy an overcoat, think of it as an *investment;* what *returns* it will bring you in service and satisfaction.

You cannot pick anything more useful, season after season, rain or shine, than an "R & W" No-Wate overcoat.

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Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

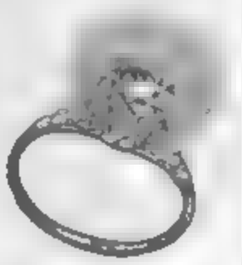
FROM JASON WEILER & SONS,

Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers

For over 43 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons of Boston has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewelers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser:

1 carat, $145.00

This genuine one carat dia- [illegible] $145



Ladies' All Platinum Diamond Ring $248.00

Six blue white perfectly cut diamonds set on sides of the ring. Large center stone is fine blue white color. Ring is exquisitely hand-carved and pierced.

Men's Green Gold Diamond Ring $270.00

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the night and gaze at the flickering flames—red, yellow, yellowish green—shooting up from the Bessemers and the blast furnaces, and catch the ghostly patter of the spittings—tiny spheres of metallic slag—as they rained down on the tin roof of his shack. He liked to lie in his bed and listen to the coughing and the grunting of the mighty blowing engines at the furnaces, the rumbling of the electric cranes, the crash of the ten-ton drop ball breaking up skulls and salamanders, the mutter and murmur of the rod mills, the snorting and panting of the locomotives hauling ore and coke and coal and limestone into the yards, hauling billets and rails and bars and rods and wire out of the yards.

Men came and went at Steelburg Mills, but Wally Gay stayed on. Young men with whom he had played, a boy, went away, came back, told wonderful tales of other mills, and went away again. Their stories did not interest him. Newcomers, strangers to him, secured jobs in the mills, worked a few days and left, declaring Steelburg too rotten a hole for them. He could not understand them.

Ed Hannis came back, wearing flashy clothes and sporting a diamond ring and a diamond stick pin. He hunted up Wally, found him knee-deep in muck in a cesspool, and kindly cursed him for a fool. Ed was now a heater in the big steel city in Indiana, making big money.

"It's a snap, Wally," he said. "Nothin' to this gettin' on in the world if you go after somethin' with both feet. Better come and go back with me—I'll get you on."

"Nope; Steelburg suits me."

"Say, you mutt, if you'd only go out there with me and look at that place for just about two minutes you'd take a tumble. Listen, Wally. I've got a private bathroom at the hotel where I stay that's better than the finest in this here bum burg. We're decent out there, we are. This hole—wow! I couldn't stand it no more now. I'm goin' out to-night. Will you go 'long?"

"Nope."

Again Ed Hannis went and Wally stayed.

At twenty-one he was still everybody's goat, a fixture of Steelburg Mills, an indispensable fixture. And then suddenly, unexpectedly he got a change. For the better? Not a bit of it.

At the ingot mill there were two ancient laborers. The timekeeper carried them on his books as Nicholas Waldron and Richard Drake, but to the mills they were known only as Nicker and Dicker. For twenty years they had been wheeling hot roll scale from the pit beneath the big ingot rolls. Theirs was a twelve-hour turn, and they practically lived the twelve hours underground, coming up occasionally with a wheelbarrow load of scale, pushing it up the steep incline, to dump it into a waiting car standing outside the mill building. It was very hot, very moist, very sticky and very smelly down there among the foundations of the roll housings. It was hard work they had to do, it was dirty work, disagreeable work, but they did it, and they asked for nothing else.

Nobody bothered his head about Nicker and Dicker, nobody worried about their end of the work—nobody had to. The mill knew that the roll scale would be taken care of—leave the old boys alone. The timekeeper peeped in at them once a day and gave each a mark in his book. The mill boss went down once a fortnight, turned round and walked out again. And Nicker and Dicker mucked and sweated in the black hole beneath the rumbling ingot rolls and wheeled their heavy loads of scale up the steep incline, sat in their foul little dungeon and smoked their pipes, talked, argued, quarreled, called each other bad names, cursed one another and loved one another.

But they were beginning to feel the clutching hand of the creeping years—age was wearing them down. And a change in the mill had resulted in an increased output of blooms and a corresponding increase in the amount of roll scale made. They wanted a helper, they needed a helper. They went to Jaster, the mill boss, and made their demands. He refused. What? Put an extra man on that job? No! Positively, no!

They waited until they were again working on night turn, and then, one afternoon, dressed in their best suits, they called on the Old Man in his private office and laid their case before him.

"Twenty year on one job, Mr. Teller," said Nicker; "an' the days we've been off in that time you could count on the fingers of yer two hands."

"An' allays doin' our work right, Mr. Teller," broke in Dicker; "an' not only ours but them other loafers' work on the other turn, that never keep things cleaned up good, an' leave it for me an' Nicker to do."

"An' more work now nor ever, since they changed them rolls," declared Nicker.

"An' us not so peert as we was once, Mr. Teller," suggested Dicker.

The Old Man looked at the aged pair and smiled. "I'll give you boys a helper," he said.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Nicker, touching his forelock.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Dicker, touching the spot on his bald head whence his forelock had fled.

They shuffled out of the office.

The Old Man told Ackerman to send Wally Gay to help Nicker and Dicker. Ackerman protested, he roared, he howled. He couldn't get along without Wally Gay! He couldn't let that man go—he wouldn't let him go!

"Send him down," repeated the Old Man. "Send him down there to stay. Those two ancients are nearly through—they're not going to last forever. Wally will fit in there exactly when they're done."

Wally went to the ingot mill.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, d'ye know who they're givin' us for a helper?" shouted Dicker as he came bringing the news to Nicker, bringing it as fast as his old legs could carry him. "It's Wally Gay, Nicker."

"Wally Gay? No! Well, it's a piece of bloody good luck for us, Dicker, if it's true. Wally's a dawndy, Wally is."

"You said it then, Nicker—he is! There ain't a finer chap in Steelburg than Wally is—steady, clean-cut, hard-workin' boy. Jogs-jolly, Nicker, I don't know when I've been so tickled."

"Me, too, Dicker."

Wally rejoiced in his new position, of course. The work was hard, but he had done harder; it was dirty work, but he had done dirtier. He had a change! In truth he had been growing tired of his roustabout job, though no thought of finding fault or complaining had ever entered his mind. Here was something new. The clangor and clatter of the mighty machinery of the ingot mill, the glorious racket, the splendid din of the place, the feeling that big work, men's work, was being done here, and that he was playing a part in it all—this pleased him mightily.

With his work caught up he would leave Nicker and Dicker in their foul cubby-hole, talking their endless talk, smoking their ever-burning pipes, and go above to sit in some sheltered spot and gaze at the huge white ingots of steel as they went smashing through the rolls. He liked to watch the shining arms of the powerful engines that drove the mill, striking out, striking out, striking out noiselessly and irresistibly; and the reaching up of the black hands of the manipulators from black depths beneath the rolls and tables; and their tossing the dripping ingots this way and that, as though they tossed squared logs of cork, fascinated him, held him spellbound.

"Aw, but it's great, it's great!" he would say to himself.

And when some mishap occurred—when a bloom lunging toward the rolls missed the pass, leaped up, struck the housings, poured over the top and piled up, a crumpled, twisted, messed-up mass of sizzling white-hot steel; and the electric cranes came thundering down the runways, hoist chains clashing, motors humming, to seize the crankled bar and pull it straight before it went cold; and a score of men came running, grabbing up bars and sledges and hooks as they came, and swarmed over the standings and tables, to haul and sledge and pry—with what zest would Wally leap from his corner and join the gang, to sweat and strain with them till the huge cobble was loosened, straightened out and dragged away, yelling the loudest, cursing the loudest, laughing the loudest!

Fun? Aw, it was great! And he would go below and tell Nicker and Dicker about it, and get a bawling out from the old men, and be called a bonehead, a dub, a squash, a jackass and other harsh names.

With the coming of Wally to assist them, and with the consequent easing up of their work, Nicker and Dicker, for some unaccountable reason, increased their daily consumption of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps it was because they had more leisure now to enjoy the effects of the stuff. Nicker had always confined his drinking to three places: at his home and at The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood. Dicker drank at home, at The Morgue or The Bucket of Blood, and at the mill, for he never failed to bring with him to his work a bottle of whisky, not a large bottle but one of sufficient capacity to furnish him solace through the long twelve hours of the day, through the longer twelve hours of the night, when he was working night turn. Now his bottle was larger.

He nipped it on the sly, offering none to Nicker, for he knew that it was strictly against Nicker's principles to drink while on duty; concealing it from Wally, because, as he chucklingly told himself, "Age oughtn't to set no bad examples for youth." And too, he knew he would be fired if word came to the Old Man that he was carrying liquor into the plant—the Old Man was death on that rule. The fewer who knew of his culpability the safer he would be.

It was by the merest chance and not through any carelessness of Dicker's that Wally one night saw the old man tipping his bottle to his lips and dropping it back into the pocket of an old coat that hung in a corner of their underground den. A few moments later as Nicker and Dicker went trudging up the incline, pushing their wheelbarrow loads of scale, he was sampling the contents of Dicker's bottle.

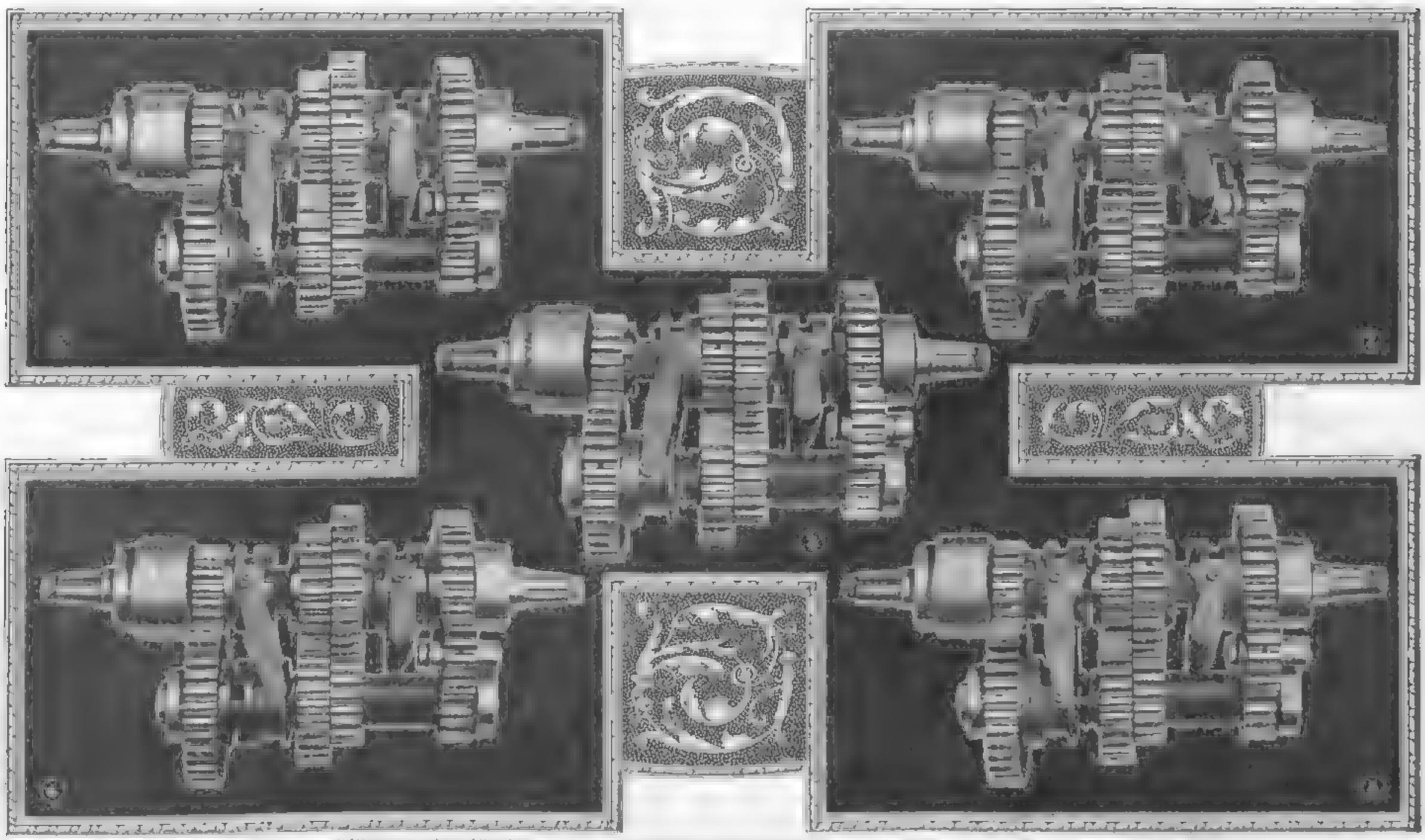
"That's not Morgue booze," he declared, smacking his lips. "He got that at the Turk's, if I know anything. Wonder if he's switched. Pretty fair."

He sampled it again that night; and he tasted it more than once the next night, and the next night too. He developed such a liking for the Turk's brand of whisky that he conceived a plan whereby he could play a harmless joke on old Dicker, enjoy a little portion of the old man's liquor, and not be caught at the trick either.

He brought a bottle with him the next night, an empty bottle, into which he decanted a third of the contents of Dicker's flask. Then from the water pail he refilled the old man's bottle to stopper level, shook it up and returned it to its hiding place.

For several succeeding turns Dicker was disturbed, mystified, unhappy. Then he quit buying at the Turk's and bought at The Bucket of Blood. He soon quit buying at The Bucket of Blood and bought at The Morgue. And from there he quickly went to Sam's place. And still he remained mystified and unhappy.

(Continued on Page 73)



(1) Cotta Transmission gears in neutral; (2) in low speed; (3) in intermediate, (4) in high, or direct speed—all gears idle in this speed, (5) in reverse speed Attention is called to the engagement of the various jaw clutches on the sides of the gears

Why Cotta Transmissions Can Be Guaranteed Against Gear Stripping

These pictures show how speed changes are made with the Cotta Jaw-Clutch Transmission, passing from neutral to low, intermediate, high and reverse speeds and point out why we are able to guarantee it.

Gears Are Always in Mesh

Note that in changing speeds the gears are not shifted—they remain always in mesh. That is why we can guarantee Cotta Transmissions. Only the jaw clutches shift position on the shaft when making speed changes. Engagement is so *smooth, accurate* and *positive* that there is no wear on the gears and practically no strain or jar on the truck or tractor mechanism.

The Cotta Transmission is patented, and with the Cotta Guarantee against gear-stripping constitutes the final step in the perfection of the transmission of power. Specify the Cotta guaranteed transmission for your truck or tractor and assure yourself of uninterrupted transmission service. Made in 3 and 4 speeds for trucks and 2 and 3 speeds for tractors.

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Largest Exclusive Makers of Truck and Tractor Transmissions

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An Assurance of Dependable Service

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

HOW does the story your car has been telling on the road this summer compare with that of the Franklin Sedan in the hands of its owners—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

—and only three punctures in the life of a complete set of tires, with blowouts practically unknown?

Of course, this Franklin standard of results cannot be expected to apply to a heavy, rigid car. To move excessive weight takes extra power—gasoline; rigidity results in road shocks to tires and car. Consequently, fuel and tire mileage is lower and depreciation faster.

The story of the Franklin Sedan is different from that of any other fine car because its fundamental principles of design and construction are the reverse of those commonly followed. It uses less gasoline, is easier on tires, and has greater riding comfort, because it embodies Franklin Light Weight and Flexible Construction.

These are the reasons why the Franklin Sedan is the only enclosed car with a touring range equal to that of the average touring car.

Still another Franklin feature which removes difficulties and uncertainties and gives all-year usability is Direct Air Cooling (no water to boil or freeze.)

In addition to all these advantages, the Franklin Sedan excels in enclosed car features. Wide Observation Windows give unobstructed outlook, two Wide Doors increase riding view and make access easy, the Slanting V-shaped Windshield gives broadest driving vision. Combined with the Sloping French-style Hood, these advances in enclosed car design make the Franklin Sedan both practical and attractive.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A PROMINENT MASSACHUSETTS MANUFACTURER WRITES:

"A front tire recently blew out at 25,075 miles. I took the other front tire off at the same time. Neither tire had ever been off the wheel before. Entire set of tires averaged over 21,000 miles."

(Continued from Page 70)

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, somethin's gone wrong with booze. There ain't no more kick in it no more. I've tried the Turk's, I've tried The Morgue's, I've tried it at The Bucket of Blood, an' I've been clean up to Sam's place; an' none of it's got no more wallop in it nor so much blue buttermilk, not so much! Jogs-jolly, Nicker, what's the matter? D'ye s'pose my system's got to requirin' a stronger-proof article?"

"I got a pint at The Morgue yesterday, an' it had a kick in it like a giraffe's, an' they tell me a giraffe kicks harder nor anything else."

"An' I got a quart at The Morgue yesterday an' it was tame as tea. What's wrong?"

Nicker glanced round, saw they were alone, put his hand to his mouth, and said in a stage whisper, "Watch Wally!"

Dicker watched.

"The young whelp!" he roared to Nicker. "The yellow scroot! Why, the bloody little boozer! Would you have thought it of him, Nicker? I wouldn't, blast me if I would! But I'll fix him! Jogs-jolly, say, boys, just watch me! I'll fix him!"

And the next day he visited a Steelburg druggist.

"Somethin' that'll just put the dog to sleep, you know, an' not kill the beast, so I'll get a chance to slip up an' sock my toe in his belly a few times before he wakes up. The animal's been bustin' in my wife's garbage can for a month, every night, every night. It's a dog of my neighbor's an' I don't care to kill it dead, you know."

"Here's the stuff you want," said the druggist, taking down a bottle of white powder.

"Would it kill a man?" queried Dicker.

"No, not unless you overdid it. A small dose would make him sick and put him to sleep, that's all."

"All right, wrap me up a half pound or so."

"You mean a tenth of an ounce; that'll fix your dog."

"All right, wrap it up."

Wally laughed as he tipped his bottle that night. Then he made a wry face.

"He's switched again," he muttered. "He must've got this at the Dutchman's—it tastes rotten enough. Bah! Tastes like it'd been kept in a gum boot!"

He wheeled out a few loads of scale, then went and sat down by the old men. Neither of them was smoking, neither was talking—they seemed to be unusually alert.

"Hot in here," said Wally, stirring uneasily.

"Hot? An' why shouldn't it be hot in here, with all that white steel floppin' about right over our heads?" demanded Dicker. "Of course it's hot. Look at that red-hot scale siftin' down back yonder, like red snowflakes on a black night. Sure, it's hot!"

"Guess I'll go up and get a breath of fresh air," said Wally, rising and starting up the incline.

Dicker dug Nicker in the ribs with his elbow.

"Oomph! Arf!" he strangled.

Outside the mill building Wally looked about for a place where he could lie down. He wanted to stretch out—his head was spinning. Rain had been falling and everything was wet. He caught sight of a box car with open door, standing on a side track several yards distant. He stumbled across to it, stepped up on a timber and climbed inside. The car was loaded with coils of smooth bright wire. He threw himself down upon the coils and immediately fell asleep.

Fifteen minutes later two men came down the side track toward the car. They carried lanterns.

"What d'ye know about that, Charley?" one of them demanded as they neared the car. "I'll bet that's the car, right there. What's the number?" He was holding his lantern up. "P. G. M. 67677? I thought so! What d'ye know about that, Charley? Here old Duckbill takes and shoves this car away back here, and I've hunted half the night for it—been clear down to Katy Furnace, looking for it! And both doors open, of course! Well, let's get them shut and the thing sealed and carded!"

They shut one of the doors, latched it, sealed it, and moved to the other side of the car.

"What d'ye know about this night work they're sticking off on me?" The first speaker was again talking. "I don't like it, not a little bit. I've been working for this company seven years, and here I am, batting round these yards after midnight, carding out cars. What d'ye know about that, Charley? Can't you get it shut? Give it a belt with that bar there. Hit it, man, hit it! It's late, I know, but don't be afraid of waking somebody up. Hit it! That's the stuff!

"You never get any place with this company unless you're a relation of somebody with a haul or belong to old Calla Lily's Sunday-school class. When I got promoted to shipping clerk I thought I was going forward. I was—like a flivver with the reverse pedal pushed down! Old Calla Lily and his ping-pong piffle about having nice young men on his force gives me a pain in the plug hat! What d'ye know about that, Charley? Got your spit-quick chewing with you? Let's have a little jawful.

"P. G. M. 67677—that's the car, all right. Where did you say it's going? Montana? What d'ye know about that, Charley? Some trip. This old boat'll fall to pieces before it gets to Montana, judging from the looks of it. Pretty old, eh? What d'ye know about it, Charley?

"They say you can take up a hundred and sixty acres of good land in Montana, free. Wish I was going there. Hand me another tack. Biff! Well, let's go and find that other car. Damn that Duckbill! Don't you say so, Charley?"

Before daybreak a yard engine had shoved car P. G. M. 67677 out to a main-line track, and just as the sun was coming up and trying in vain to thrust its red rays through the black fog of smoke that enveloped Steelburg Mills; just as the gates of Steelburg Mills swung open and thousands of hollow-eyed, tired-faced, sweaty and grimy workmen poured through them; just as the whistles of Steelburg Mills began shrilling and screeching and bellowing for the day crews to get into the grind—Wally Gay left Steelburg.

II

AT HIS first awakening Wally could not have told whether the hour was midday or midnight. Just a moment or two of bewildered semiconsciousness, the sensing of terrific pains in his head, the hazy perception of some unidentifiable movement that was jostling him about roughly, bruising his body, hurting him in every nerve—just a moment or two, and again he became as one dead.

And when at last he opened his eyes in full consciousness, possessed of all his faculties, only that his memory seemed to be at fault, and began groping about him in the darkness, groaning at every move he had to make, crying out sharply as some lurch of the car would rack his tortured body into new spasms of pain, it was long past the hour of the next night, when he was due to report for duty at the ingot mill. Nicker and Dicker were there, wondering about him, fretting and worrying about him not a little, talking in low tones about him, whispering sometimes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, where d'ye s'pose he is? Where can he be?" demanded Dicker for the fiftieth time that evening. "I'm gettin' fair scared, Nicker."

"I must say I'm puzzled, Dicker," returned Nicker. "Nobody never heard of Wally stayin' away from his work before, an' his goin' away right in the middle of a turn—why, that ain't Wally's style. It puzzles me."

"I wisht I was no more nor puzzled. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, d'ye s'pose, now, that that there dope I slipped in the booze had anything to do with it, Nicker?" whispered Dicker. "I'm afraid, Nicker, I'm afraid it did."

Nicker shook his head. "I wisht you hadn't done it, Dicker. I wisht I hadn't tolt you."

"Me too, you blabberin' ol' fool! What the damnation did I care if the lad was takin' a snort out of my bottle now and then? What did I care? He was welcome to it. If it hadn't been for you an' your blabby gabber —"

"Sh-h! Choke your whistle, Dicker! Do you want to tell the world,"

"That's right too. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, you don't think now, Nicker, that the lad might have gone dopy with the stuff an' fell in a hole sommers—one of them ol' gas flues or maybe in a sewer where somebody'd left off a manhole cover? D'ye think I ought to tell somebody what I done?"

"No, no, Dicker, we'll wait some. Wally'll turn up, don't you fear. No use gettin' people stirred up an' askin' questions. We won't say nothin' to nobody—just keep it 'tween you an' me. We'll wait."

It was a hard night for the two old men. Dawn saw them in a state of nervous exhaustion, and never before had their work been so slacked. And the next night, with no news of the missing youth, was still harder for them. The mill was beginning to talk now, asking what had become of Wally Gay. Some, a few, laughed and said he'd had enough of being made everybody's goat, and had taken French leave for fairer fields. But the great majority shook their heads and whispered: "Something bad has happened to him. Wally would never have left Steelburg in that underhand manner. Why, no, he never would have left Steelburg at all!"

A week, two weeks passed, with no signs of the missing man. Nicker and Dicker were staying at home, unable to continue at their work. A feeling of guilt possessed them and made them want to hide their faces from the mill. Daily they met at The Morgue or at The Bucket of Blood, and daily they agreed that it wasn't necessary for them to say anything about the powder in the whisky. The boss of the ingot mill was furious, raging equally against Wally and Nicker and Dicker for putting him in such difficulty—the scale hole was not being properly taken care of. The Old Man was annoyed that his well-laid plans had gone astray. Ackerman, believing Wally had sickened of his job and had fled, was secretly pleased—if he couldn't have the jewel neither could anyone else.

In Vinegar Gully kind friends of the missing youth went to his poor little shack, forced a door, entered, pawed over and examined his poor belongings, and stole a ham, a safety razor, a near-silver teapot that had been one of Jane Gay's wedding presents, and a Life of Jesse James, shaking their heads and saying it was too bad about Wally, such a good boy! Then they went home to fry the ham, to shave with his safety razor, to brew a cup of tea in Jane Gay's near-silver teapot and to read the Life of Jesse James.

"I know where I'm at, all right—I'm in a box car, locked up good and tight; but where in Sam Hill is the box car at? That's what I want to know next!" Wally was talking straight into the darkness, following his awakening, and after he had groped about in the blackness for several minutes. "I'm in a carload of coiled wire, but how did I get there?"

He sent his mind back to pick up the lost threads of—as he thought—the past few hours. There was his drinking from Dicker's bottle. There was his finding the atmosphere in the underground den insufferably hot and oppressive. There was his going above and into the open, seeking fresh air and a place where he could lie down. There was—ah, now he had it! He had climbed into the box car because it was dry in there, and had dropped down upon the coils of wire, with his head spinning.

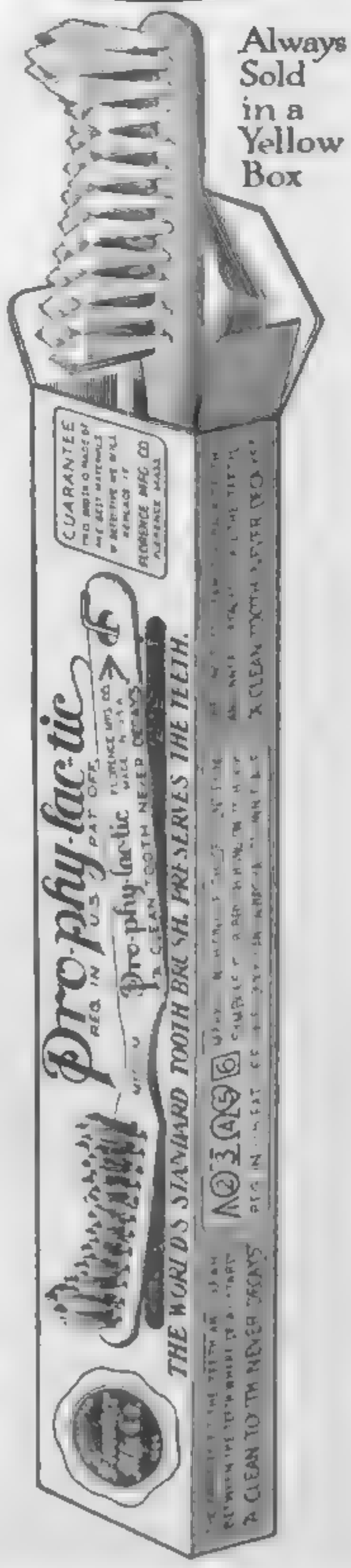
That queer-tasting whisky! Where had Dicker got it? It was fierce stuff! He had heard men at The Morgue and at The Bucket of Blood talk about knockout drops but it did not occur to him that there might have been knockout drops in Dicker's bottle. It was a case of bad liquor, extremely bad liquor—that was all. The drink and the heat below had made him drowsy, and once in the car he had fallen asleep. Some joker of a trainman had seen him lying there, and had closed the doors and latched them, and now they were shunting him here and there about the yards, probably taking the car to the scales to be weighed. A good joke on himself, he thought, and he smiled over it.

Then the noise of the wheels on the rail joints caught his attention and held it. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! The car was traveling rapidly. There was no stretch of track in the mill yards over which it could travel at that speed, nor for so long a while. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety-clickety! Oh, now he had it! They were taking the car to the storage yards, down by the canal! It was two miles to those yards. His anger rose—this was past a joke. He would probably have to walk back to the mills; meanwhile his work in the scale hole would be neglected; the gate watchman would see him as he went into the yard, and cause him trouble—he would be reported for going out of the mills during working hours.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! He sat and waited for a slowing down of the car, listening to the wheels on the rail joints. Suddenly he leaped to his

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

Brush Your Upper Teeth Downward and Your Lower Teeth Upward



feet. "This car isn't goin' to the storage yards!" he cried. "It's already gone three times the distance there!"

He became panic-stricken. He ran to the doors, beat on them with his fists, kicked them, tried to push them open, pulled and tore at them, unable to realize his efforts were futile. He shouted, he screamed, he cursed, and when he had exhausted himself he dropped down on the coils of wire, covered his face with his hands and wept.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! He was feeling weak and faint, and there were sharp gnawing pains in his stomach. Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety! He began to shiver with cold, and then he realized he was consumed by a raging thirst. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-click! For hours—so many hours he could never number them, it seemed to him—he sat and listened to that nerve-torturing monotonous clicking of the wheels on the rail joints.

Frequently there would come a sudden jerking and shaking of the car as the air brakes gripped the wheel treads, racking anew his sore and aching body, shooting quivers of arrows of pain through his throbbing head. One of these sudden checkings of the speed of the car dislodged a great coil of wire from its pile, and it came rolling down to the open space in front of the doors, bruising one of his hands as it came.

He fell into fitful slumber, waking to groan out his agonies, to shake with cold, to lick his dry lips. Once he woke and found the car standing still. It was very quiet there. Then he heard someone whistling, whistling a song he knew—Sweet Marie. The sound of the whistling drew nearer and nearer. He heard footsteps approaching—now they were beneath the car door.

"Open the door! Open the door!" he shouted, beating it with his fists, kicking it with his feet. "Open the door!"

The whistling ceased. "Hey? What's that? Who is it?" called a voice.

"Let me out! I'm locked in! Let me out!"

A moment's silence, then a jeering laugh answered his appeal. "Oh, you're locked in there, are you?" said the voice. "Well, huddy, you can stay in there till you starve and rot before I'll let you out, you damned bum!"

"Let me out! Open the door!" screamed Wally in an insanity of fear.

"Yah! Yah! Yah!" jeered the voice. Again there came the sound of footsteps—they were receding now—they died away. And the brakeman—for it was one of the train's crew as he went was running his hand over an ugly scar on his face, the mark of a fight he had had with hobos two years before, since which time he had waged bitter and relentless war against all knights of the road. The imprisoned man sank back on the coils of wire, trembling, sick with fear, and in a few minutes the car was again in motion.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety-clickety! That sound would drive him insane, he felt. He tried to stopper his ears with the tips of his fingers, but he could not shut it out—Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Clickety-clickety!

Sometimes he dozed, jerking and twitching, sometimes he slept, groaning and talking in his slumber, sometimes he rose up, to beat and kick against the locked doors. And when the car was standing motionless, as several times happened, he shouted, he screamed, he cried himself hoarse, but no one came. Rays of light shooting through a hundred cracks in the sides of the old car told him another day had come. He wondered at the ravenous hunger that gnawed at his vitals. Why should he be so hungry, so faint and weak, when he had eaten less than twelve hours before, as he thought? Why should he be so tortured with thirst in so short a time?

More than once he heard men running over the top of the car, but none of them answered his cries. Once as the train stood on a switch awaiting the passing of another train he caught the sound of children's voices near the door. He called to them. Their prattle suddenly ceased, and he heard the beating of little feet on the cinders as the frightened youngsters scurried away.

Another night. It was in early May and not all of winter's chill had gone from earth. The nipping cold that came with darkness crept in to his veins, penetrated to his bone and all through the night he shivered and shook, curled up on the hard uneven coils of wire, groaning and moaning in misery. The steely bundles had been working loose in the piles and rolling down into the open space before the doors until it was almost filled—there was no room left where he could move freely about and exercise his stiffened limbs.

His strength was going; burning thirst was consuming him; now when he tried to shout his voice rose scarcely above a whisper. He ceased to notice things—the motion of the car, the sound of the wheels, the shuffle of feet on the roof, the passing of time.

It might have been day or night, it might have been two days or three days, a week since he had left Steelburg—he did not know or care—when there came to him the realization that death was not far off. At the same moment he perceived that the car was not moving. And then just outside the door, against which he had fallen and crumpled up, very close to him, he heard a man cough. Then there came to his ears the far-away sound of a locomotive's whistle—two long blasts. An instant later there was a rattling of the couplers and drawheads on the car as the engine caught up the slack of the train.

From between his parched and swollen lips leaped a last despairing cry—the cry the drowning man gives as he looks at the sky for the last time, the cry the victim of the law pours out on the scaffold, the cry the trapped hunter makes as the wolf pack closes in.

A man, the man who had coughed, stood on the cinder ballast by the track close to the door. He might have been fifty years of age; he was very plump and extremely red-faced; he looked through gold-rimmed glasses; and though he was wearing a cheap baggy suit of blue overalls, clothing of better quality showed beneath—a white shirt, collar and tie, a black vest, and the upper edge of gray trousers. At the sound of the cry behind the car door he started.

"What's wrong in there?" he called. He waited no more than a second or two for an answer. "Heard that kind of a cry once before in my life!" he muttered.

He rushed to a box of track tools that stood near by and picked out an iron bar. The train was moving off. He ran to the car, thrust the end of the bar through the loop of wire that carried the seal, snapped it, knocked up the latch pin, threw the hasp off the staple, dropped the bar and seized the iron handle on the door.

The car was getting under way rapidly. The door stuck fast. He jerked and pulled at it, getting redder and redder in the face as he worked. He was running now to keep up with the car. Once he stumbled and nearly went down. He caught himself, straightened up, and exercising every ounce of his strength gave one last powerful jerk. The door slid back a little way on its hangers.

He saw the body of a man come slipping out through the doorway, head first. He snatched at it, seized the clothing, checked his running quickly, and pulled. The body tumbled down, struck the ground and rolled over, splashing into a shallow ditch at the roadside half filled with water. The face, dirty white and haggard, was up, and as the water went over it the eyes opened. They fell upon the car that was slipping rapidly out of their line of vision.

"P. G. M. sixty-seven ——" came from the black and swollen lips. Then the eyes closed.

The red-faced man dragged the inert body out of the ditch, looked at the swollen lips, and stooped and scooped up a handful of water, which he let trickle over them. The eyes did not open but the lips and the tongue began to move as the water continued to fall upon them.

"Here's a case, now! Sick man on my hands! Doc Holmes gone!" muttered the man, as he watched the effect of the trickling water. "No bum—plain enough. Shop worker—tell it by his greasy clothes. Young—twenty-four or five. Get him out of here—take him up to the house."

A little distance down the track stood a grain elevator. Up in the gable end of the tall building were the painted words and figures, John Peterson—Capacity 50,000 Bushels. Evidently it was a very old elevator—the roof sagged badly, the corrugated-iron sheeting was falling from the sides, the whole construction appeared to be out of plumb. The man hurried to this building, entered a door at one end and quickly reappeared pushing a wheelbarrow before him. He trundled the barrow to the side of the unconscious form by the ditch, picked it up and placed it on the barrow. He spat on his hands, grasped the two handles and started away with his load.

Back to the elevator he went, passed it, and turned toward a square unpainted frame house standing four or five hundred yards distant. He was breathing heavily and perspiring profusely when he came to the house, and his face was now the hue of boiled beets.

A tall, thin, grim-visaged woman had come to the door of the house, and now stood there watching his approach. He set down his load and rested, leaning over it, with his hands still grasping the handles of the wheelbarrow, for several minutes. Then he looked up. The woman had not moved, she had asked no question, her face showed no hint that she was in the least interested in what was taking place before her.

"The back bedroom, Katy. Make it ready at once!" he said. "Then a pitcher of fresh water; tub of hot water too! And a bowl of beef extract, Katy! Hurry!"

She turned and disappeared. He gathered up the still form from the wheelbarrow and carried it into the house, walking with difficulty, staggering a little. There was no one near to assist him. A half mile away could be seen a collection of houses, but there was none close at hand, and the road was deserted.

When Wally opened his eyes he found himself in a very plainly furnished room, lying in a very clean bed, the cleanest bed he had ever lain in. He saw a plump red-faced man standing at the foot of the bed looking at him.

"Well, how are you?" asked the red-faced man.

"Pretty well. How are you?" Wally always strove to be polite to strangers.

"How do you feel?"

"Rotten. Say, mister, what was the number of that car I was in?"

"Didn't notice. Why?"

"Why, I got it in my head that it was—oh, nothin'."

"When did you eat last?"

"About a month ago."

"Thought so. Better start to catch up. Katy!"

The woman came into the room, carrying a steaming bowl.

"Gimme some of that!" shouted Wally, struggling to sit up.

It was the third day after his finding himself in the clean bed before he left it to sit with the red-faced man on a little veranda at one side of the house. It was the fourth day before he told his story. No detail of it was omitted, not even the part of it that had to do with the purloining of old Dicker's liquor. His auditor gave him close attention, interrupting with no question or comment, gazing steadily all the while out across the great expanse of green prairie that lay before them.

"Quite a story," he said when Wally had finished. "Close call for you—door stuck—I stumbled. If I hadn't caught myself ——" He waved his hand. "Tell you something about myself. Name's Peterson—John Peterson, Junior. Never mind the Junior—old gentleman dead. Bachelor—live here alone—have a housekeeper—old Katy Podkins. Stay here eight months, California four months. Buy and ship wheat. That's my elevator—father built it—going to pieces—pretty ancient. Great wheat country here—nothing grown but wheat. See that green stuff over there? Wheat. See that green prairie over yonder? Wheat. Wheat everywhere. Some hay—not much."

"What is hay?" Wally interrupted.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, I see—city bred. Dried grass for stock; used to distend the stomach. Lots of wheat grown hereabouts. I buy most of it—ship it to Buffalo—deal with Spencer & Banks. Fine people—rich firm—handle me well. Lots of work ahead now—man short—hard to get help—here's the case.

"Got a nephew—no good—sportish—spender—older than you—ten years, maybe. Worked for me two seasons—not much help though. Promised to help me this season—gone to Fargo moving-picture-house job. Expects to get my pile—wants some of it now—don't like him—wouldn't trust him—couldn't. Got to have a man to help out—to run up and down stairs at the elevator—look after machinery—load out cars—so forth. I can't do it—too much blood—threatened with apoplexy. Got two old codgers—stand-bys—Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy. Ike runs the engine—Pete tests, weighs, receives the wheat. Good men, but old. Help scarce.

"So. Want to stay? I'll hire you. Two-fifty a day and board—live here with me. Treat you right—old Katy's a good cook—I like to eat. Well?"

"You want me to work here in your elevator?" asked Wally, not sure that he had kept up with Peterson in his rapid-fire talk.

"That's it. Will you?"

"Sure," replied Wally.

If Peterson had ordered him to stay and work for him instead of asking him if he would Wally would have made no demur—the man had saved his life; wasn't he under unlimited obligations to him?

"All right—start fixing things up—getting ready—soon as you're strong again. Go to Wheaton to-morrow—you and I—get you some clothes and things—my clothes don't fit you, eh?" Wally was lost in the suit of clothes Peterson had loaned him, and Peterson laughed as he looked at him.

"Want to show you the way to Wheaton too—may have to send you alone sometime," Peterson went on. "Not much excitement here. Want to go to Wheaton Saturday nights, all right—let you have a rig."

On the following day they drove to Wheaton, the county seat, fifteen miles distant from the siding where the elevator stood. Their road led across the level unbroken prairie, through vast stretches of land sown to wheat. Green as emerald, it met their eyes in whatever direction they looked.

"Wheat! Wheat!" gloated Peterson, waving his buggy whip about his head, bringing it to bear on every point of the compass. "Wheat everywhere! Our work—taking care of it—after it's harvested, threshed—getting it to a hungry world, eh? Lots of work ahead—plenty to do—big crop this year—make some money."

Wally let his eyes roam over the broad expanse of green, and felt a pang of homesickness. "Kind of lonesome like out here, ain't it?" he suggested.

"Lonesome? Not a bit of it!"

"Kind of quiet like too."

"Quiet? No. Frogs, birds, bees, crickets—in the summer, grasshoppers—katydids in the fall. Too much noise sometimes."

They rode on into Wheaton without much further conversation. At the town Peterson took Wally to the bank, where he introduced him to the cashier as his new man. He drew some money and handed Wally twenty-five dollars.

"Advance—buy some clothes—anything else you need," he said. "Meet me here at two—start back."

Wheaton was a solid little country town of three or four thousand inhabitants. Its people always spoke of it as a bustling place. Wally found it unbearably dull. He wandered about dull streets, had a drink in a dull saloon, played a dull game of pool with a dull young farmer, and by midday was consumed with ennui. Then he came upon a flour mill, and his eyes brightened as he heard the sound of working machinery—it was music to his ears. He quickly found his way into a remarkably dirty engine room, where he spent a delightful hour with a remarkably profane engineer whose fury against his employers knew no bounds because they made him burn a cheap inferior coal beneath his boilers. He charmed his visitor.

"Snappy little place," said Peterson as they started back.

"Not bad," agreed Wally. He was still warmed from his visit with the engineer.

In a few days the repair work at the elevator was taken up. Peterson, Ike Dooler, Pete Peddy, Wally and a carpenter whom Peterson had hired at Wheaton constituted the working gang. They unloaded a carload of lumber; and several shipments of machinery, iron sheeting and hardware of various sorts were received. Wally's spirits, which had been sadly drooping, began to revive—he worked with enthusiasm.

"Go a little slow," cautioned Peterson. "Don't try to do it all—take it easy—you got quite a wallop."

The carpentry work came first, after the materials were unloaded and stored. Wally did not like it. He could not saw straight, he could not measure accurately, he hammered his fingers, trying to drive nails; he had, he said, a crooked eye. He heard Peterson talking about the horrible mess in the basement that was awaiting them. He asked him about it.

"Worst job we've got—dread it down there—awful! Flood last fall—water got in—bin of wheat leaked—mud, muck, must, sprouted wheat—bah!"

Wally went down into the basement beneath the big bins and looked about.

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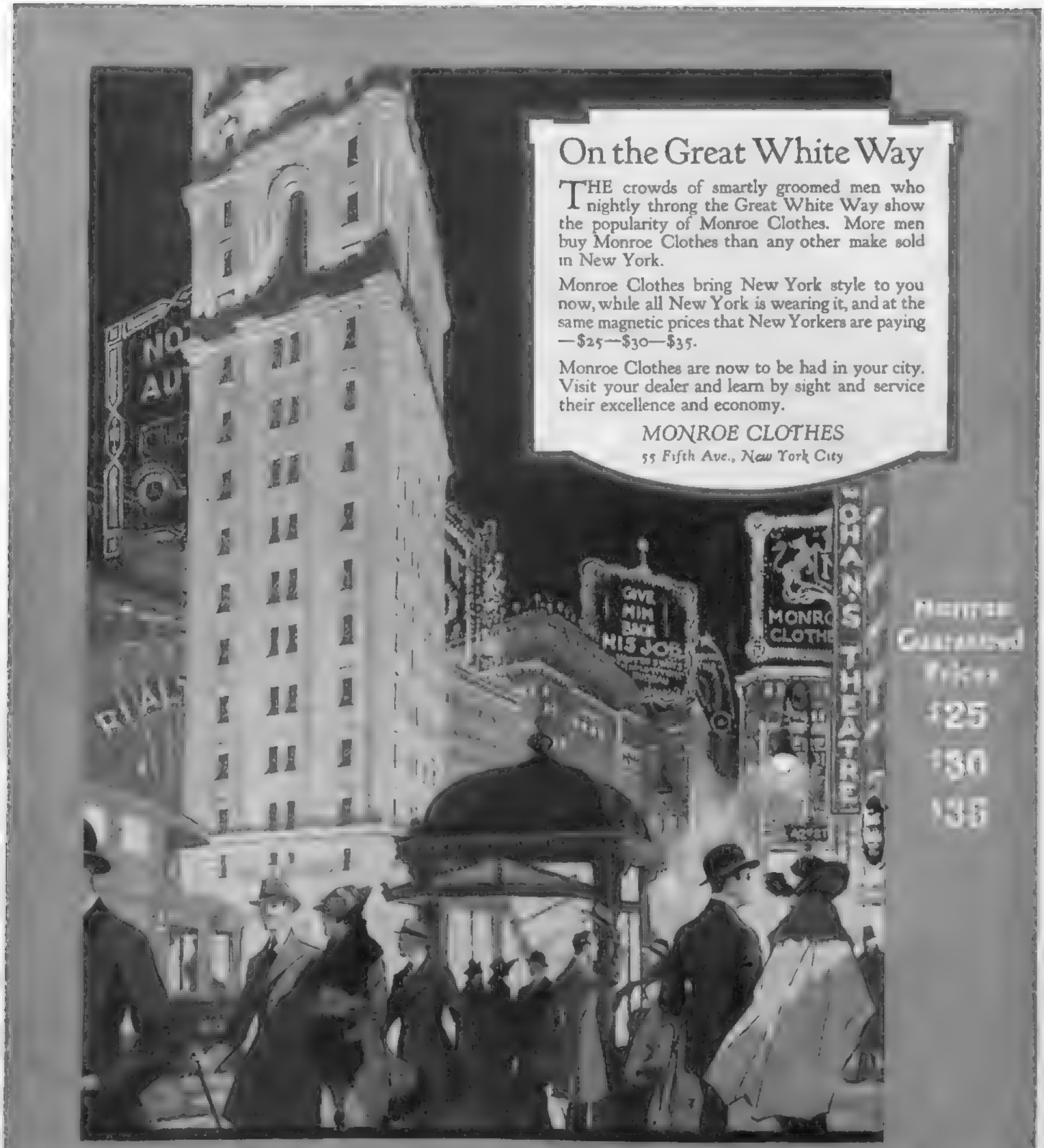
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It was, as Peterson had said, a horrible mess. There were two or three wagonloads of mud and muck, and a great pile of rotted and sprouting wheat that would have to be picked up and carried up the stairs in baskets and wheeled away in wheelbarrows. He proposed to Peterson that he go to work on this job.

"I don't like to work with tools," he said. "I don't make much of a showin'. You and Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy and that other guy take care of the other work, an' I'll handle this."

Peterson looked at him in surprise. "Wouldn't ask you to—too much—we'll help later—all together—but if you want to—go ahead."

He went below into the musty, foul-smelling basement and there shoveled and scraped and carried, while the others sawed and hammered and nailed and bolted in the building above.

"Drawn a prize!" chuckled Peterson as he watched his new man. "One fault—too willing—makes me feel cheap. Hope Edwin stays in Fargo till his whiskers are gray—don't need him here."

One day as Wally came up from the basement carrying a heavy basket of rotted wheat and mud he almost ran against a young woman who was just entering the door of the elevator. He stepped quickly to one side and set down his basket.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young woman.

"Nearly bumped into you, didn't I?" he laughed.

"It was my fault—I should have looked. Are you Mr. Gay?"

"Just Wally Gay, ma'am."

"Mr. Peterson has told me about you. I am Miss Creeth—Amy Creeth. I'm the schoolmarm, as they call me here. I'm also the superintendent of the Sunday school at the Dodder Creek Church. That's five miles north of here, you know. I came to invite you to our Sunday school. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Hiram Dodge, the cattle man, has quite a large class of young men. He'd be glad to have you join it."

Wally looked down at his basket of refuse, then he looked up at Miss Creeth and smiled, and Miss Creeth blushed and looked quickly away. She had glimpsed that queer little smile; she had seen that same something in those brown eyes that had made his teachers love Wally Gay, their most troublesome, most refractory pupil.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'll think it over."

"Please do, Mr.—Mr. Gay," she fluttered. "We'll expect to see you soon. Good-by."

She hurried off to her buggy, which she had left near the elevator, untied her horse and drove away. Wally stood watching her until she had passed from sight.

"Some skirt!" he declared with emphasis; and he picked up his basket and resumed his work.

His thinking it over, whether he should go to the Sunday school at Dodder Creek Church, resulted in his asking himself, "Now, what would Bulger the Bat at The Morgue say if he knew I'd been asked to go to Sunday school by a swell dame?" And he laughed.

He did not see Miss Creeth again for three weeks. Then as he was driving across the prairie toward Wheaton Peterson had sent him to bring out a piece of machinery he met her in her buggy.

"Good morning, Mr. Gay," she greeted him. "We haven't seen you at our Sunday school. Haven't you thought it over yet?"

"Not quite, ma'am—been too busy. I'll think it over some more."

And again he smiled at her, and again she blushed and lost her reserve.

"Please come—I'm sure you'll enjoy it. You'll like Mr. Dodge. He knows about you and he wants you in his class. Good-by."

And she drove away. Over his shoulder, as he drove on, he watched her.

"Some skirt is right!" he said aloud.

The basement was cleaned out thoroughly; the carpentry work was finished; the new machinery was in place, Ike Dooler had fired up his rusty boiler, overhauled and oiled his ancient engine and made a trial run—the elevator was ready to receive wheat.

And none too soon. The silky swish of the waves of green that had been rolling over the ocean of wheat had given way to a sandpapery rustle; the green grain had gone yellow, gone golden yellow, gone brown, and the binders had come and reaped it and bound it in bundles; the shockers had come and shocked it, and now in a dozen spots the horizon was smudged with the smoke of engines drawing threshers to the fields.

"Wheat in a day or two," said Peterson. "We're ready for it. Real work starts then—hard work. You're going to stick—stay till I'm through?"

"Oh, sure," replied Wally.

"Want you to—like your work—you too. Let's go up to the top now—show you how to run things up there. Your job—can't climb—tough trip up—dangerous."

They toiled up the steep stairs to the top of the elevator. Peterson sank down on the floor. "Shouldn't do this," he gasped. "Too much blood—apoplexy—Doc Holmes warned me. Get me some day—find me stretched out, maybe—don't be surprised. Expecting it—going to sell out and quit this fall."

When he had recovered from his exertion he showed Wally the working of the machinery—how it should be oiled, how the spouts leading to the different bins should be handled, how the steel worm in the conveyor box could be uncoupled and removed in case of a break or choke-up, how belts were shifted and tightened, and how a lacing was made.

"Leave it to you, Wally—got confidence in you—keep your eyes open—always on the job," he rattled as they started downstairs.

Wagons loaded with wheat began to draw up and stand before the elevator, each waiting its turn to drive on the scales and discharge its load of grain. Pete Peddy was busy now, testing, weighing, poring over figures, adding and subtracting, making entries in his books, sharpening his lead pencil. Peterson was writing checks, visiting with the farmers gathered about the wagons, keeping a watchful eye on things in general. Old Ike Dooler was fussing and worrying over his antiquated engine, driving it to its little limit, and Wally was running upstairs and downstairs, looking after and adjusting pulleys and belting and shafting, shifting spouts, watching the solid streams of wheat pouring into the blackness of the bins, listening to the rattle of the tiny grains on the floors and thinking how much the sound they made was like the rattle of the spittings on the tin roof of his shack in Vinegar Gully. The big work was under way.

"Say, what are you goin' to do when all these here bins get full?" he asked Peterson.

"Won't get full—empties coming in tomorrow—load them—begin shipping to Buffalo. More work, Wally—night work now—don't like it—has to be done."

The empties were shoved in, and it fell to Wally's lot to take charge of them—to patch holes in their floors, if there were holes that needed patching, to pinch them down the rusty siding, one at a time, to the loading spout, to board up the door openings, to load them, to close and latch the doors, and to report them ready to the station agent.

Work? He had never worked harder at the Steelburg mills than he was working now. Down in the musty, mudewy basement beneath the bins, poking at a plugged spout or unchoking a clogged conveyor; climbing the long steep stairs to the top of the tall building, to tighten a pulley there, lace a belt or shift a spout or paddle; out on the tracks at midnight, sweating a sticker down the rusty rails of the siding to the loading chute; running errands for Peterson; spelling Ike Dooler while the old man was away for his meals; sweeping, shoveling, carrying—he worked, he worked long hours and hard hours.

"Makes things go," laughed Peterson. "Good man—best I ever had."

One morning Peterson did not come to the breakfast table.

"He's sick," said old Katy as she placed a tray of food on the table. "He wants to see you."

Peterson was lying on his bed, dressed, when Wally went to his room. "Knocked out," he said, smiling. "Done up for a day or two. Overworked yesterday—that spill we had—ought to have been more careful. Means more work for you—have to bring Pete's papers and books here—make out checks—you give them to the sellers. Want you to talk to the farmers—jolly them—good fellow—if they ask, tell them I'm off my feed—that's all. Be all right soon."

In addition to his work in and about the elevator, which could not be neglected, Wally had to make frequent trips to Peterson's room that day, carrying Pete's weights and tests, and his books that contained his calculations and the sellers' names. Peterson would verify the old man's figures and write checks for the wheat purchased, which he would give to Wally to carry back.

The next day it was the same, and the next, and all through the week—Peterson was no better. That he was worried and that he was suffering much was evident. He was not asking so many questions about the work as he had at first. Then Wally noticed that he was writing checks without verifying Pete's calculations.

Once as the sick man started to write a check Wally said, "Pete made a mistake there."

"What's that? Where?"

"Right here—that isn't right."

Peterson took a pencil and worked over the figures. "So it isn't—didn't notice that—careless—twenty dollars out. How did you chance to see it?"

"Oh, figures are fruit to me—I see everything about figures."

"That so? Why didn't you say so before? Add, subtract, multiply, divide?"

"Sure, that's nothin'."

"Here, then, foot these columns—just going to do it myself."

Wally picked up a pencil and quickly footed the long columns, setting down the totals with such rapidity that Peterson watched him in amazement.

"All right, Wally." And when he was alone again the wheat buyer laboriously added up the columns. "Well, by George! Think of that!" he exclaimed. "Every one correct—no mistakes. Wouldn't have supposed it! Well, say!"

The next day he said to Wally: "Going to have you go over Pete's calculations—eyes hurt me—can't see well—head aches all the time—feel bad. Can you write?"

"Sure."

"Guess you can make out these bills—cars of wheat loaded out—I'll help you. Sit down at that table—try one.

"Good work!" he cried when he had examined Wally's effort. "Well, I declare! Better than I can do—poor writer—scrawler—nervous—shaky."

Under Peterson's supervision Wally was soon doing all the wheat buyer's work with the exception of signing the checks. But they alone knew of this. Peterson insisted on secrecy.

"Mus'n't let anybody know—won't do—farmers take alarm—afraid to take my checks. Be all right soon—had this trouble before. Keep it quiet."

But he did not grow better—he showed no signs of improvement.

One day he called Wally back as he was leaving the room. "Big draft here—today's mail—Spencer & Banks—must get it to the bank—need some cash too. You go to Wheaton to-morrow. I'll send Katy to fetch Amy Creeth—she'll help me while you're gone—understands—bright girl."

The following morning after the day's work was well under way Wally hitched Peterson's horse to the buggy and started for Wheaton, driving past the elevator to ask Ike Dooler if he had the horse harnessed properly and hitched to the buggy as it should be. At Wheaton he deposited the draft Peterson had given him and cashed a check, made payable to him, for two hundred dollars. He called on the profane engineer at the flour mill but for some reason found him stale and unprofitable, and cut his visit short. When he thought his horse had rested sufficiently he started back across the prairie.

His mind was full of the work he had in hand—there was so much to do. He rejoiced in the fact that he could help Peterson, could do Peterson's work. He laughed as he remembered how, a few days before, the wheat buyer had given him a great stack of canceled checks and his bank book and told him to verify the bank's figures and see if everything was correct. The accounts had balanced to a penny. In his pocket was another bunch of cancelations which the cashier at the bank had given him. He anticipated the pleasure he would have in going over them, arranging them, talking with Peterson about them. Figures, figures—it was fun to work with figures!

It was dusk when he came up from the barn to Peterson's house. Miss Creeth met him on the little veranda.

"Good evening, Mr. Wellington Gay," she said, smiling.

"Good evenin', Miss Amy Creeth," he returned, smiling back at her.

Her face suddenly became grave. "I'm afraid Mr. Peterson is a very sick man," she said.

"I'm sure he is."

"He ought to have a doctor, but he says Doctor Holmes is the only one that knows his case, and Doctor Holmes is in California. He has had these spells before, I know, but he is worse this time, much worse."

"I reckon he ought to have a doctor, all right. I'm doin' all I can to help him, and I'll keep on doin' all I can."

"Yes, yes, he has told me about you. He says he couldn't get along without you. Where in the world did you learn your arithmetic, Mr. Gay?"

"At school, I guess. Oh, I guess I didn't either—I always like to fool with figures, and it was always easy."

"And your beautiful handwriting?"

"That was easy too."

"You are wonderful."

Wally looked away. "That your horse and buggy over there?" he asked.

"Yes, and I must be going home! I have to help mother with the chores yet. You'll send for me any time you need me, won't you?"

"Oh, sure."

"And you're coming to Sunday school, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am—as soon as I get a chance."

"I'm glad. Good-by, Mr. Gay." She took a step forward and held out her hand.

Wally grasped it, shivered slightly, tingled all over, and stammered, "Er—good-by, Miss Creeth."

He watched her untie her horse and climb into the buggy, wondering if he shouldn't have assisted her. He did not move until the rattle of the wheels of her buggy had died away in the dusky distance. Then he moved toward the door.

"Some skirt, if I do say it!" he whispered.

The days ran by. Wheat continued to pour into the bins of the elevator, and it continued to pour out of them into the cars that Wally sweated down the rough uneven tracks to the loading chute. There was no rest for him. His hard work and his long hours were beginning to tell on him—he was getting thin and haggard.

A young Swede dropped off a loitering freight car one morning and spoke to him about a job. He hired the man at once, agreeing to pay him four dollars a day after the job hunter had refused three dollars and three dollars and a half. He put him to work, then went and told Peterson what he had done.

"Fine, Wally, fine! Needed more help—too much for you. Four dollars—hum—not too much if he's a good hand. I raised your pay—some time ago—forgot to mention it—give it to you in a bunch—any time—ask for it." And the wheat buyer nodded a friendly nod at him.

Wally made another trip to Wheaton, carrying another draft to the bank and bringing out more cash. Miss Creeth again stayed with Peterson and assisted him through the day. Again she and Wally talked together in the dusk, and again she shook hands with him when she left him. The next day at Peterson's request he paid Ike Dooler and Pete Peddy their wages, gave old Katy what was due her, met some bills presented by the station agent and settled up at the general store where Peterson traded. His own pay he did not draw.

"Guess I'll leave it with you," he told his employer. "I haven't got no use for it here now. I'll get it some day."

"All right, Wally; it's safe."

Old Katy came to his door one morning before he had risen and called him.

"He's worse," she said shortly, and went away.

He hurried to Peterson's room.

"Done, Wally. Done for good!" groaned the sick man. "Can't move—look here!" His hands lay on the bed cover. The forefinger of each hand worked up and down a very little. "That's all—muscles dead—down and out."

Wally was frightened at such helplessness, and he trembled as he gazed at the unfortunate man.

"Now what?" went on Peterson. "Can't write my name—can't sign checks—have to send for that nephew! Hate to—don't like him—can't trust him! Got to do it—only relative—got to let him in on the business! Send him a telegram, Wally—Hotel Northern, Fargo."

"Say, I'll sign your checks for you!" said Wally quickly.

Surprise showed in Peterson's face. Then he smiled. "Oh, couldn't do that, Wally. What do you mean?"

"I never seen any writin' yet that I couldn't write just like it—exactly like it if I tried."

(Continued on Page 79)

Experienced Shots Use 3-in-One Oil

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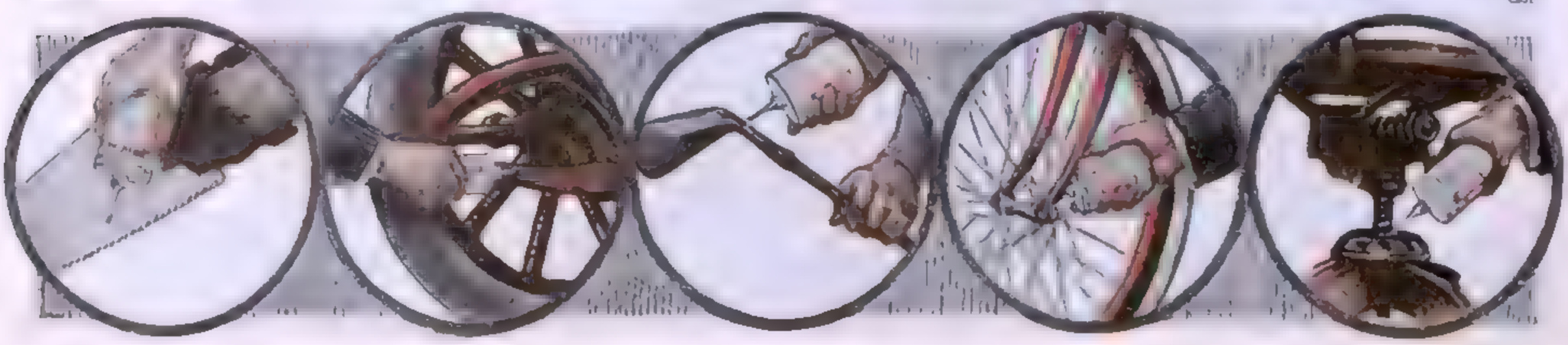

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(Continued from Page 76)

Peterson mused for several moments. "Oh, no—can't be done—impossible—never heard of such a thing! No, no, send that telegram—Edwin Peterson—tell him to come—say I'm sick."

"All right," said Wally. "Say, how about a doctor?"

"No, no—Doc Holmes back soon—he knows my case. Been like this before—never so bad. Don't need medicine—Sulphur Springs—California—that'll fix me up—always has. Send the wire."

Wally left the house and started for the telegraph station, but he had gone but a little way when old Katy came running after him, calling him back: "He wants you, quick!"

He returned to Peterson's room.

"Been thinking it over—might try it—don't want Edwin here! Three weeks more and we're through. Might manage it. You stick up a notice to-day—"No more wheat bought after the fifteenth." Try my name—get an old check."

Wally sat down at a table with one of Peterson's canceled checks before him. He copied the signature a dozen times on a piece of paper, tore this up, and on another piece wrote the name three times. This he held before Peterson's eyes.

The sick man looked at it in silence for several moments, his eyes going from one to another of the signatures. "By George!" he exclaimed. "Couldn't tell it myself! You're a skilled forger, Wally. Sign it to fifteen or twenty blank checks—let me see each one."

The checks were signed and held before his eyes. He approved each of them.

"All right—go ahead—same as before. But mum, Wally—mum as death. Funny business, this—mustn't let anybody know—just you and I—nobody else—understand? Approved forgery—ha! Keep Edwin out of it—finish up—go to California—both of us, eh? Soon be all right again."

John Peterson continued to purchase wheat, and the farmers selling it were paid with forged checks which they carried to the Wheaton bank and cashed, the cashier giving not a second glance at the well-known signature.

Wally now took charge of the telegraphic quotations of wheat, which came each afternoon, read a portion of the market page in the daily paper to Peterson every day, and opened his mail, holding the most important of the communications before the eyes of the helpless man.

"Got some letters to write," Peterson announced one morning. "New job for you—longhand stenographer—ha!"

"I can't write no letters for you," said Wally. "I'm a rotten speller—never could spell. I can sign your name or make out them bills or fuss with figures, but I can't write no letter—not your kind. Ask Miss Creeth."

"Good idea. Send old Katy after her."

Miss Creeth came. "I'll draft the letters," she said, "but Wally—Mr. Gay must copy them. I don't write a business hand—he does. They would produce a better effect in his handwriting, don't you think?"

Peterson agreed with her, and while Wally went to the telegraph office and freight station she wrote several letters. When he returned and began copying them she sat down at the table near him.

"You are just wonderful," she whispered. "He has told me everything, all that you are doing for him—about the checks too."

He flushed with pleasure. "Aw, that ain't nothin'," he mumbled.

"Yes, but it is! And he thinks you are—but I'll tell you that some other time."

She started to whisper something else but just then Wally smiled at her. Her cheeks mantled, and she rose and went to Peterson's bedside.

Wally finished the letters and hurried away to the elevator.

He was working harder now than at any time before. The wheat was flowing in in greater quantities, the growers wanting to get their grain to the elevator and sold before it closed down, to avoid the longer haul to Wheaton and other points. He was tired all the while—he could not get rested; he was losing flesh every day; he was hollow-eyed, thin-faced.

"You're killing yourself," said Miss Creeth one day as she sat by him while he copied a letter she had written. "You're working yourself to death!"

He laughed. "Don't you believe it! I'm all right. We'll be through before long. And maybe I ain't goin' to rest up some! I'm goin' to sleep for a week without wakin' up."

On the evening of the fifteenth of the month Pete Peddy weighed and graded his last load of wheat, made his last entry in his books, handed them over to Wally and went home. He too was tired. Ike Dooler, much though he wanted to, did not draw his fires—there were a few cars of wheat in the elevator that must be loaded out. Wally climbed down into each of the ten deep bins, as they were emptied, and scraped down the wheat that had hung on the slanting floors and in the corners, and two days later old Ike throttled down his wheezing engine with a thankful "Damn!" They were through!

"Good work! Good work!" laughed Peterson. "We did it—you did it, Wally—you!" He was jubilant. "Look here! Getting better—be all right now—look at that!" He could move his hands about on the coverlet, and all his fingers worked freely. "Doc Holmes back next week—fix me up. Knew we could do it—kept Edwin out of it—glad of that. By George, Wally, you did it! Pretty cute, eh? Well, better go to Wheaton to-morrow—another draft to bank—mine this time—made some money this season. Want your pay now? Write your own check—sign my name to it—get your money—ha!"

"Not yet," replied Wally. "I don't need much money here."

"Any time—say so. Going to California—soon as I'm up—want you to go with me—take care of me. Want to go?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. Oh, I don't know."

"Think about it—got to have you—treat you right—pay you well."

Wally went to Wheaton the next day. After he had transacted the business Peterson had intrusted to him he went to a hotel, hired a room and went to bed. He was very tired, and he slept until late in the afternoon. When he went to the livery stable where he had left his horse and buggy he found the horse was sick. The stable man told him the animal could not travel that night. He returned to the hotel and went to bed again.

When he woke late next morning he felt thoroughly rested—he was again his old self. The stable man advised him to stay in Wheaton as long as he could that day, on account of the sick horse, and he did not start back until the middle of the afternoon.

Then he drove slowly, letting the animal choose its pace.

The grim-visaged old Katy was standing in the black shadow of the barn as he drove up. "He's dead," she said, and with a sobbing moan walked away toward the house.

He trembled, as his heart went cold in his breast. Peterson dead! He could not believe it. He hurriedly stabled the horse and then ran up to Peterson's room. Where the bed had stood there was now a coffin, and in it lay the corpse of John Peterson. Wally dropped down at the table where he had made out so many bills, written so many letters, figured out the cost of so many bushels of wheat, signed John Peterson's name so many times, and wept long and bitterly.

That night he stayed with Pete Peddy. The next morning he met and talked with the undertaker, who came from a neighboring village.

"I have wired to his nephew," said that gentleman. "He will be here this morning on the west-bound train. I suppose he will have his uncle buried at the Dodder Creek Cemetery. Doctor Holmes got back from California night before last and he came over here with me yesterday, when the old woman telephoned me. I think everything we have done will be all right. Too bad about John—he was one of the county's best citizens."

Wally was at the station when the west-bound passenger train came in. Two men alighted from it, one of them a young man of thirty or thirty-five, flashily dressed, smoking a cigarette and carrying an expensive traveling bag; the other an old man, gray haired and stooped. The younger man walked rapidly away in the direction of Peterson's house, the older approached Wally.

"Young man, do you know where I will find John Peterson, the wheat man?" he asked.

"You won't find him," replied Wally; "he's dead."

"Dead! John Peterson dead!" exclaimed the old man. "Well! Well! I am astonished to hear such news! When did he die? Tell me about him."

He listened while Wally told him of Peterson's illness and sudden death.

"This distresses me more than I can say. Too bad, too bad! Why, I've known John Peterson for fifteen years or more, and a finer man I didn't number among all my acquaintances. You say you have been working for him? Do you happen to know who did his clerical work for him this summer?"

"I did—most of it."

"Oh, you did? Well, young man, I want to tell you that we have never had our correspondence and our accounting business with Peterson come through in such excellent shape as it has been coming the greater part of this season. I am Spencer, of Spencer & Banks, you know—at Buffalo. Peterson was very clumsy with pen and pencil, and we often had difficulty in making out his figures and in reading his letters, and more than once serious mistakes were made when we misread something he had sent us. Your work has been the admiration of our office force. How long have you been with him?"

This question led to another and another, and soon Wally was talking steadily, telling in detail to the mild-mannered white-haired man, toward whom his heart had warmed, his experience with John Peterson. And Randolph Spencer sat very still while he talked, listening to a story that caused his old pulses to quicken their beats. When it was ended he rose and began pacing up and down the station platform.

"Well, now, I declare!" he muttered. "Remarkable! Never heard of such a thing! I believe every word he has spoken! Well! Well!" He looked at the young man sitting quietly on the baggage truck. "He'll do! Made of the right sort of stuff! He's got the right kind of an eye—it looks at you, meets yours squarely. He will develop into something worth while. Well, I must say! If the ending wasn't so tragical it would be laughable. Poor Peterson—how he would have delighted to tell me this story!"

He walked back to the baggage truck. "What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know—get a job somewhere, I guess. I'm broke. If I can get what I've earned here ——"

"You'll have trouble there, I'm afraid. I've heard Peterson talk about his nephew, and he never said anything very good about him. He would have done handsomely by you, I know, but you'll do well now if you succeed in getting what you actually earned at your first wage rate. Suppose you figure it up and give me your claim to collect for you. I'm something of a lawyer, and I'm going to be in Wheaton and its vicinity for a few days. I expect I can get it quicker than you could, and without any expense to you."

Wally agreed to this. "All right," he said, "I don't know nothin' about how to go about it, except to go and ask this nephew of his."

"That wouldn't get you much. I'll take care of the matter. And now, something else. I've been thinking that I'd like to have you in Buffalo, working for Spencer & Banks. There's a little office adjoining mine where you would fit in nicely. The young man I had in there left me a while ago. Your salary to start with will be satisfactory, I'm sure, and it will grow better as you care to make it better. What do you say?"

"I'll go," replied Wally. "But I'm broke! How am I to get there?"

"I'll take care of that. I'll buy you a ticket to Buffalo, let you have twenty-five dollars or so, and give you a letter to Mr. Banks. He'll take charge of you until I get back there. That's the way we'll handle that. Now, you want to go to Peterson's funeral, no doubt. So do I. We'll go over to the house and make inquiries. Too bad about Peterson."

Together they went to the church at Dodder Creek, where the funeral was held the next day. Wally saw Miss Creeth in company with an elderly lady, whom he took to be her mother. He found no opportunity to speak to her or thought he didn't—and he wanted to tell her he was going away—he wanted to tell her good-by. He liked Miss Creeth.

Edwin Peterson came seeking him. "I understand you know a good deal about my uncle's business. Let's hear something. What about his ——"

(Concluded on Page 81)

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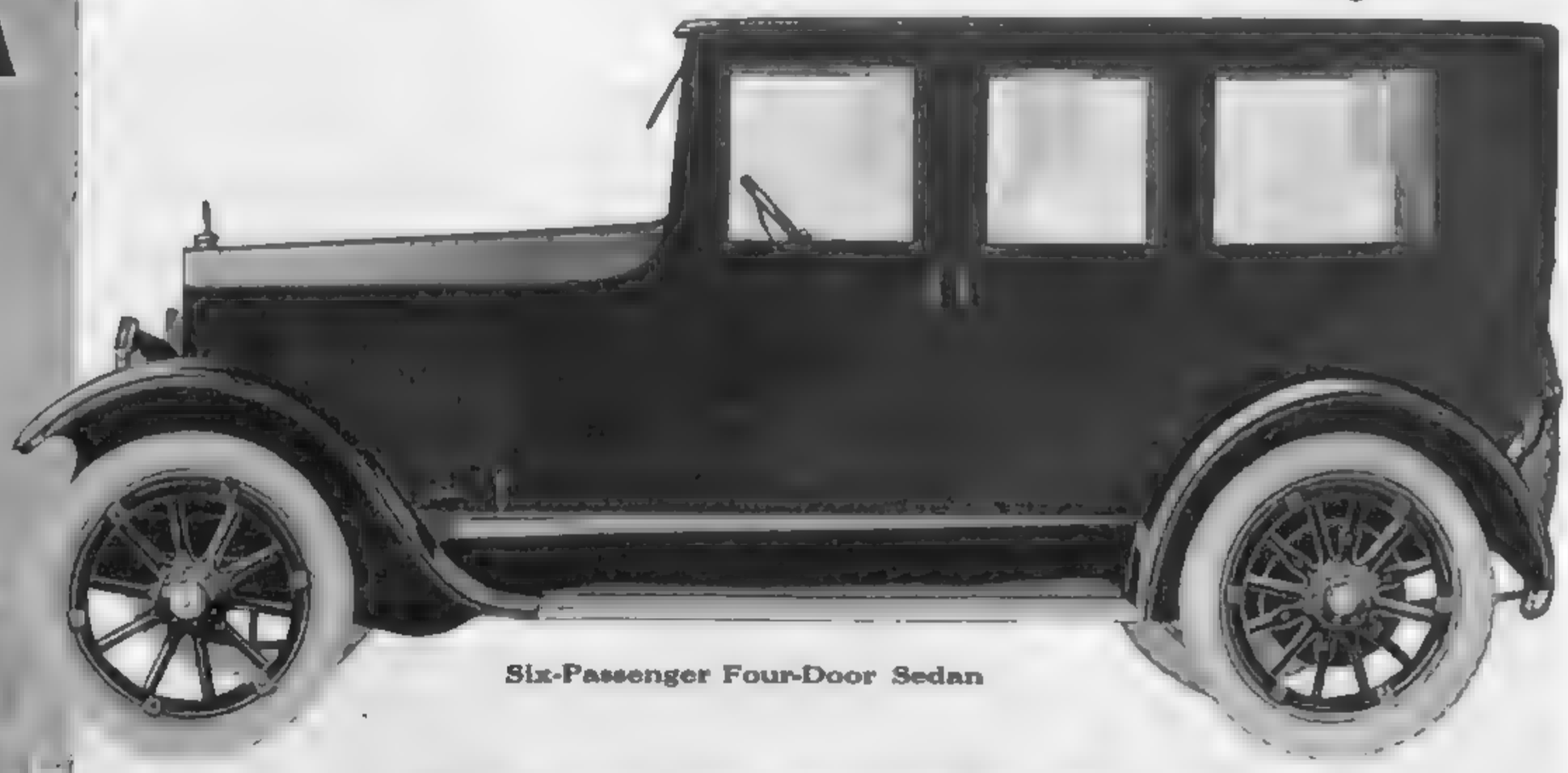

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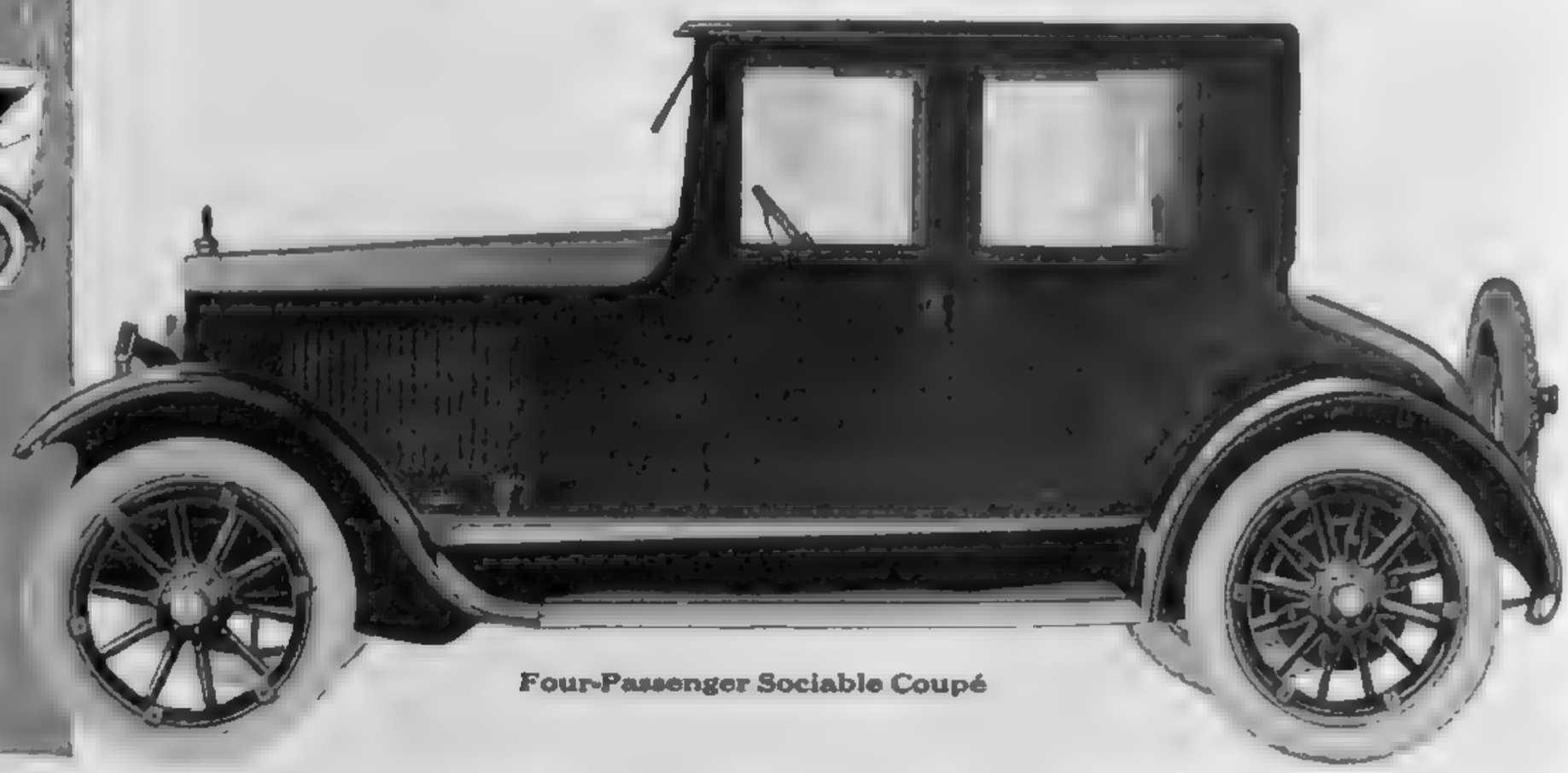


Four-Passenger Sociable Coupé

(Concluded from Page 79)

"Find out for yourself!" broke in Wally. "Everything's straight!" And he walked away.

He was climbing aboard the passenger train that was to carry him eastward the following afternoon, when he caught sight of a woman running down the road leading to the station. As the train was moving off and before he had entered the coach she came hurrying about the corner of the depot building. It was Miss Creeth. Some sudden impulse prompted him to leave the train, and he started forward to run down the steps, when the brakeman slammed shut the doors.

"Good-by, Amy!" he shouted to her, "Good-by!" She saw him and waved her handkerchief.

"Say, Leatherlung, what you tryin' to do—crack my eardrums?" snarled the brakeman.

"Some skirt, all right, all right, all right!" he sighed as he dropped into a seat.

At Chicago he learned that he had three hours to wait between trains. He left the depot, wandered down a street, passed a noisy pool room, turned back and went in. An affable young man proposed a game of pool, to which he agreed. While they played there rose a dispute among some other players; blows were struck, and in the rush he was jostled roughly. When he reached for his purse to pay for the game, which he had lost, he found it missing. He discovered some loose change in one of his pockets, paid for the game with that, and had ten cents left. He spent the dime for a sandwich.

"Broke again, travelin' again with empty stomach and pockets!" he laughed. "I need a keeper. But I've still got my ticket to Buffalo, and to Buffalo I'll go."

He left Chicago on an afternoon train, traveling in a day coach. Mr. Spencer had told him to take a sleeper out of Chicago. When night came he stretched out comfortably on two seats turned together and quickly fell asleep.

Some time in the night he woke and found that the train was standing still. Men were going out of the car and returning, and he heard them talking about a wreck ahead. He inquired of a passenger what time it was it was nearly midnight. He decided he would go outside and look about.

As he stepped to the ground he stopped suddenly and began to sniff the air. It was a foul rank odor that assailed his nostrils, but he found it familiarly delicious. He sniffed again and again; his pulses began to leap, and with all his speed he ran through the darkness to the end of the train and crossed the track behind it. Then he laughed, laughed long and loud, and struck his hands together. A high board fence was in front of it, and towering over it he saw rows of tall black stacks; a hundred well-known noises struck upon his ears; the sky above him was rosy red.

"O Lord!" he gasped. "It's Steelburg! Steelburg! Yeow-yeow!" He yelled for pure happiness.

He applied his eye to a crack in the fence and looked straight into the rod mill, the old rod mill where he had once worked. He saw the red rods looping and twisting and writhing over the floors; saw the roll hands tossing them about with their long-handled tongs; saw the hooker boys tugging at them on the inclines.

"Yip-yeow!"

He turned and sprinted along the track, keeping close to the high fence; ran for a quarter of a mile, rounded a corner and looked down into Vinegar Gully. He paused and listened. He heard a man singing in a loud coarse voice. The singing ceased and there came an applause of yells and laughter.

"It's Bulger the Bat at The Morgue!" he chuckled.

He made as though he would go down into the gully, then faced about and again ran along the fence. At a particularly dark spot that was not touched by the searching rays of light from the row of arc lamps that swung above the fence he stopped and began working at a loose board. In a minute there was a hole in the fence before him. Many a time had he gone through that hole, just as he was going through it now, unseen by the watchmen at the gate a hundred yards away. He stood in the yards of Steelburg Steel Mills.

Before his eager eyes greenish-yellow tongues of flame were playing above the buildings where the Bessemer converters swung; a dull red glow hung about the bases of the blast furnaces; he saw the long white bars of steel racing back and forth in the bar mills; and over in one of the Open Hearths he watched a huge ladle of just-tapped steel starting slowly up from the pit, waves of creamy slag slopping over its curving sides.

Something stirred in him, something came up into his throat and choked him, something like a mist floated before his vision. "Aw, it's great!" he whispered.

Keeping well in the shadows of the black buildings he moved down through the yard, pausing now and then to sniff the malodorous air, to listen to the bedlam of sound, to watch some mighty machine at its Herculean labor, to chuckle, to laugh, to mutter, "Aw, it's great, great!"

So he came to the ingot mill and stood back of it, in the shadows behind the cooling tank, where he waited, waited until a cloud of steam from the tank came blowing over him. Into its white depths he plunged, and unseen of any eyes he came into the mill building and to the incline leading into the scale hole, down which he darted.

He peeped into the den. Nicker and Dicker sat on their old black bench, asleep, their heads dropping forward on their breasts. He grinned, tiptoed past them, and took down a dirty greasy suit of overalls that hung on the concrete wall. From Dicker's bald head he lifted a torn and battered cloth cap. Then he tiptoed out, and behind a wall donned the grimy suit and set the battered cap on his head. From the lunch pails of the two laborers he ate a substantial meal. Beneath the rolls he found a wheelbarrow loaded with scale. He quietly pushed it to the foot of the incline. Then he dipped up a handful of the scale and threw it to strike on the wall above the sleepers' heads and rattle down upon them. He chuckled when he saw them stir, straighten up and rub their eyes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, I was dreamin' of Wally Gay, dogged if I wasn't! Dreamed he come down here all in white an' pointed a pink finger at me an' said, 'Damn you, Dicker, what'd you do it for?' Seen him plain as I see you, Nicker. Jogs-jolly, say, boys, I'm thinkin' of Wally all the time, eatin' or sleepin', awake or anything. What d'ye s'pose, Nicker, ever become of Wally?"

"Lord knows," mumbled Nicker sleepily.

"Nicker, I'll never be able to die a easy death just because of puttin' that dope in the booze. D'ye remember, Nicker, how he set here that night? It was right where I'm settin' now.

"'Hot in here,' he said.

"'Of course it's hot in here,' I said. 'Why shouldn't it be hot in here?' I said. And then he got up and ——"

His speech was killed by a sudden intake of his breath. His body stiffened and a queer sound came from his throat.

"Golly, Nicker, look! Look!" he whispered with dry lips, seizing his companion's arm. "Look, Nicker!"

Nicker raised his eyes. "Oh!" he groaned, shrinking back.

Up the incline marched a sturdy figure in grimy working clothes, pushing a heavy wheelbarrow filled with roll scale. The face was very white, and the hands that grasped the handles of the wheelbarrow were white, unlike the hands of scale wheelers. The eyes in the white face looked straight ahead, glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

A cloud of steam came blowing into the mill from the cooling tank outside. It drifted down the incline, enveloped it and hung there for a minute. When it floated on the figure with the barrow was not to be seen.

"Golly, let's go!" whispered Dicker. He leaped up and darted toward the exit.

"Wait, Dicker! Wait for me!" cried Nicker.

Out of the hole, up the incline, into the mill, past a crowd of staring, wondering workers, through the mill and out into the yard they raced, Nicker treading on the heels of Dicker. Nor did they halt their flight until they stood at the farther end of the yard, behind a line of freight cars.

"Jogs-jolly, say, boys, what—what was that?" panted Dicker.

"His ghost, Dicker, nothin' else!" gasped Nicker.

"We're doomed! He's after us, Nicker! I knowed it to-night when I dreamed about him pointin' that finger at me an' sayin', 'Damn you, Dicker, what'd you do it for?' That dope in the whisky killed him! Lord help me an' you!"

"I wisht I'd never come back here to work."

"Me too."

"Dicker, you got your bottle with you?"

"Yes. I allays carry it in my pants pocket, ever since that night."

"Lemme have it. So help me, Dicker, I never took a drink in these here yards before since I worked here, it bein' against the rules. But now—my nerves are shot."

He put the bottle to his lips, threw back his head and closed his eyes.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, don't forget I've got nerves too!

"Well, Nicker, where do we go now?" demanded Dicker, after he had sent an empty bottle crashing against a box car.

"Our clothes ——"

"Clothes? Why, man, I wouldn't go back there after my clothes if I didn't have nothin' on but my black string tie! Me for The Morgue! If they don't like these here workin' rags let 'em lump 'em!"

"So say I!"

"Sure! Come on!"

In amazement Wally had watched the mad flight of the two old men. He had tried to stop them, called to them, run after them, but the mill men caught sight of him and came crowding about him, shaking his hands, asking questions, shoving him this way and that, rubbing his clean face with dirty hands.

It was a glorious half night for him. He had never been happier. And he never toiled harder. For he found the work in the scale hole had been sadly slacked, and he set to work to clean the place up as he knew it should be cleaned. And there was much trouble in the mill that night, and more than once he went above to sweat and strain with the men there over red-hot bars of steel.

He was hurrying across the yard just at daylight, with the six o'clock whistles shrilling and shrieking and bellowing all over Steelburg, when he met Ackerman. The yard superintendent's face showed signs of worry. Ackerman was rarely seen in the yards at such an early hour.

"Hello!" said Ackerman, stopping and staring.

"Hello, yourself, so early in the mornin'!" returned Wally.

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, off on a little trip. Well, how's tricks?"

"Bad, Wally, bad! You know that big sewer back of the rod mill? Well, it's blocked up, blocked up in bad shape. I've been working at it for two days and can't get it opened up. The engine room up there is flooded, the water has backed up in the condenser house—things in a horrible shape. I can't get a man that's worth a rotten prune to work on it. If I had you just about three hours ——"

"I'll open it up for you! I know that sewer all right—worked at it lots of times. You've got to get right down in that catch basin with both feet and all four hands, when that there sewer gets blocked. It's some job, all right. Sure, I'll open it up."

"Say, will you Wally? If you will, I'll ——"

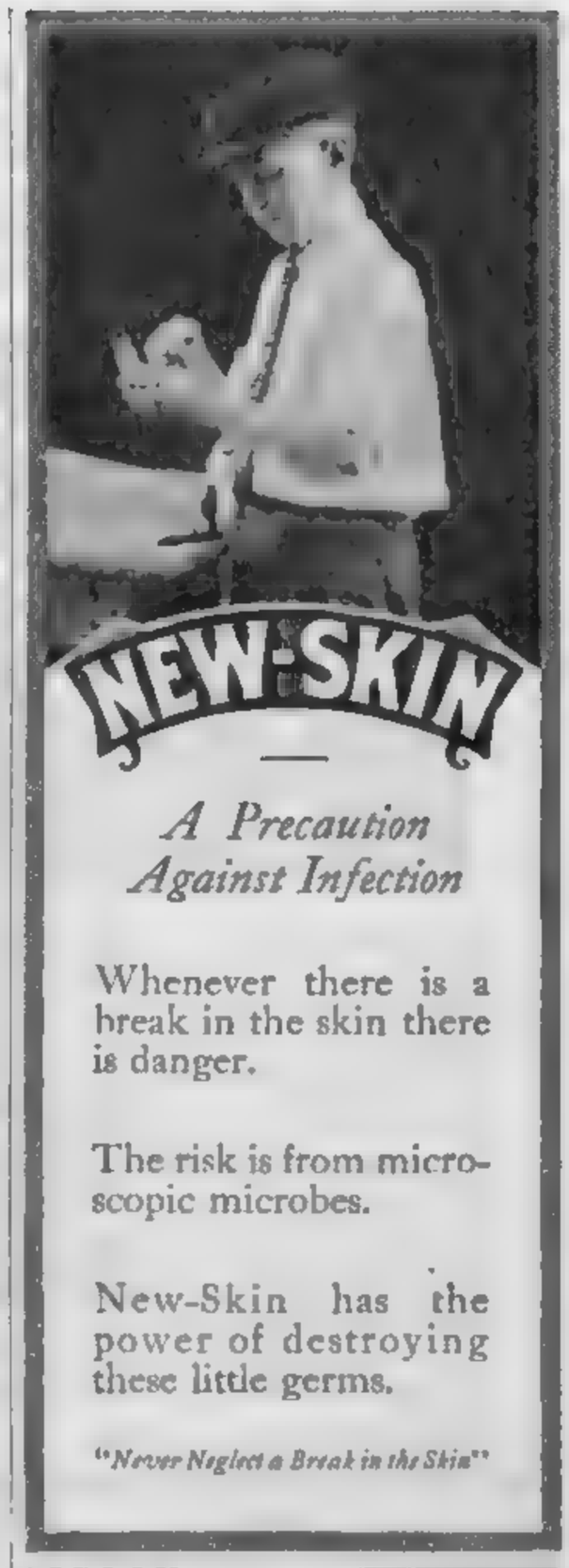
"Sure thing! I only worked half a turn last night. I'm not tired. Where's your hip boots?"

"You come along with me, Wally—they're right over here in Jackman's shanty." And Ackerman took a firm grip on the young man's arm and led him away.

And when the noon whistle blew that day a dozen applauding hypocrites were gathered about the catch basin of the big sewer back of the rod mill, shouting down encouragement and rough jests to a man who worked waist deep in roiling, filthy water, who paused now and then in his work to turn a smiling face up at them and answer their rough jests with still rougher jests.

And a shipping clerk hurrying across the yard paused to thrust his head in at a window of a storekeeper and ask: "What d'ye know about that, Tubby? Wally Gay's got back! Over here now, back of the rod mill, cleaning out a sewer. Been all over the West and says he didn't run across any dump that would near come up to Steelburg. What d'ye know about that? Got your spit-quick plug with you? Just a nibble. Guess I'll go over and take a slant at him. Been working with wheat out there but says he prefers steel. What d'ye know about that, Tubby?"

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of stories about Wally Gay. The second will appear in an early number.



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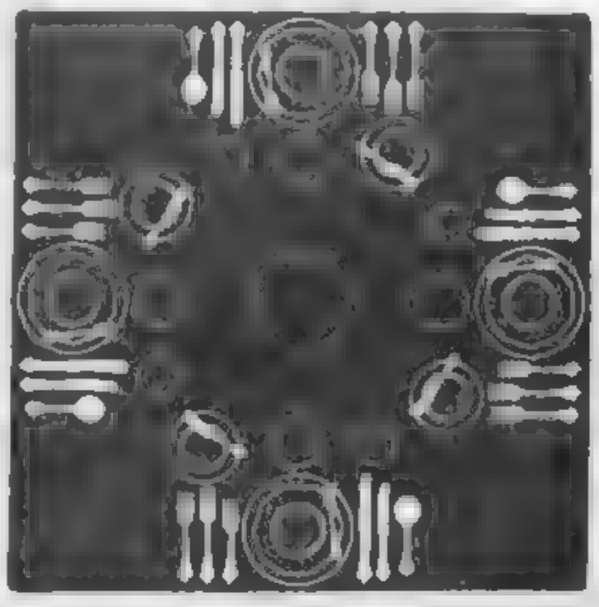

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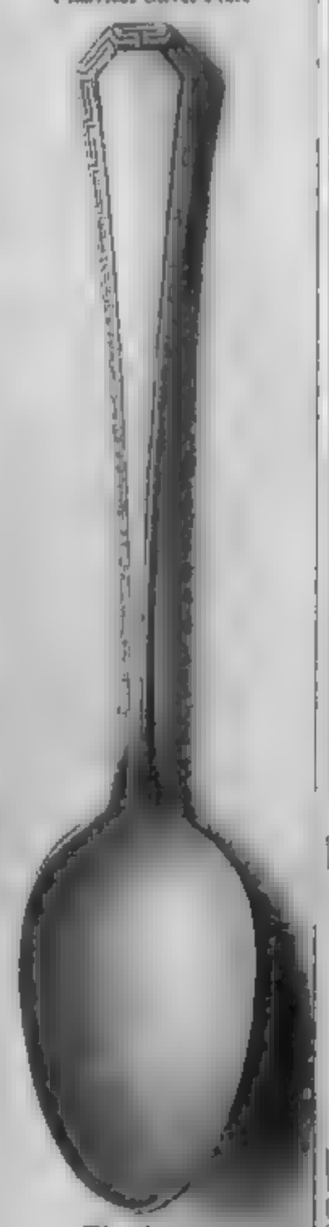

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 25)

"Trying to get on the band wagon," Routt told him. "That's Amos. Trying to get on the dry band wagon."

"No, no; it's Wint. He's the one we must go to. He's the one we must work on. He's got to be stopped, Routt." Something of the old fire was reviving in Kite. "He's got to be stopped. Scared off. Called off. Something. I won't stand for such a state of affairs, such a thing—in Hardiston."

Routt grinned. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Get after him. There must be a way. Don't you know a way to get hold of him and bring him to time? Must be some way, Routt. Think, man, think! What can we do? Scare him off?"

Routt looked at Kite in a curious intent way, as though he thought there might be a hidden meaning in what the other man had said. "What's your idea, exactly?" he asked. "What's up your sleeve?"

"Idea?" Kite echoed. "Idea is to get something on that young skate and make him call Radabaugh off. That's the idea. Get after him, heavy. There must be a way. Some way."

Routt smiled faintly, tilting back in his chair, looking at the ceiling; and he blew a long stream of smoke straight upward.

Kite snapped: "Well?"

"Well," said Routt, "there's something in that. There might be a way."

Kite leaned toward him intently. "What is it?"

Routt waved his hand. "Nothing definite. Might develop. Hold off a while."

"I can't hold off," said Kite. "I won't hold off. Something's got to be done."

"Then you do it," Routt told him carelessly; and Kite pleaded with him:

"No; no. You do your own way. I'll try mine. We'll both work at this, Routt. Something—I—see what you can do. That's all. I'll see what I can do."

Routt got up. "Don't forget," he said, "that Amos is back of this."

Kite shook his head. "I don't think so. We'll hit Wint first. I don't want to buck Amos."

"You'll find," said Routt, "that you'll have to buck Amos."

After Routt left him Kite sat for a while, fingers tapping nervously on his desk, wondering what to do next. And he wondered if it could be that Routt was right, that Amos was back of this move on Wint's part. Routt had said Amos would do this; so, Kite remembered, had the elder Chase. Chase had come to him, shortly after the election, to warn Kite that this was sure to happen. Were Routt and Chase right; was it possible that Amos had betrayed him?

Kite would not believe it; not because he had any doubt of Amos' willingness to betray him, but because he did not dare believe that this was Amos' doing. If Wint had made the move on his own account there was some hope of swaying him or frightening him. But if Amos had prompted it and was backing Wint now the situation was almost hopeless.

Therefore Kite refused to believe that Amos was responsible; he clung to the idea that the whole thing was Wint's own idea. Wint, then, he must fight. Kite thought there might be a chance to move Wint through his father.

"If the boy has any sense of duty," he told himself, "he'll do what his father says." He forgot that the elder Chase had always been a dry man. Politics takes little account of convictions; and Kite clutched at the hope that the elder Chase could change Wint's mind. Chase had offered him alliance once; had offered him an alliance against Amos. He should be willing to show his friendliness now. Kite's eyes lighted with a faintly optimistic glint at the thought; and he took his hat and started forthwith down the street toward the furnace where Chase was to be found during the day.

He met a number of men and he thought they all grinned at him with derision in their eyes. They must know what had happened, must be amused at this plight in which he found himself. The thought roused the anger in Kite, and strengthened him. He went on his way more boldly.

By and by at the end of the street the smoky black bulk of the furnace loomed before him. Kite did not like the looks of the furnace. There was such an atmosphere of harnessed power about it, and Kite was always a little afraid the power would break its harness. To reach the office he had to go through the very heart of the monstrous thing. At the beginning of the way a ten-foot flame hissed out of the very earth itself at his right hand, so that he shrank past it timidly. Then he must pick his way through a corridor between things like squat brick ovens, below which living flame roared in a stream like a racing torrent. He could see this stream of flame. There was nothing to hold it between the ovens. He trembled with fear this stream would leap out at him.

When he passed under the stacks, pulsing with the rhythmic beat of life that stirred them, he could hear the roar of the fires inside and the hiss of the air from the tuyères; and the sounds were like the ravenings of beasts to him. Kite felt immensely small, immensely insignificant. Toward the end of his way he was almost running, and he came out with vast relief upon the other side, and approached the iron-sheeted building that housed the furnace offices and the chemist's laboratory. He might have come here by circling round the furnace, but even Kite had pride enough to face dangers rather than avoid them.

He found the elder Chase at his desk; and Chase dismissed the stenographer, to whom he had been dictating, and offered Kite a cigar. Kite refused it. He was by personal habit an abstemious man. "I never smoke," he said.

Chase nodded, a little ill at ease. He had tried to make an alliance with Kite, but he did not like the little man, and never would. He did not like Kite, and he was self-conscious about it, and felt that he ought to make up for his dislike by treating Kite with extreme courtesy. So now he asked: "Well, Mr. Kite?"

Kite responded with a sharp question: "What's this Wint's doing?"

There had been a time when such an inquiry frightened Chase; because when people asked him such a question he knew they meant that Wint was in trouble again. But he was coming to have a certain faith in Wint; so he was puzzled by Kite's question, and said so.

"I don't know what you mean," he told the little man.

"You must know. Didn't he tell you?"

"He's told me nothing in particular. What do you mean?"

"The young fool has given Radabaugh orders against any more liquor selling."

Chase's first reaction to this information was a leap of delighted pride. It was what he would have wished Wint to do; it was what he himself would have done in Wint's place. It was a decent, strong thing to do, and Chase was glad.

Kite saw this in the other man's eyes and he exclaimed challengingly: "You look as though you were tickled, man. Don't you know this thing will ruin Hardiston?"

Chase knew it would not ruin Hardiston; nevertheless, he was willing to humor Kite. So he asked: "Do you know the details? Tell me about it."

Kite laughed harshly. "You hadn't heard of it, then? He didn't tell you? It was Amos put him up to it, I guess, after all. But it looks as though he'd have told you anyway." Kite was shrewd enough in his way; he understood that Chase as a father must be jealous of Amos' influence with Wint. And Chase reacted as Kite expected. His eyes clouded with hurt. Wint might have told him; should have told him. Instead, his son had laid him open to this new humiliation, the humiliation of hearing important news from a third person. And—Wint had had supper with Amos last night.

Chase struck back in the instinct to defend himself. "You remember, I warned you Amos Caretall would do just this?"

"Sure I remember," Kite agreed. "That's why I've come to you. Want to get together with you. That was our understanding. I'm going to skin Amos Caretall. Are you with me? That's the question."

He was shrewd enough to rouse Chase against Amos, not against Chase's own son. And Chase considered the matter, inwardly hurt and sorry because Wint had not confided in him, and boiling with jealous hostility toward Amos.

"All right," he said at last. "You see I was right. What are we going to do?"

"Do?" Kite snapped. "We're going to make Amos run to cover. That's what we're going to do."

(Continued on Page 35)

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Buying a Paige Car is very much like buying a high grade, first mortgage bond. Both the principal and interest of the investment are protected by a company that has never failed to meet its obligations.

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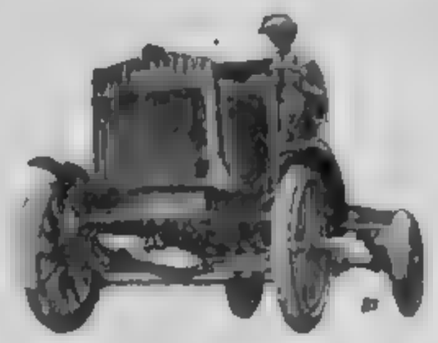

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Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

(Continued from Page 82)

"After all," Chase reminded him, "I'm a dry man. I can't fight Amos on this issue."

"Dry?" Kite demanded. "What of it? What's that got to do with it? This is politics. Amos is no more dry than I am; but he plays the dry game because that's politics, and there are votes in it. He's trying to steal your thunder, Chase. If Amos grabs the dry vote, where do you come in? I tell you, we've got to lick him, man!"

"How?" Chase asked at last. "What are we going to do?"

"First thing," Kite said, "is to get after Wint." He had been ready with the answer to this question. "Caretall is using Wint; making a tool of him; a scapegoat. Wint doesn't know his own mind. Caretall's using him. We've got to get him out of Caretall's hands. Get him to work with you. You're his father. He ought to want to work with you. Oughtn't he?"

"He and I—understand each other," Chase said. He was not at all sure this was true, but he could not confess to Kite that he and Wint were less than confidants.

"Sure," Kite agreed. "Naturally. So the first thing to do is for you to go to Wint and tell him what he's up against; how he's being manipulated. Get him to rescind the order. Then we'll go after Amos, with Wint helping us, and clean him up."

"I don't know," said Chase reluctantly.

"What!" Kite snapped. "Can't you handle your own son?"

Chase got up and walked to the window, his back to Kite. His lips set firmly. Kite was right; he ought to be able to handle his own son—unless the world was all awry. After all, the dry question was only a pretext. Wint ought to train with him rather than with Amos. He would tell the boy so. When at last he turned toward Kite again the other man saw that he had won.

"I'll see," said Chase. "I'll talk to Wint and see."

XXIX

WINTHROP CHASE, SENIOR, was thoughtful all that day; he went home in the evening still undecided as to what he should do. He was unhappy, hurt at Wint's reticence, disturbed as to his own course of action, and fiercely resentful of Amos' influence over his son.

His conscience was troubling him and he was trying to quiet it with Kite's more or less specious argument that this was politics, not morality. If Chase had been asked to come out point-blank and champion the nonenforcement of the liquor law he would have refused; and he would have refused with indignation at the suggestion. But the issue was not so clear as that; it was clouded by his dislike for Amos. It was not merely a question of enforcing the law; it was a question of balking Amos Caretall. And Chase was prepared to go a long way to put a spoke in Amos' wheel.

Wint had not yet come when he reached his home; and he was glad of that. It gave him some leeway, gave him some further time to think. But his thoughts ran in an endless circle; his convictions countered his enmity toward Amos. It was only by small degrees that his attitude toward Amos crowded other considerations out of his mind. He was gradually coming to the point of decision when he heard Wint at the door.

Mrs. Chase met Wint in the front hall and told him hurriedly: "Now, Wint, you're late again. You run right upstairs and wash your face and hands. Supper's all ready, and Hetty wants to go out, and I don't want to keep her waiting any——"

Wint laughed and kissed her and told her he would hurry; and he was gone up the stairs, two steps at a time, while his mother still talked to him. When he came down his father and mother had already gone into the dining room. He followed them, answered his father's "Good evening, Wint," in an abstracted way and sat down hurriedly. He did not look toward his father; he was conscious he had not done the fair thing in failing to tell the older man of his orders to Radabaugh. He felt guilty.

Mrs. Chase never allowed any gaps in the conversation to go unplugged; and since Wint and his father were both normal men with normal appetities she did most of the talking during the early part of the meal, while they ate.

It was only when Hetty brought on a thick rhubarb pie and Mrs. Chase began to cut it that Chase said casually to his son: "Well, Wint, I hear you've set out to clean up Hardiston."

Wint gulped what was in his mouth and uneasily admitted that this was true. Mrs. Chase was talking to Hetty about the pie and did not hear what they said.

Chase asked: "What does Amos think of that?"

Wint looked for an instant at his father. "Thinks it's all right," he said.

Mrs. Chase came back into the conversation then. She had the aggravating habit of catching the tail end of a story or a remark and demanding that the whole be repeated for her benefit. "What's all right?" she asked. "What's all right, Wint? Who thinks it's all right? It keeps me so busy looking after things here that it seems like I never hear what's going on. What is it that——"

Chase told her quietly: "Wint has given Marshal Radabaugh orders not to allow any more selling of liquor in Hardiston."

Mrs. Chase was astonished. She said so. "Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "You know, Wint, I never thought you'd do that. I think it's time, though, something was done. I told Mrs. Hullis—I was saying to Mrs. Hullis here only yesterday that it was a shame the way men were getting drunk. That Ote Runns that beats my carpets came here yesterday to do some work for me, and I paid him; and Mrs. Hullis saw him coming home from town in the afternoon, and he couldn't even stay on the sidewalk, he was staggering so. I declare, it makes you feel like not paying a man like that for working for you, when he can go right off and spend his money on whisky, and his wife and children at home——"

Wint said with a glance at his father: "Ote's not married, mother. He hasn't any wife; and as far as I know he hasn't any children."

"Well, suppose he had," she demanded, "wouldn't it be just the same? I declare, Wint, you're always contradicting me. But I said to Mrs. Hullis I thought it was a shame, and she said she thought so too, and it is. You've done just right, Wint. I didn't think anybody could ever do that or I'd have told you to do it before. I didn't know the mayor had the say of that, Wint. I thought the mayor was the man you went to when your dogs got into the pound. I remember Mrs. Hullis' dog got taken to the pound three years ago, and she went to Mayor Johnson, he was then, and he got him out for her. And I told her——"

Wint had been watching his father. He had expected the older man to be proud of him, and had rather dreaded this pride. He had prepared himself to disclaim any praise that might come. But Chase was not offering to praise him. There was no pride in his father's face; there was rather an uneasy regret, and it fired the antagonism in Wint and made him feel like defending himself. He asked whether the elder Chase thought the orders could be enforced.

"I suppose so," Chase said, and Mrs. Chase lapsed into a momentary silence, pouring fresh tea into her cup.

"Don't you think it's a good thing?" Wint demanded challengingly. "Don't you—aren't you glad?"

Mrs. Chase said: "Of course it's a good thing. It ought to have been done long ago. It's a shame, the way things have been going on in this——"

Chase said to her: "Ordinarily, mother, I would think it a good thing, but in this case it's a part of Amos Caretall's political game. A part of his game."

Wint looked at his father sharply, a word leaping to his lips. Mrs. Chase asked: "Congressman Caretall? Is he back here again, after the way he treated you? Wint, I should think you'd be ashamed to do anything to help him, after what he did to your father. I should think——"

Wint said quickly: "He has nothing to do with this. I decided to do it, and I gave the orders, and I'm going through with it. Congressman Caretall isn't in this at all."

The elder Chase smiled and said: "You don't understand, Wint. I've known him longer. He's absolutely without principle or scruple. You know, for instance, that he's a wet man; but he's doing this for his own ends, using you——"

Wint protested, "He's not doing this. I'm doing it."

Mrs. Chase cried: "I should think you'd be ashamed, Wint, to do anything against your own father. He's been a good father to you, Wint. You know he——"

Wint cut in, almost pleading: "But, mother, you said yourself this was a good thing. To clean up Hardiston. And father's always been in favor of it."

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"That was before I understood that Congressman Caretall was doing it to hurt your father. I don't think anything is good that hurts your father, Wint. You ought not to say that. You know I ——"

"But he's not doing it to hurt dad, mother. I told you that. I'm doing it myself; he's not doing it at all."

"Your father understands these things better than you, Wint. Didn't he tell you Congressman Caretall was just using you? I shouldn't think you'd be willing to ——"

The elder Chase said uneasily, "I know him better than you, Wint."

Wint pushed back his chair and looked steadily at the older man. "You talk like V. R. Kite, dad," he said.

Chase confessed his guilt by the vehemence of his protestations: "That's not so, Wint! And in any case Kite is an honest man compared to Caretall. He plays square with his friends, at least. That's more than Amos can say."

Wint asked: "What makes you think Amos is playing crooked now? Not that he has anything to do with this."

"I know him. He's always crooked. A crooked double-crossing politician."

"I'm not defending Amos," Wint said stubbornly. "He's treated you badly. But he's been decent to me. I'll not turn against him. And anyway this is my doing, my business. He's not in it at all."

"You said he was backing you."

"I said he thought I was doing a good thing. I expected you to think that too."

Chase flushed uncomfortably. "Ordinarily I would say so. If you'd done this without prompting from him I would say so. But it's significant that you didn't; that you waited till he came home and talked to you; and then gave your orders."

"I'd been thinking about it for a long time."

"But you didn't act without word from him, Wint. That's why I—regret it."

Wint asked harshly: "Listen! Do I get this straight? You'd have me let them go on selling whisky in Hardiston just for fear I am helping Amos by stopping them?"

"I don't like to see you letting Amos use you."

"Aside from that, isn't it a good thing to clean up the town, no matter what the motive?"

"You'll find in your law books somewhere the statement that the motive determines the deed," Chase told him.

"Don't you think it important to clean up Hardiston?"

"I think it important not to cement Amos Caretall's hold on this county and this town."

Wint said angrily: "Forget Amos! Forget he exists! I'm asking a flat question. Why don't you answer it?"

Mrs. Chase interposed: "Don't you talk to your father so, Wint. Don't you do it: He knows best what's good for you and for Hardiston and for everybody. You know he ——"

"Is whisky good for Ote Runns?" Wint demanded.

"Well, I guess it doesn't do him any hurt. It's not as if he had a wife and children, Wint, you know. You ought to do what your father says. He ——"

Wint faced the older man. "Well?" he asked. "What is it you say I should do, dad? In plain language, just what do you claim I ought to do?"

"Refuse to let Amos Caretall make you his tool," Chase said steadily.

"Let Hardiston wallow in booze?"

"That's beside the point. Amos is the point."

Wint got up swiftly. "Amos is not the point," he said. "Hardiston's the point. Hardiston's the point, and I'm the point too. If whisky is good for Hardiston the town ought to have it. If lawbreaking is good for Hardiston the lawbreaking ought to be permitted to go on. But if it's right and decent to keep the law, then I'm right. And if it's right to leave booze alone, then I'm right. And if I think what I'm doing is right I ought to go on with it; and if I think it's wrong I ought to drop it. Amos has nothing to do with it. Anyway, a bad man doing good things is a good man. If Amos were doing this, the fact that he's a crook wouldn't make it crooked. The whole thing works the other way. If Amos is doing this, and it's a good thing to do, then, so far as this is concerned, Amos is a good man." He flung up his hand. "I don't mean to hurt you, dad. I think you're wrong on this. I can't believe you want me to back down."

Chase had his share of stubbornness, of the pride which had been a pitfall before Wint's feet. He was too stubborn to admit himself in the wrong. He said swiftly: "I do want you to back down. Call off Radabaugh. Tell Amos he can't make a monkey out of you; can't get you to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. Stand on your own feet. That's what I advise you to do, Wint."

"Wint," She Pleaded, "Don't You Go Quarreling With Your Father Again. Don't You, Wint. Please! He Couldn't Stand It; Not Again, Wint"

Wint looked his father in the eye for a moment; then he shook his head as though to brush away a veil. "I'm sorry," he said. "I mean to fight it out on this line."

Chase said nothing. Mrs. Chase, silenced by the tension in the atmosphere, looked from father to son with wide eyes, and she was trembling.

After a little Wint asked gently: "Does this mean—a break, father? Does it mean for me to get out of here?"

Chase got to his feet at that in swift protest. "No, no, Wint. Not that." For a moment he had an overpowering impulse to open his heart, promise Wint his support, offer the boy his hand. But he could not bring himself to do it. The stubborn prideful streak was strong in him. He fought down the impulse and said simply: "We can disagree without fighting, I guess. That's all."

"You mean we're on opposite sides of the fence in this, dad? You really mean that?"

"Yes."

Wint's voice was wistful. "I—counted on you."

Chase flung toward the door. "I can't help it, Wint," he said harshly. "I can't link up with Amos Caretall. Not for any man."

When the door shut behind him Wint stood still for a little, thinking hard. Then his mother touched his arm and he looked down and saw that she was crying with fright.

"Wint," she pleaded, "don't you go quarreling with your father again. Don't you, Wint. Please! He couldn't stand it; not again, Wint. I told Mrs. Hullis when you were gone before ——"

He put his arm round her affectionately; and he smiled. "There, mother, it's all right," he said. "Dad and I are all right. Don't you worry. We understand each other."

"I told Mrs. Hullis he couldn't stand it to have you go away again ——"

"I'm not going away," Wint protested.

"Don't you," she begged. "Don't you go any more."

xxx

A CONSCIOUSNESS of having acted unworthily does not make for a man's peace of mind. The plain truth of the matter is that after his talk with Wint at supper that night Winthrop Chase, Senior, was ashamed of himself. Not that he admitted it, even in his thoughts; but it was obvious enough in his uneasiness, his inability to sit still, his restless movements here and there about the sitting room. Wint was not blind. He guessed something of what was passing in his father's mind and wished there was some way for them to come together. But there seemed no move he could make to that end. The older man at last announced that he was going to walk downtown for the mail.

Wint said, "Good idea. I'll go along."

But Chase said: "I've got to see a man," and Wint understood that his father did not want his company; so he stayed at home when the older man departed.

Chase wanted to see Kite. He had no definite idea why he wanted to see Kite, but he felt the need of reassurance from someone, and he knew Kite would reassure him as to what he had done. So he went downtown to find Kite and talk to him.

The bazaar was closed. He telephoned Kite's home, and the old woman who kept house for him said Mr. Kite had gone uptown to see Mr. Routt. So Chase went to the building on the second floor of which Routt had his office, and saw a light behind the drawn blind in Routt's window and went up. He heard the voices of Kite and Routt inside, before he tried the door. The door was locked; and when he touched the knob silence fell inside.

Routt called: "Hello, who's there?"

Chase told him, and Routt said, "In a minute," and unlocked the door and let him in. Chase saw Kite sitting by the desk, his side whiskers bristling angrily.

There are no modern office buildings in Hardiston. Routt's office was on the second floor of the three-story building at the corner of Main and Broad Streets. There was a hardware store on the first floor, and a lodge room on the floor above Routt's office. Routt and three or four others had quarters on the second floor. Routt's office faced the street: a single room with a hot-air register in the wall near the door. There were shelves round the wall, with a meager library of brand-new and little-used law books. Routt's desk was shiny yellow oak. A diploma, or perhaps a certificate of admission to the bar, framed in mission oak, hung on the wall above the desk. There was an electric lamp in the middle of the ceiling, and it shed a bald and naked light over the three men who faced each other.

Kite said, "Hello, Chase," and Chase responded.

Routt asked, "How'd you happen to drop in? Glad to see you."

"I was looking for Kite," Chase said. "Heard he was with you."

Kite asked eagerly, "Looking for me, Chase? Good news? What's happened?"

Chase looked at Routt with a curious dull inquiry. The man was moving in something like a daze; he had not yet found himself in this new alliance. He was hating himself for opposing Wint, and he was flogging his courage to the venture. He wondered what Kite and Jack Routt were doing together. Routt was a Caretall man in politics; also he was a friend of Wint. Chase tried to puzzle this out.

Kite asked again, "What's happened?"

"I—spoke to Wint," he said slowly, then.

Routt asked, "About withdrawing his orders to Radabaugh? He'll never do it."

"No," said Chase. "He'll never do it."

Kite cried fiercely: "He's got to! He doesn't understand. Didn't you tell him, Chase—didn't you make him see ——"

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"What is the *cause* of oily skin and shiny nose?"

• • HOW YOU CAN CORRECT IT • • • •

WHEN you want to look your best—to make the best possible impression—how it embarrasses you to know that your nose just will get shiny. If you only knew the *cause* of this condition! Then you could relieve it!

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CONTENTS

Blackheads	Coarsened Skin	Oily Skin and Shiny Nose	Tender Skin
Blemishes	Conspicuous Nose Pores	Sluggish Skin	Sallow Skin, etc.

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"I couldn't make him see anything. He would not change."

"He'll never change unless he's forced to," Routt said.

Chase looked at the young man and asked slowly: "I thought you and Wint were friends, Routt?"

"We are," Routt declared. "He's the best friend I've got. That's why I don't want to see him made a fool of. That's why I don't want to see Amos make a fool of him. You're his father, but you feel the same as I do—that he's wrong, that he's got to be made to change his mind."

"I thought you were with Amos," Chase insisted mildly.

"Amos and I have broken," said Routt hotly. "He tried to trick me as he tricks everyone, and I wouldn't stand for it. That's all. I'm out to even things with him."

Chase looked round for a chair and sat down. Routt sat on the desk. Kite had not risen when Chase came in. The little man asked Chase now: "What did you say to Wint, anyway? I should think he'd take your advice before he'd take Caretall's."

"I told him Caretall was using him, that he was being used to play politics."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Said this wasn't Amos' doing at all. Said it was his own idea, that he had given the orders, that he meant to carry them through. Said even if it were Caretall's move it would be a good thing, and he was for it."

Kite snarled, "He's damnably moral all of a sudden."

Chase felt a surge of resentment at the other's tone, and countered: "He's right, you know. Booze is dirty business."

"It's my business," Kite snapped, stamping to his feet; and if Routt had not intervened the old feud between Kite and Chase might have been revived then and there.

But Routt had no notion of permitting a break between these strange allies. He said cheerfully: "Sit down, Kite. We're not talking about booze. We're talking about Amos Caretall. We're not trying to settle the moral issue. We're trying to settle Amos Caretall's hash. Question is, How are we going to do it?"

"That's right," Chase agreed. Caretall's name was like an anchor to which he could make fast his disturbed thoughts. So long as he was opposing Amos he could not go wrong.

Kite sat down, thinking; and he asked: "You say Wint told you Amos had nothing to do with this, Chase?"

"Yes. He probably thinks that's true. Caretall got round him somehow."

Routt said, "Caretall's a shrewd man; he can get round other men. He knows the trick of it." Kite said nothing. He was thinking over what Chase had said. Routt continued: "What we want to do is to go out and get him."

Chase suddenly found the atmosphere of this room unbearable; he wanted to get out into the air. So he got up and said harshly: "I'm with you on that. I'll do anything I can against Amos. Let me know what you decide."

Routt said: "Don't run away. Let's talk things over." But Chase told him he had business elsewhere; and Kite made no objection to his going.

When he was gone Routt told Kite: "He'll have to be handled carefully. He's naturally a dry man, you know."

Kite said thoughtfully, as though he were considering another matter: "Yes, that's so."

"I've been figuring on what you suggested—getting a handle to control Wint," Routt told him. "You know, I think there's a way."

"To get something on Wint?"

"Yes. He's not such a terribly upright young man. Anyone's foot is apt to slip."

"You mean his has slipped?" Kite asked eagerly.

Routt only grinned. "I'll let you know what I mean, in good time," he said.

Kite grunted. It was evident that his mind was busy with another angle of the situation. A little later, still abstracted, he took himself away. While he walked home he turned over and over in his thoughts his new idea.

xxxi

KITE'S new idea was one that appealed to the mean heart of the man. There had been a time when Kite was bold as a lion in evildoing; but as he grew old he was becoming timorous. He had now no stomach for a fight, talk as ferociously as he pleased. He wanted life to move easily and smoothly; and fighting jarred on him. He thought with a self-pitying regret that things had been going so comfortably. It was a shame that Wint had come along and started all this trouble. He was an old man, not made for trouble.

There was very little pride in Kite, and a good deal of the shamelessness of the miser. If he was a miser his illicit business was his hoarded gold. He was ready to go to any lengths of self-humiliation to protect this treasure. He would fight if he had to; but he had no stomach for it. There must be some other way.

The suggestion of that other way had come from Chase. When Chase first warned him that Amos would turn Hardiston dry Kite had refused to believe; when Routt repeated that warning he was still doubtful. When Wint actually gave the orders he had dreaded Kite was half forced to agree that Amos had tricked him, but even in the face of the fact he had still clung in his heart to the hope that this was none of Caretall's doing, and that the two who had warned him were wrong.

He had hoped desperately that they were wrong, because if they were mistaken there was a chance to save himself without a fight. What Chase had told him this night strengthened his hope. Wint, Chase said, declared Amos had nothing to do with the case, that Amos had neither advised nor prompted his orders to Radabaugh, and that the whole crusade was his own idea and his own battle.

If this was true, if Wint was actually standing on his own feet—then there was a chance of coming at him through Amos. That was the thought from which Kite took hope. He and Amos were, on the surface, allies still. Amos would not willingly antagonize him. And if this move of Wint's was not Amos' doing, then Amos might be willing to take a hand on Kite's behalf, call Wint off, return things to their original condition, smooth Kite's existence into tranquility again.

When he first conceived this idea Kite cast it aside as grotesque and impossible. But it returned to his thoughts, and his hopes fought for it until he convinced himself there was something in it; better than an even chance in his favor; worth trying, certainly. When he made up his mind to this it was after he had undressed and got into bed that night—he dropped off into a restless sleep; and when he woke, as his habit was, at daylight, he began at once to consider what he should say to Amos.

He telephoned Caretall before breakfast and asked when he could see him to talk things over. Amos told him good-naturedly that he could come right after breakfast.

"I'm taking my ease, these few days," he said. "Staying at home in my carpet slippers, and smoking my pipe. Drop in any time."

"I'll be there in an hour," Kite told him.

Amos said that was all right, and hung up the receiver. Immediately he telephoned Peter Gergue to come right over, and Peter joined him at breakfast within ten minutes. It was not even necessary for old Maria to set an extra plate for Peter. Agnes had overslept—she nearly always did oversleep—and Amos was breakfasting alone, with Agnes' empty place across the table from him.

Peter sat down there and Amos helped him to fried eggs and bacon, and Maria gave him a cup of coffee.

Amos said at once: "Kite just called up, Peter. He's coming over."

Gergue swallowed a gulp of coffee. "Guessed he would," he assented. "Guessed he'd have things to say to you."

"What do you guess he's got to say to me, Peter?" Amos asked.

"He'll want you to call Wint off, I'd say."

Amos looked politely regretful, as though he were talking to Kite. "Why, now, you know, Wint's his own boss. He does what he wants to do. I never saw anyone that could run Wint, did you?"

"Not if Wint knew it, I never did."

"What have you heard, Peter?" Amos asked. "What did Kite do yest'day, when he heard the sad news?"

"Lutcher told him," said Peter. "Lutcher says he was wild. But when Jim Radabaugh saw him he kept his head and said it didn't concern him. I hear he had some talk with Jack Routt; and then he posted off down to the furnace to see Chase."

"To see Chase, eh?"

"What I hear."

"What about, Peter?"

"I sh'd guess he wanted Chase to call Wint off. Kite don't like a fight, you know."

Amos nodded. "V. R. Kite," he said pleasantly, "is a lickspittle, Peter. That's what V. R. Kite is. I don't like to see Chase mixing with him."

"You know," said Peter, "Chase has changed some since you put the laugh on him."

"Chase is all right," said Amos surprisingly. "He's had the foolishness knocked out of him. Peter, he'll make a good man before he's done."

Peter looked at Amos sidewise and said he wouldn't be a bit surprised.

"But he makes a mistake to tie up to Kite," said Amos.

"Him and Kite had a talk with Routt in Jack's office last night," said Peter.

Amos chuckled. "Pete, it beats me how you find out things."

"I don't find 'em out," said Peter. "People tell me." He rummaged through the tangle at the back of his neck. "Looks like people aim to make mischief, so they tell me things to tell you that'll start a fight, and the likes of that. That's the way of it."

"This won't start any fight," said Amos. "I'm home for a rest."

Peter looked at him intently. "You backing Wint?"

"No."

"What ——"

"Pete," said Amos thoughtfully, "this was Wint's idea. He figured it out the right thing to do. He's started it. It won't hurt him a bit to fight it out. I'm going to stand by and yell: 'Go it, wife! Go it, b'ar!' That's me in this, Peter."

"What are you going to tell Kite?"

"Going to tell him just that," said Amos.

They had finished breakfast and moved into the sitting room and filled their pipes. Agnes came downstairs in her kimono, hair flying, and kissed Amos and pretended to be embarrassed at appearing before Peter in her attractive disarray. Then she went out to her breakfast. The two men smoked without speaking. Amos had looked after his daughter with a certain trouble in his eyes; and Peter saw it. Peter did not like Agnes.

Peter had gone before Kite arrived. Old Maria let Kite in, and Amos called from the sitting room: "Right in here, Kite. I'm too darned lazy to come and meet you. Leave your hat in the hall."

Kite obeyed the summons, and Amos said lazily: "Take a chair, Kite. Any chair." And when the little man had sat down: "Fine day, Kite. I tell you, there isn't any place that can beat Hardiston in May that I know of."

Kite said, "That's right, Amos."

"Yes, sir!" Amos repeated. "They can't beat old Hardiston."

He lapsed into one of those characteristic silences, head on one side, squinting idly straight before him, his pipe hissing in his mouth. You might have thought there were no words in the man.

Kite said impatiently, "Amos, I want to talk to you."

Amos looked at him and said amiably: "Well, Kite, you'll never have a likelier chance. I don't aim to move out of this chair."

"Well," said Kite uneasily, "I want to talk about young Chase."

"Mayor Chase?"

"Yes. Wint."

"Oh," said Amos, without any curiosity.

"I mean to say," Kite explained, "I want to talk about this move of his. You've heard about it?"

"I hadn't heard he'd moved," said Amos. "Thought he was living with his paw. Where's he gone to now?"

"Damn it, Amos," Kite protested, "don't fool with me! You know what I mean."

"Kite," said Amos, "nobody ever knows what you mean. Even when you say it. You're such an excitable man."

"Well, who wouldn't get excited? I tell you, this is ——"

"What is?" Amos asked, interrupting without seeming to do so.

"This damned idea of enforcing a fool liquor law."

"Oh, that," said Amos.

Kite leaned forward. "Is it your doing, Amos? Did you get him to do this? Because if you did ——"

"Why, man," said Amos, "I'm not Wint's boss!"

"You elected him."

"You elected him as much as me, Kite. And I heard how he called you a buzzard. If he calls you a buzzard what do you think he'd call me?"

"I hold no grudge for that," Kite explained. "He was drunk. Fact remains, he's friendly with you. I ask you, I'm asking you flatly: Did you prompt him to do this, or tell him to, or advise him to in any way?"

"Well," said Amos, "if you ask me I'll say 'No.'"

Kite slapped his knee. "I knew it!" he exclaimed.

"Who says I did?" Amos asked. "Wint say I did?"

"No. He says you didn't. Chase and Routt claim you did it."

"Chase? And Jack Routt? Why, now, I take that unkind," Amos protested in a hurt voice; and Kite realized that he had blundered, and hurried past the danger point.

"Well, if you didn't advise Wint to do this, what are you going to do now? Back him in his fight?"

"You know," said Amos, "Pete Gergue asked me just that. Ever hear the story about the lady and the bear, Kite? Bear chased the lady round the tree, and the lady's husband was up that tree. Lady yells to him to come down and kill the bear; but husband just sets on his branch out of reach and yells: 'Go it wife! Go it b'ar!' Ever hear that story, Kite?"

Kite chuckled without any mirth in his dry old eyes. "No," he said.

"That man didn't figure to play any favorites," Amos explained; "and neither do I. Ain't often I get a chance to set back and watch a fight. This time I'm going to. On the side lines. That's me, Kite."

Kite protested instantly: "That's not the fair thing, Amos. You and I worked together to put him in there—with the understanding he'd let the liquor business alone."

Amos lifted his hand. "Understanding was that Wint weren't likely to monkey with it. You thought so. That's why you was willing to help me. I didn't make any promise nor any predictions, Kite."

"But damn it," Kite insisted, "you ought to be willing to help me out! I helped you out."

"It would hurt me, Kite, to know I sanctioned nonenforcement."

"Nobody would know."

"They'd find out. Things like that do get out, you know, Kite."

The little man tugged at his side whiskers feverishly. "Amos," he pleaded, "isn't there anything you can do for me? This is bad business. I can't stand it. I won't stand it. Isn't there anything you can do?"

Amos considered, then he sighed and said good-naturedly, "Kite, you're an awful pest, stirring me up when I'm comfortable."

"You've got to do something."

"We-ell, I'll tell you. I'll take you to see Wint. You can put it up to him. That's the best."

"You'll back me up?"

Amos shook his head. "You and him can have it out. I'll not yell for either of you."

Kite protested: "A lot of good that will do."

Amos Caretall shrugged his big shoulders. "Well ——"

Kite got up hurriedly. "All right," he agreed before Amos could withdraw his offer. "All right, come on."

Amos looked ruefully at his feet and wiggled his toes in his comfortable slippers. "I declare, Kite, I hate to put on shoes."

"Damn it, man, it's your own offer," Kite protested.

Amos admitted it and groaned: "All right, I'll come."

Wint was in a cheerful humor that morning. He had been depressed by his father's attitude, disappointed that the elder Chase chose to oppose him. But at the same time the opposition exhilarated him. After his father left the house he went to see Joan for an hour, and without overly applauding the step he had taken she spoke of the trouble and the opposition he would face; and the prospect pleased Wint. He took a cheerful delight in opposing people. He was never so good-natured as when he was fighting.

So Amos and Kite found Wint amiably glad to see them both. Amos sat on the broad window ledge, his back to the light, his face somewhat shadowed. Wint made Kite sit down near his desk; he himself tilted his chair back against one of the leaves of the desk, put his feet on an open drawer and asked what their errand was.

"Kite wanted to see you," said Amos. "Asked me to come along."

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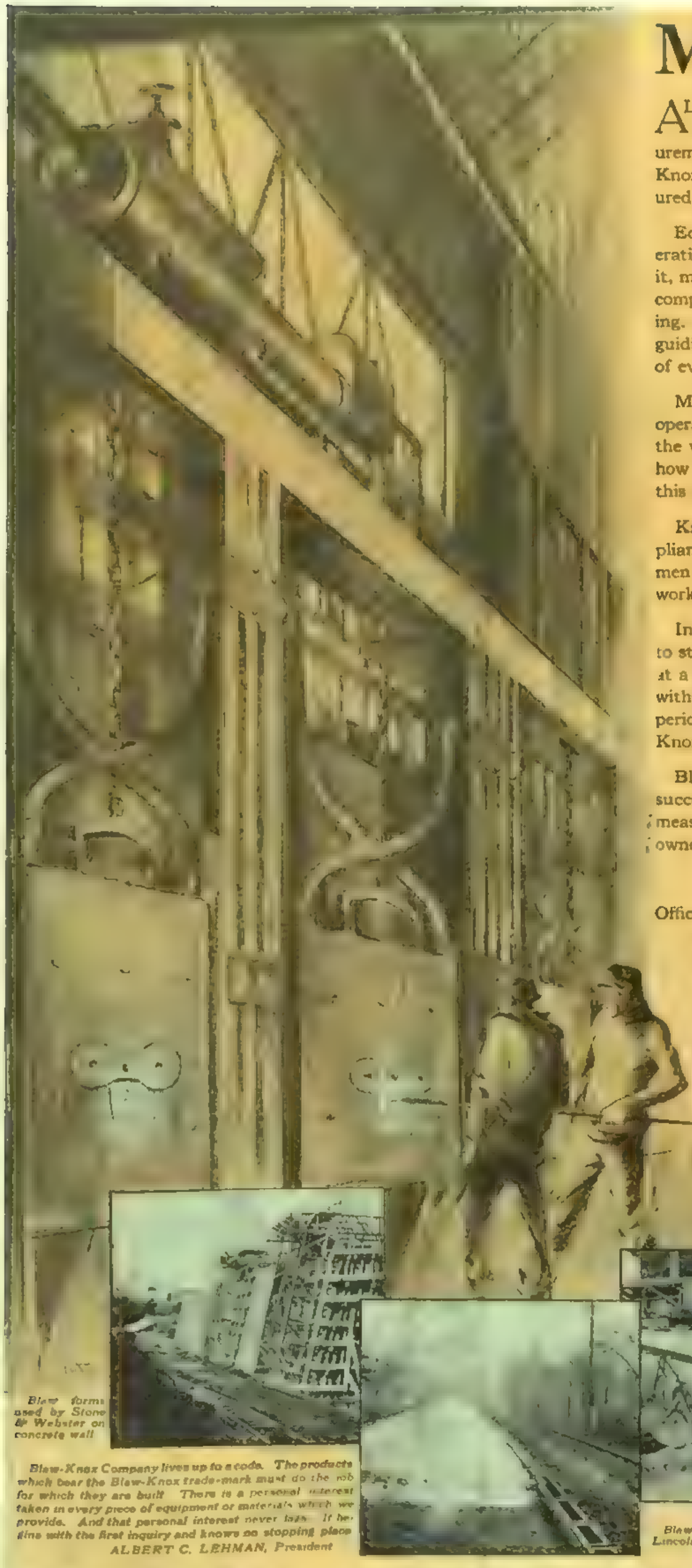

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(Continued from Page 88)

"No need of that, Kite," Wint said good-naturedly. "I don't keep an office boy. Anybody can see me any time."

Kite shifted uneasily in his seat, not quite sure what he meant to say. Amos prompted him from the window.

"Kite don't think you ought to shut down on him," he said.

Wint looked surprised. "Shut down on him? What's the idea, Kite?"

Kite said in a flustered way, "It's not so personal as that. You know, I'm by conviction a believer in the sale of liquor. I believe the people of Hardiston agree with me. I'm sorry to hear you've taken steps to stop the sale."

"Why, no," said Wint cheerfully. "The town voted against it. I had nothing to do with that. I'm just enforcing the law."

Kite smiled weakly. "There are laws—and laws," he said. "Some laws are not meant to be enforced. The people of Hardiston objected to the open saloon; they did not object to the unobtrusive and inoffensive sale ——"

"Oh," said Wint.

"You didn't object to it yourself," Kite reminded him. "Isn't that so?"

He expected Wint to be confused; but Wint only laughed. "I should say I didn't," he admitted. "I liked it as well as anyone. Same time, this isn't a question of liking. It's a question of the law." He leaned forward with a certain jeering earnestness in his voice. "Why, Mr. Kite, if I didn't enforce the law Hardiston people could remove me for misfeasance in office or something like that."

Kite said, "Bosh!" impatiently.

And Wint asked him suddenly: "What's your interest in this?"

"That of a citizen."

"Oh, I know you don't sell it yourself," said Wint, meaning just the contrary. "But, Mr. Kite, if you have any friends in the business tell them to get out of it. It's dead, in Hardiston. Dead and gone."

Kite said weakly: "Amos and I came here to try and make you change your mind about that."

Wint looked at Amos. "That so?" he asked. "You think I ought to back down?"

"'Go it wife! Go it b'ar!'" said Amos cheerfully. "That's me."

"Not taking sides?"

"No."

Kite explained, "Amos and I worked together to elect you, you know."

Wint eyed him blandly. "Well, I'm much obliged. But I don't see what that has to do ——"

"You owe us some gratitude."

"I'm grateful."

"There's a moral obligation ——"

Wint grinned. "Kite, I'm afraid you're an Indian giver. I'm afraid you elected me thinking you could use me. But I didn't ask to be elected, so I don't see ——"

Hopelessness was settling down on V. R. Kite; hopelessness and the desperate energy of a cornered rat. There was no shame in him, and no scruple. Also there was very little wisdom in the buzzardlike man. He was to prove this before their eyes.

"Wint," he said, "Amos and I are practical men. You're practical too, aren't you? There's no place for dreams in this world, Wint. It's a hard world. I understand that."

"You find it a hard world? Why, Kite, I think the world is a pretty good sort of a place. That's the way it strikes me."

"I ——"

"Maybe it's your own fault you find it hard."

Kite brushed the suggestion away. He was obsessed with a new idea, a last hope. He said: "Wint, if you drop this Amos and I can do a lot for you."

"You and Amos?" Wint looked at Amos again. "How about it, congressman?"

"'Go it wife! Go it b'ar!'" Amos repeated imperturbably.

"What I mean," said Kite, "is that we can send you to the legislature; or anything."

"Why, I'm not looking for anything," said Wint mildly.

Kite snapped, "Every man has his price!" And when he met Wint's level eyes and knew he was committed he went on hurriedly: "I know that. If politics isn't yours something else is. Speak out, man. What do you ——"

Wint asked curiously and without anger: "What's the idea, Kite?"

"I could give you a start in business—help you. I'm a business man, you understand. Anything ——"

Wint laughed. "You're too vague."

Kite looked at Amos. He looked at him so steadily that Amos got down from the window seat, whistled softly under his breath and walked out of the office, into the council chamber above the fire-engine house. He shut the door behind him. Kite leaned toward Wint.

"A thousand?" he asked huskily.

Wint chuckled. "I say," he exclaimed, "I had no idea there was any money in this job."

"Two thousand?"

"I've always wanted to know what it felt like to be bribed."

"Two thousand, Wint? For God's sake ——"

Wint shook his head, still perfectly good-humored. "There's no question about it, Kite," he said. "You surely are an old buzzard. Get out of my nest, you evil bird!"

Kite protested: "Wint, listen to ——"

"Damn you," said Wint, still without heat, "do you want me to throw you out the window?"

Kite got up. Wint had not even taken his feet down from their perch. Kite said, "You'll change your ——"

Wint's feet banged the floor; and Kite stopped and went swiftly to the door. In the doorway he turned and looked back, his dry old face working. He seemed to want to speak. But without a word he turned and went away.

Amos strolled back in. Wint looked up at him and chuckled. But Amos looked serious.

"Went away all rumpled up, didn't he?" Wint commented. "But he didn't have a word to say."

Amos nodded. "Not a word to say," he agreed. "But, Wint," he added, "knowing Kite like I do—I wish he had."

"Wish he had had a word?"

"I never was much afraid of a barking dog," said the congressman.

XXXII

IF WINT had expected immediate conflict he was to be disappointed, for after Kite left his office that day nothing happened; neither that day, nor the next, nor the next. Amos told Wint that Kite would strike in his own time, and strike below the belt. Wint laughed and said he was ready to fight, foul or fair. But neither foul blow nor fair was struck. Radabaugh reported that his orders had been obeyed. Lutcher had left town; temporarily, it was said. His rooms off the alley were locked, and he had gone so far as to give Radabaugh a key, so that the marshal might make sure, now and then, that Lutcher's store of drinkables was not disturbed. One shipment did come in for Mrs. Moody. It was labeled Canned Goods; but Jim Radabaugh made it his business to inspect all sorts of goods consigned to Mrs. Moody, and he found this particular box contained goods in bottles instead of cans. He emptied the bottles into the creek, across the railroad tracks from the station, and told Mrs. Moody about it. She threw a stick of firewood at him, then wept with rage because he dodged it successfully.

For the rest Hardiston was quiet. The lunch-cart man whom Radabaugh had suspected took his cart and left town. Kite met Wint on the street and greeted him as pleasantly as usual. Jack Routt cultivated him and joked him about his ideas of morality. One night at Routt's home he offered Wint a drink. Wint looked thoughtfully through the smoke of his pipe as though he had not heard. When Routt repeated the offer Wint declined politely.

The business of being mayor occupied very little of Wint's time. Early in June Foster, the city solicitor, brought a stranger to see Wint about a street carnival that wanted to come to Hardiston the last week in June. Wint agreed to grant the permits.

"You understand," he told the man, "that this is a dry town?"

The stranger winked and said he understood. Wint shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid you don't understand," he said. "This is a dry town. There's no booze sold here. Last summer, I remember, there was some selling in connection with your carnival here. If you try that this time I'll have to close you up."

The man looked surprised and disgusted. "What is this, a Sunday school?" he demanded.

"No," said Wint. "Just a dry town."

"How about the games?"

Wint smiled good-naturedly. "Oh, don't make them too raw. I've no objection to 'The cane you ring, that cane you get.'"

"Hell!" said the man. "We won't make chicken feed."

"You don't have to come."

But the stranger said they would come all right. After he had gone Wint told Foster the carnival would bear watching. Foster agreed, but said the merchants wanted it. "Brings the farmers to town every day instead of just Saturday, you know."

"I know," said Wint. "Well, let them come."

After a week of quiet Wint decided that Kite and his allies had put the lid on.

"But they're just waiting," Amos warned him. "Waiting till they get a toe hold on you somehow. Watch your step, Wint."

Wint said he was watching. "I wish they'd start something," he said. "Hot weather's dull, with no excitement."

"There'll be enough excitement," Amos assured him.

Routt walked home with Wint one afternoon, talking over a proposition that he had brought up a day or two before. Since Wint was going to be a lawyer, he said, they ought to go in together. Wint was already so well advanced in his reading that Routt thought in another year or eighteen months he could take the examinations.

"There's a big practice waiting for the right people down here," he told Wint enthusiastically. "Dick Hoover and I are going to get together when his father dies. The old man is pretty feeble. You come in with us. We'll do things, Wint."

Wint was pleased and somewhat flattered by the suggestion, and thought well of Routt for it. But he only said good-naturedly that it was still a long way off, and that there would be time enough to talk about the matter when he was admitted to the bar. Nevertheless Routt dwelt on it insistently, so insistently that instead of turning aside toward his own home at the usual place he went on toward Wint's father's house, still talking. It did not occur to Wint that there was any purpose in Routt's thus accompanying him. He had heard that Routt and Kite had been seen together, and asked Jack about it. Routt explained that you had to keep in touch with all sorts; a mixture of business and politics, he said; and Wint was satisfied.

When they came in sight of the house it was still an hour before supper time; and Hetty Morfee was sweeping down the front steps and the walk to the gate.

They saw her while they were still half a block away and Routt said casually, "Hetty still working for your mother, I see."

Wint nodded. "Yes; I guess she's pretty good."

Routt agreed. "If she'd only keep straight. But ——"

"I don't think she's that kind," said Wint.

"I hope not," Routt assented. "Hope she doesn't get into trouble. If she ever did, in this town ——"

Wint said nothing; and Routt added: "She'd need a friend all right." And again: "She'd need someone to take her part. But he'd be in Dutch, whoever he was."

He looked at Wint sidewise. They were near the gate now, and Wint said: "Come in and have supper."

Routt shook his head. "Not to-night."

Hetty looked up at their approach, and Wint called "Hello, Hetty."

She said "Hello, Wint."

Routt repeated Wint's greeting, and the girl looked at him with curiously steady eyes and said, "Hello, Jack."

Wint thought vaguely that there was some repressed feeling in her tone; but he forgot the matter in bidding Routt good-by, and went inside, leaving Hetty at her task, while Routt went back by the way they had come. Hetty watched him go. He did not look toward her, did not turn his head. She watched him out of sight.

Jack Routt took Agnes Caretall to the moving pictures that night. Wint saw them there. He was with Joan. Afterward Routt and Agnes walked home together.

Routt did most of the talking on that homeward walk. Now and then Agnes seemed to protest weakly at something he was urging her to do. One near enough might have heard him speak of Wint. But there was no one near.

When they reached her home there was a light in the sitting-room window. That meant Amos was there; and Routt said he would not go in. "But you'll remember, won't you, Agnes?" he asked. "If you want to do something for me."

She said softly, "I do want to do anything for you."

He laughed at her gently. "How about him?"

"I hate him!" she said with a sudden intensity that was not pretty to see. "I hate him! Hate him, I say!"

"What's he ever done to you?" Routt teased. And she said: "Nothing," as though that one word were an accusation.

Routt put his arm round her; and she clung to him with a swift terrified sort of passion, as though afraid to let him go. It seemed to embarrass him; he freed himself a little roughly.

He left her standing there when he hurried away.

XXXIII

IF JACK ROUTT had meant to force Hetty into Wint's thoughts he had succeeded. Wint was not conscious of this when he left Jack at his gate; he was thinking of other things. But during supper, an hour later, when Hetty came into the dining room Wint remembered what Jack had said; and he looked at the girl with a keen scrutiny. He studied her without seeming to do so.

He was surprised to discover in how many ways Hetty had changed since she came to work for his mother. The changes were slight; they had been gradual. But they were appallingly obvious under Wint's cool appraisal now. He tallied them in his thoughts. Her laughter had been gayly and merrily defiant; it was sullen now, and mirthless. Her eyes had twinkled with a pleasant impudence; they were overcast these days with a troubling shadow. There was a shadow, too, upon the clear milky skin of her cheeks; it was a blemish that could neither be analyzed nor defined. Yet it was there.

Hetty had slackened too. Her hair was no longer so smoothly brushed, so crisply drawn back above her ears. It was at times untidy. Her waists were no longer so immaculate; her aprons needed pressing, needed soap and water, too, at times. She had been fresh and clean and good to look upon; she was in these days indefinably soiled.

After supper that night Wint went out into the kitchen where Hetty was washing dishes. He went on the pretext of getting a drink of water. There had been a time, a few months ago, when Hetty would have turned to greet him laughingly; and she would have drawn a glass of water and given it to him. But she did neither of these things now. Instead she moved aside without looking at him while he held the glass under the faucet; and when he stepped back to drink she went on with her work, shoulders bent, eyes down.

Wint finished the glass of water and put the glass back in its place. Then he hesitated, started to go, came back. At last he asked pleasantly, "Well, Hetty, how are things going?"

She looked at him sidewise with a swift furtive glance; and she laughed in the mirthless way that was becoming habitual. "Oh, great," she said, ironically.

"What's the matter?" Wint asked. "Anything wrong?"

"Of course not. Don't be a kid. Can't I have a grouch if I want to?"

"Sure," he agreed amiably. "I have 'em myself. Anything I can do to bring you out of your grouch?"

"No."

"If there is," he said, so seriously she knew he meant his offer—"if there is, let me know. Maybe I can help."

"I'm not asking help," she told him sullenly.

"Is there anything definite? Anything wrong?"

She said, with a hot flash of her dark eyes in his direction: "I told you no, didn't I? What do you have to butt in for?"

Wint considered that, and he filled his pipe and lighted it; and at last he turned to the door. From the doorway he called to her: "If anything turns up, Hetty, count on me."

She nodded without speaking; and he left her. He was more troubled than he would have cared to admit; and he was convinced, in spite of what Hetty had said, that there was something wrong.

The third or fourth day after, Hardiston meanwhile moving along the even tenor of its way, Wint decided after supper at home that he wanted to see Amos. He telephoned the congressman's home, and Agnes answered. He asked if Amos was at home.

"He went uptown for the mail," Agnes told him. "But he said he'd be right back. He'll be here in a few minutes."

(Continued on Page 93)

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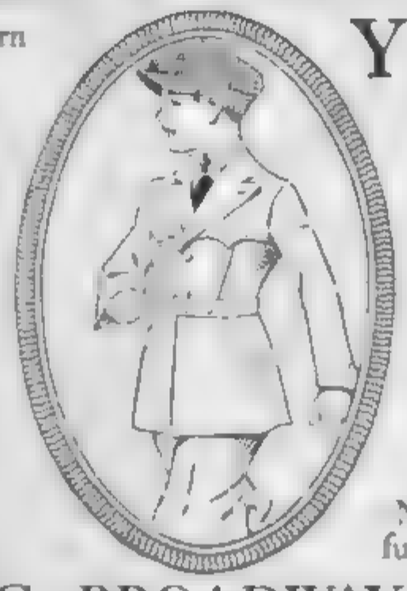

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DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, INC., BROADWAY AT 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 91)

"Tell him I'm coming down, will you?" Wint suggested, and Agnes promised to do so.

Wint took his hat and started for Amos' home. He thought of going through town on the chance of picking Amos up at the post office; but the mail had been in for an hour, and he decided Amos would have reached his home before he got there, so he went on. Wint and Amos lived on the same street, but at different ends of the town. The better part of a mile lay between the two houses. The stores and business houses were the third point of a triangle of which the Chase home and Amos' formed the other angles.

The night was warm and moonlit; a night in June. The street along which Wint's route lay was shaded on either side by spreading trees, and lined with the attractive comfortable homes of Hardiston folks, who knew what homes should be. Wint met a few people: a young fellow with a flower in his buttonhole, in a great deal of a hurry; a boy and a girl with linked arms; a man, a woman here and there. At one corner in the circle of radiance from a sputtering electric light a dozen boys were playing throw-the-stick. Wint heard their cries while he was still a block or two away; he saw their shadowy figures scurrying in the dust or crouching behind bushes and houses in the adjoining yards.

As he passed the light a woman came to the door of one of the houses and called shrilly: "Oh, Wille-e-e-e-e!"

One of the boys answered, in reluctant and protesting tones; and the woman called: "Bedti-i-ime." Wint heard the boy's querulous complaint; heard his fellows jeer at him, under their breath, so that his mother might not hear. The youngster trailed laggingly homeward; and the woman at the door, as Wint passed, said implacably to her son: "You go round to the pump and wash your feet before you come in the house, Willie."

The boy went, still complaining. And Wint grinned as he passed by. His own days of playing, barefoot, under the corner lights were still so short a time behind him that he could sympathize with Willie. Is there any sharper humiliation than to be forced to come home to bed while the other boys are still abroad? Is there any keener discomfort than to take your two dusty feet, with the bruises and the cuts and the scratches all crudely cauterized with grime, and stick them under a stream of cold water and scrub them till they are raw, and wipe the damp dirt off on a towel? Wint was half minded to turn back and join that game of throw-the-stick. The bewildering moonlight and the warm air of the night had somewhat turned his head. It required an effort of will to keep on his way.

Agnes opened the door for him when he came to Caretall's home. "Dad'll be here in a minute or two," she said. "Come right in."

Wint hesitated. "Oh, isn't he home yet?"

"No, but he will be." She laughed at him in a pretty inviting way she had. "I won't bite, you know."

"I guess not," he agreed good-naturedly. "But it's a shame to go in the house—a night like this."

She said, "Wait till I get a scarf. Sit down. The hammock; or the chairs. I'll be right out."

So Wint sat down, where the moonlight struck through the vines about the porch and mottled the floor with silver. Agnes came out with something indescribably flimsy about her fair head; and Wint laughed and said: "I never could make out why girls think a thing like that keeps them warm."

"Oh, but it does," she insisted. "You've no idea how much warmth there is in it."

He shook his head, laughing at her. "That wouldn't keep a butterfly warm on the Sahara Desert."

She protested: "Now you just see." And she moved lightly round behind him and wrapped the film of silken stuff about his head. "There," she said, and looked at him, and laughed gayly. "You're the funniest-looking thing!"

Wint unwound the scarf gingerly. "It feels like cobwebs," he said. "I don't see how you can wear it. Sticky stuff!"

"Men are always afraid of things like cobwebs. Always afraid of little things."

Wint chuckled. "What's this? New philosophy of life?"

"Can't I say anything serious?"

"Why, sure. I don't know but what you're right too."

He had taken one of the chairs. She sat down in the hammock. "Come sit here with me," she invited. "That chair's not comfortable."

"Oh, it's all right."

She stamped her foot. "I should think you'd do what I say when you come to see me."

"Matter of fact, you know, I came to see your father."

"Well, you're staying to see me. If you don't sit in the hammock I'm going in the house and leave you."

Wint held up his hands in mock consternation. "Heaven forbid!"

He sat down beside her, as uncomfortable as a man must always be in a hammock; and she leaned away from him, half reclining, enjoying his discomfort. He could see her laughing at him in the moonlight. She pointed one forefinger at him, stroked it with the other as one strops a razor.

"'Fraid to sit in the hammock with a girl," she taunted.

She was very pretty and provoking in the silver light; and Wint understood that he could kiss her if he chose. He had kissed Agnes before this. Wink and post office and kindred games were popular when he and Agnes were in high school together. But—he had no notion of kissing Agnes, moonlight or no moonlight. He had come to see Amos. Amos' daughter was another matter.

"When is Amos coming home?" he asked. "Has he called up? Maybe I'd better walk uptown."

"He called and said he was starting," she assured him. "You stay right here. He'll be here. Unless he gets to talking some of your old politics. I suppose that's what you came to see him for."

"Oh, I just happened down this way."

She sat up straight. "Good gracious! You act as though it were a secret. Tell me, this minute!"

"Why, as a matter of fact," said Wint good-naturedly, "I want to talk to him about a sewer the city's going to put in through some land he owns. I guess you're not interested in sewers."

She grimaced and said she should say not. "I thought maybe it was something about the bootleggers," she said. "Everybody's talking about them. What are you going to do to them?"

Wint laughed. "That's like the instructions for destroying potato bugs," he said. "First catch your potato bug."

"You mean you haven't caught any?"

"Not yet."

"Are you trying to?"

"Why, we've got our eyes open."

"I love to hear about criminals and everything," she said. "What will you do to them when you get them? Send them to jail?"

"Well, I'll do that if I can't do anything worse."

She asked, "You're really going to—you really mean to get after them?"

He nodded; and she laughed.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, it seems funny for you to be so moral about whisky and things."

He grinned. "It is funny, isn't it?"

"I should think they'd just laugh at you."

"Well, maybe they do."

"I suppose you're just going to give them a lesson, and then—sort of let things go, aren't you?"

Wint shook his head. "No. I shan't let things go. Not as long as I'm—in charge."

"But lots of people will be awfully mad at you. Why, even your father buys whisky and things, doesn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But he doesn't sell them."

"Well, someone's got to sell them to him."

"They'll not sell in Hardiston," said Wint. He was a little tired of this. "Looks to me as though Amos has stopped to talk politics after all. Did you tell him I was coming?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him. "He'll be right home." She got up abruptly. "There's some lemonade in the dining room," she said. "Would you like some?"

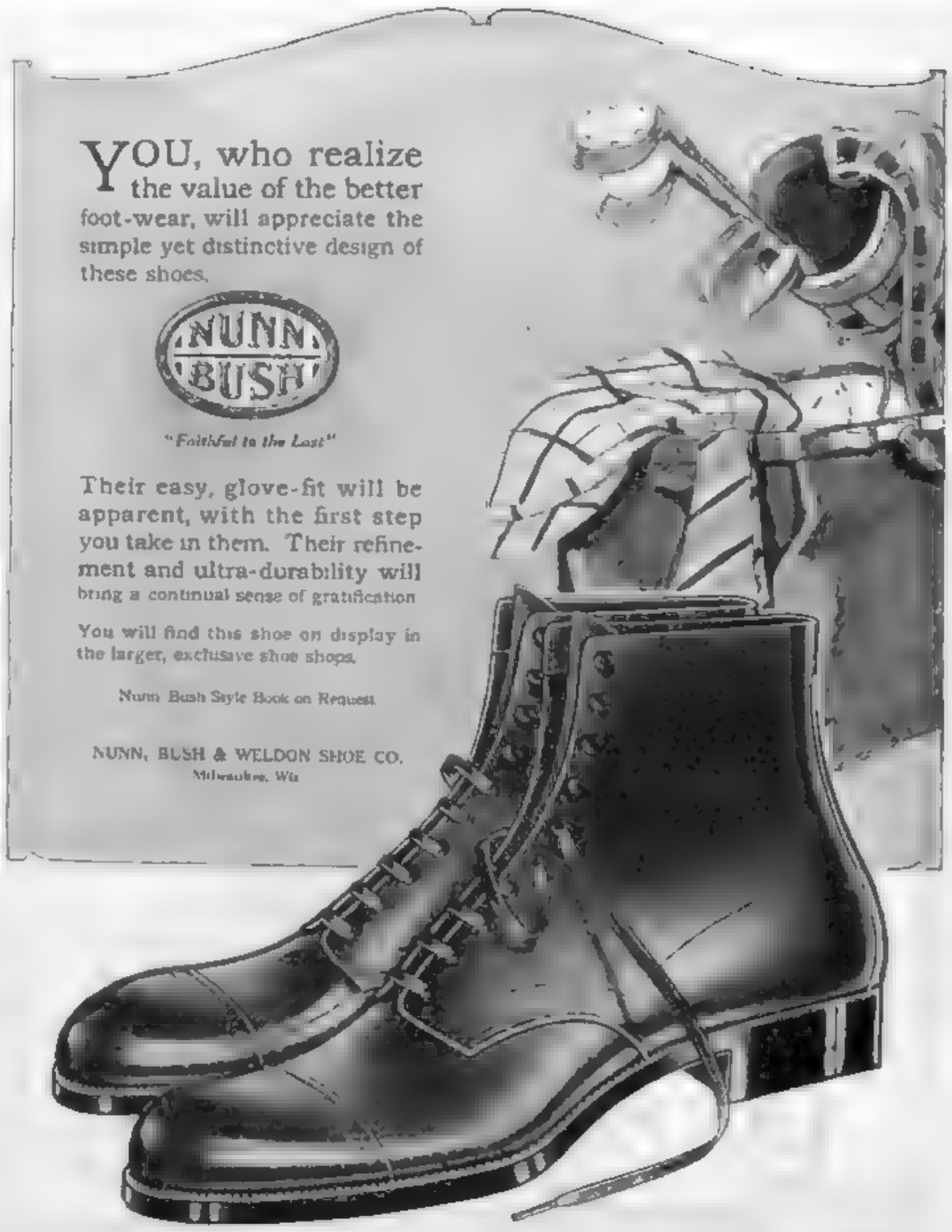
"Every time," he said. "It's warm enough to make it taste pretty fine tonight."

She came out with a tall pitcher and two glasses and filled his glass and her own. They lifted the glasses together; and Wint touched his to his lips.

Then he took it down and looked at it and said, "Hello."

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"There's a stick in this, isn't there?"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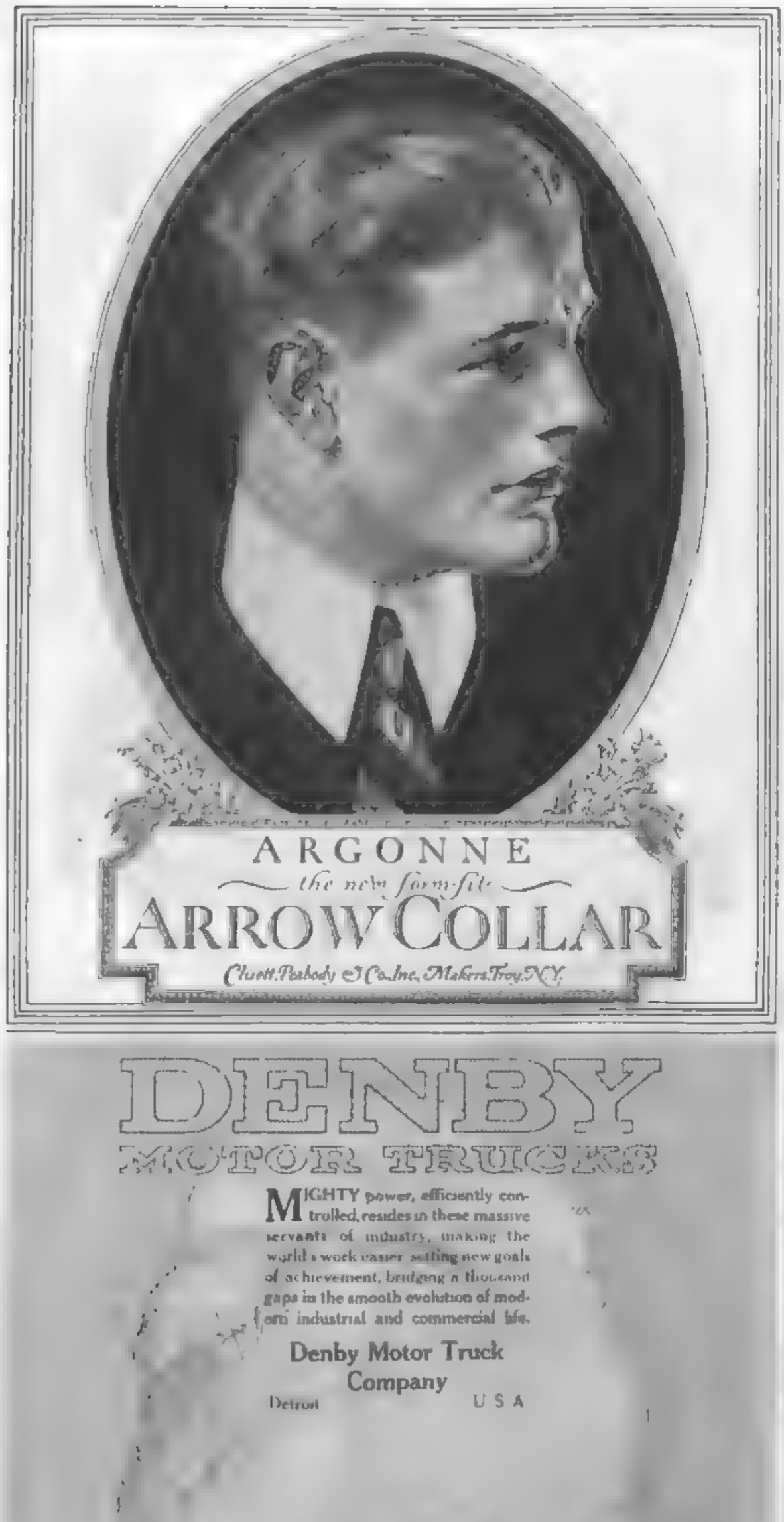

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"Yes. I always put a little in. Peach brandy. I love it."

"Peach brandy, eh?"

"Yes. Don't you like it?"

"Well, I've been letting it alone lately. I guess I'll not ——"

"Oh, don't be silly, Wint!" she protested, and stamped her foot at him. "I guess a little brandy won't hurt you!"

"No, probably not," Wint agreed. "But I'm on the wagon, you see."

"You make me feel as though I'd done something wrong to offer it to you."

"Why, no. Only I ——"

They were so interested that neither of them had heard Amos and neither of them had seen him stop by the gate for a moment, listening to what they said. But when the gate opened Agnes saw him; and the sight silenced her.

Amos came heavily toward the house, and Agnes called to him, "Wint's here, dad."

Amos said, "Oh! Hello, Wint!"

Wint said, "Good evening." Amos was up on the porch by this time and seemed to discover the lemonade.

"Hello there," he exclaimed, "that looks pretty good. I'm hot. Pour me a glass, Agnes."

She hesitated; and Wint said, "Take mine."

"What's the matter with it?" Amos asked good-naturedly. "Poisoned?" He lifted the glass to his nose. "Oh, brandy, eh? Well, got anything against that?"

"Oh, I'm on the wagon, myself, that's all."

Amos nodded. "Well, I never touch it. Not lately. Take it away, Agnes."

His voice was gentle enough; but Wint thought the girl seemed very white and frightened as she faced her father. She took pitcher and glasses and went swiftly into the house.

Amos sat down, looked at Wint, and asked cheerfully: "Well, young fellow, what's on your mind?"

When their business was done and Wint had gone Amos sat quietly upon the porch for a while. Then without moving from his chair he turned his head and called toward the open door: "Agnes!"

She answered from inside.

He said, "Come here," and she appeared in the doorway. He bade her come out and sit down. She chose the hammock, lay back indolently.

Amos filled his pipe with slow care and lighted it. His head was on one side, his eyes squinted thoughtfully. If there had been more light Agnes could have seen that he was sorely troubled. But she could not see. So she thought him merely angry, and grew angry herself at the thought.

He asked at last: "You offered Wint booze?"

"Just some lemonade," she said stiffly.

"Booze in it," he reminded her. "Don't you do that any more, Agnes."

"I guess a little brandy won't hurt Wint Chase," she told him.

"Don't you do it any more!" he repeated, finality in his tones. She said nothing; and after a little he asked, looking toward her wistfully in the shadows of the porch: "What did you do it for, Agnes? What did you do it for anyway?"

She shrugged impatiently. "Oh, I don't know."

"What did you do it for?" he insisted. There was an implacable strength in Amos; she knew she could not escape answering.

Nevertheless she evaded again. "Oh, no reason."

"What did you do it for?" he asked mildly, for the third time; and Agnes stamped to her feet. When she answered her voice was harsh and hard and indescribably bitter.

"Because I wanted to get him drunk," she said. "He's so funny when he's that way. That's why."

She stared down at him defiantly; and Amos saw hard lines form about her mouth. Before he could speak she was gone indoors.

Amos sat there for a long while after that, thinking. His thoughts ran back; he remembered Agnes as a baby, as a schoolgirl. She was a young woman now.

He thought to himself, a curiously helpless feeling oppressing him, "I wish her mother hadn't 've died."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mistah White Man, Lis'n

MISTAH White Man, lis'n: Wheffo' an' why
You gimme dat black look out'n yo' eye
An' say, "Dis country hit ain't no place
Fo' to bawned an' raise up de cullud race"?

Mistah White Man, lis'n: Right am right,
Mek no diff'ence ef hit's cullud er white.
Dey ain't no races but has dey trash,
An' dem's de ones whut am boun' fo' to clash.

Is you fo'got de ol'-time days
When you wuz ginerous wid yo' praise?
When ol' Unc Bob and Aunt Sue Ann
Jes' waited on you foot an' han'?

Who wuz hit toted you aroun'
When you wa'n't knee high fum de groun'?
Who tol' you 'bout Tar-Baby fust,
An' how Brer Rabbit kicked up dust?

Who teached you to cut de pigeon's wing
An' to buzzard-lope, an' how to sing
De ol' plantation chunes? An' who
Holped you fetch up yo' chillen too?

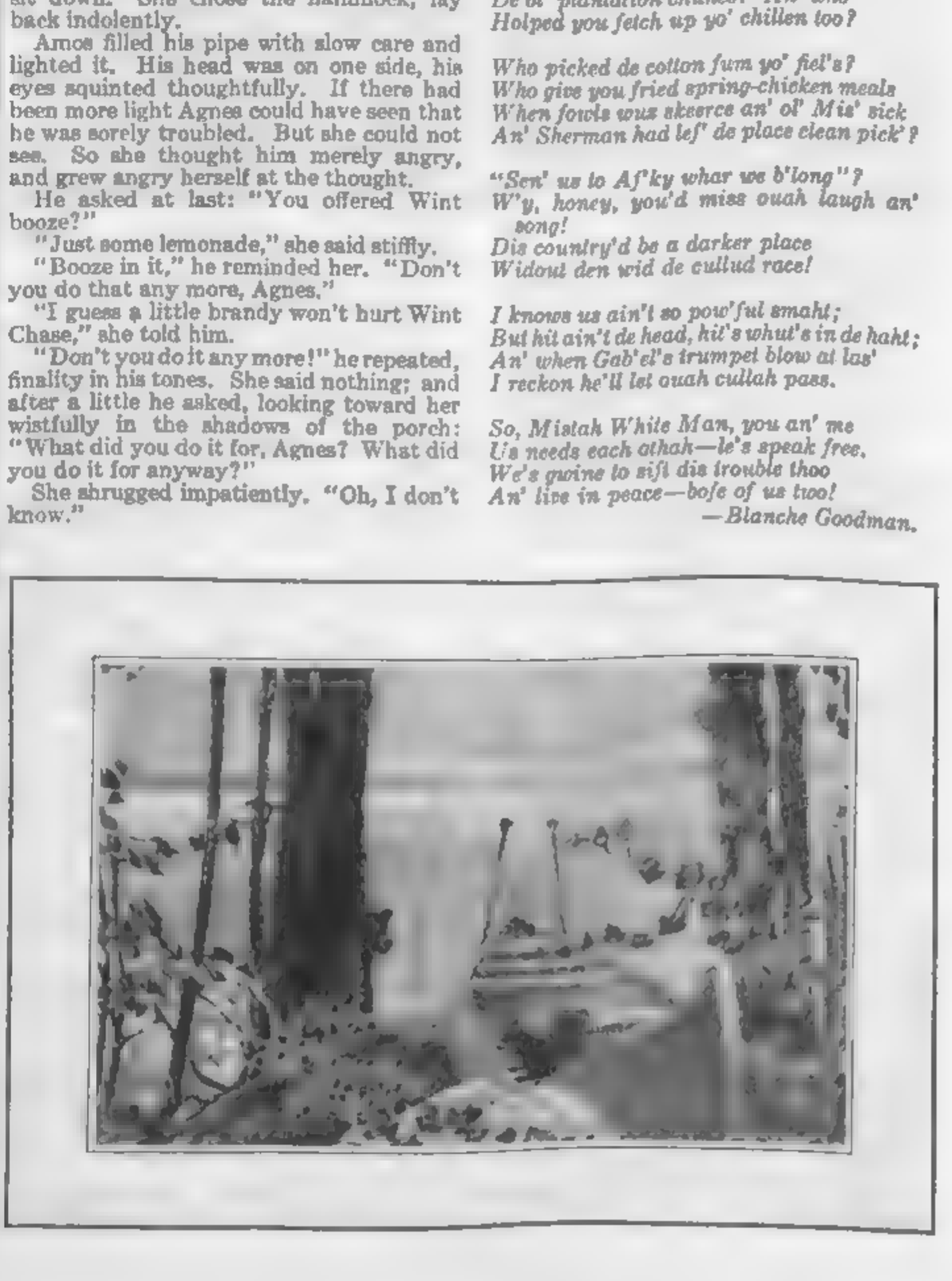
Who picked de cotton fum yo' fiel's?
Who give you fried spring-chicken meals
When fowls wuz skeerce an' ol' Mis' sick
An' Sherman had lef' de place clean pick'?

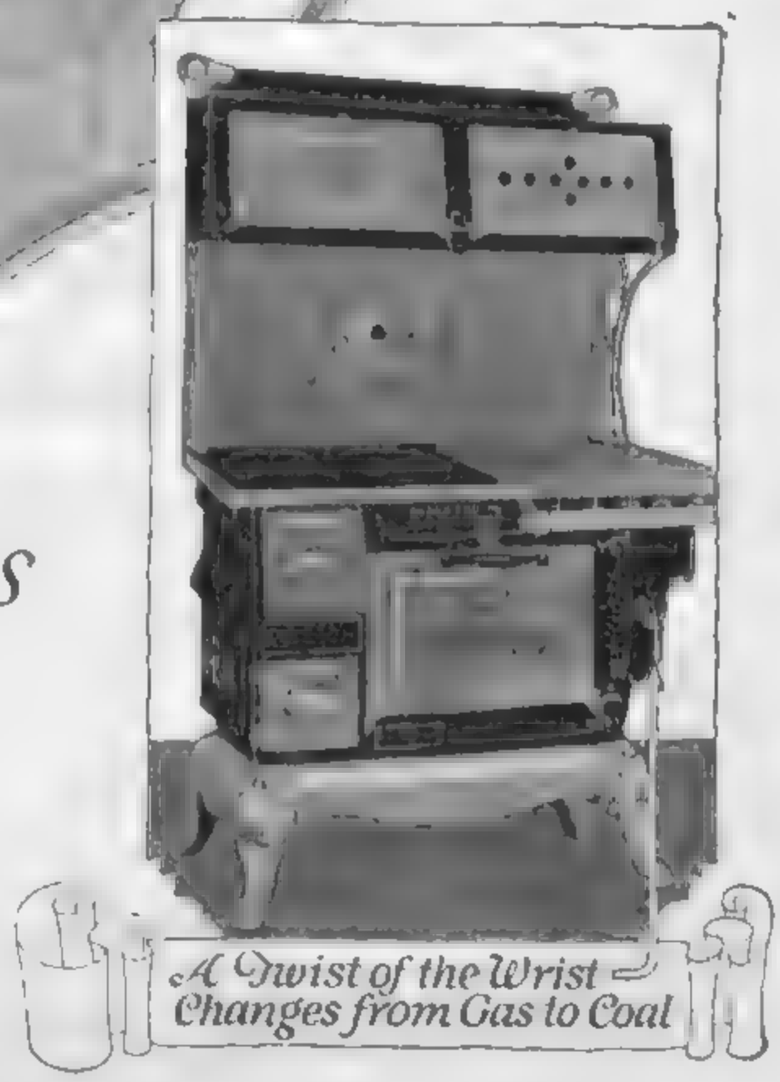
"Sen' us to Af'ky whar we b'long"?
W'y, honey, you'd miss ouah laugh an' song!
Dis country'd be a darker place
Widout den wid de cullud race!

I knows us ain't so pow'ful smaht;
But hit ain't de head, hit's whut's in de haht;
An' when Gab'el's trumpet blow at las'
I reckon he'll let ouah cullah pass.

So, Mistah White Man, you an' me
Us needs each othah—le's speak free.
We's goine to sift dis trouble thoo
An' live in peace—bofe of us too!

—Blanche Goodman.





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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RACE HORSE

(Continued from Page 27)

of sacks of tobacco and ten dollars more. I guess that represented all his worldly wealth.

The Indian wanted the privilege of picking what horse he would race. So Barney showed him the whole three of us and he chose me—because I was the smallest, I suppose. The distance to be run was two hundred and fifty yards. The Indian also stipulated that. Quite a crowd had gathered to see this unique match and the Indian was as grave and stoical as if he was going on the warpath. When all arrangements had been made Barney asked him who was going to ride his pony, and when he replied that he was going to ride him himself I thought Barney would have a conniption fit.

Well, the ground was measured off, a judge chosen and the crowd lined up on either side of the impromptu race track. I was led out and saddled, but when Barney saw the Indian coming he could hardly keep his seat for laughing. Barney was just having the time of his life. The Indian's pony was all decorated with feathers and looked very gay. He had evidently been living well off prairie grass and was fat as a roll of butter. The Indian had no saddle.

We lined up and somebody fired a pistol and away we went. The Indian was yelling and whipping his pony across the shoulders every jump. The poor little thing really couldn't run at all. So Barney just galloped me along beside him, letting the Indian keep about half a length ahead, and made him think he was winning all the time until we had gone about two hundred yards. Then he shook me up and, of course, that was the last of the little fat pony.

But the Indian was a good loser. He never said a word or made any excuses. I forgot to tell you that we did not have any stakeholder. The Indian custom those days was to lay all the bets side by side on a blanket and the winner just walked over when the race was finished and picked up what belonged to him. The old Indian was very much surprised when Barney gave him back his beaded vest and moccasins. He could not understand that, and Barney tried to explain to him in pidgin English how he recognized that he was a good sportsman and that he was only having fun. The Indian did not sense the meaning of this for quite a while. When he did, however, he became very grave, and folding his blanket about him, stalked away muttering something that we could not understand.

A prospective settler, however, who understood the Cherokee tongue, explained to us that he was very much mortified because no one before had made a jest of his lack of knowledge of horses, which goes to show that the red man differs little from his white brethren when it comes down to questioning his acumen.

This was not the only race we had down in the Nation, because some gamblers brought in a very fast quarter horse and after a good deal of backing and filling they made a match against the Grasshopper. The stakes, I believe, were five hundred dollars a side, but there were a great many side bets. Nearly everyone had more or less money. When I say that I mean they had it when they got there, but with all the gambling games of chance and other ways of getting rid of money many of them were flat broke before the great day came for the opening up of the Strip.

The distance for this race was four hundred yards. The ground was measured right off on the prairie and as the people who owned the other horse were a pretty tough-looking outfit a good deal of trouble was experienced in selecting a stakeholder who would be agreeable to both parties. My master suggested several solid-looking men who happened to be about there and whose acquaintance he had formed. He judged them to be reputable citizens, but the others would not hear of them. They gave it as an excuse that they did not know them. It looked for a while as if the match would fall through, and in this connection the innocent bystander, who always appears to be about, played a part.

The latter individual was a little freckle-faced sandy-haired man with an eye like a ferret. He did not have much to say regarding the original conditions of the race and appeared to be entirely on the outside; but when the question of stakeholder appeared to have arrived at the deadlock stage he came to the front with a unique suggestion.

Among the spectators was a little baby-faced boy about twelve years old. He looked a good deal like the pictures you see of cherubs, but he was the only mounted one I ever saw, and this kid was seated astride of a rather good-looking calico pony. The ferret-eyed man suggested that the kid should be stakeholder. He argued that if we were all afraid of grown-up men, why, it would be a pretty tough citizen who would question the honesty of a boy little more than a baby in years.

This seemed to meet the approval of everybody. The opposing parties were agreeable and, of course, my master and Barney immediately fell in with the plan, so the thousand dollars, which was the sum total of the main stake, was handed to the boy on the calico pony. We had procured a reliable stakeholder at last.

The race itself did not differ very much from any of the other quarter races we had taken part in. My master rode Grassie, and a little shriveled-up boy—a half-breed Indian—rode the other horse. Considering his years and size, he was a wonderful horseman and knew every point of the quarter racing game. But that did not avail him very much, because after they had covered half the distance to be run it was quite clear that he could not beat Grasshopper, and the latter won easily by a couple of open lengths.

There was naturally the usual talk challenging and counterchallenging after the race was over—in which it might be mentioned that Barney took a prominent part. Then all at once my master suggested that we should collect the main stakes. But would you believe it? The cherub-faced cavalier could not be found anywhere. That angel-faced youngster had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. Neither he nor the pretty calico pony was ever seen again by any of our outfit.

But seven or eight years afterward Barney met a man out in San Francisco who gave him all the inside information on the genesis and also the exodus of the cherub-faced boy. It turned out that he was the son of the ferret-eyed man who had assumed the rôle of the innocent bystander and that the latter was one of a gang of outlaws and bank burglars who had infested the territory for several years. When you come to think of it, it was about as neat a frame-up as ever happened in connection with a horse race, and as Barney expressed it when the smoke of battle had blown over: "A feller can learn somethin' from everybody, even if he has to go out in the jungles for an education."

During our wait my master made the acquaintance of two young Kentuckians, a brother and sister, who had come all the way from their home and brought their horses with them to take part in the big drive. It appeared from their story that they had been living on an old worked-out farm, which—added to the fact that it had become almost nonproductive—was heavily mortgaged. They were orphans and had decided to put what little money they had left on the chances of procuring land rights in the new country. They had brought with them a couple of very good thoroughbred horses.

Both the boy and the girl were very good riders, but two days before the date set for the opening of the Strip the young fellow came down with malarial fever and the girl decided to make the race alone. My master invited her to join our party and all the boys promised to take good care of her, which relieved her brother very much.

At last the day of days came. For weeks before United States troops had been patrolling the boundary line, keeping out the sooners, as they were called. Perhaps I should interpret this term by explaining that a sooner was one who stole in surreptitiously on the land before the date set for the opening and figured on establishing his claims to a desirable quarter section before anyone who waited until the official time could have an opportunity of doing so.

Of course the Government had made certain provisions for the registration of those who contemplated taking up land and had surrounded the acquisition of it with other safeguards. I cannot remember the details of the business end of it just now, but I do know that in the final accounting it occasioned many terrible mix-ups and a cross-fire of ugly charges and mutual recrimination.

The morning of the day found the intending settlers lined up all round the border of the Strip. As I said, the land was patrolled by United States cavalry, infantry and a host of temporarily appointed United States deputy marshals. It was a wonderful sight. As far as the eye could reach stretched a long line of men, women, children and nondescript vehicles. It is safe to say that representatives of every condition, creed and color known in the analysis of American sociology were represented. There they were, lined up for the greatest race in history. Perhaps it was old Dame Fortune's king-pin joke. She had one trump card up her sleeve. The intending settlers had no idea of the millions upon millions in crude oil that flowed under that same ground. Perhaps it is just as well they didn't, because more of them are alive to tell the tale to-day.

Of course the men who were well mounted were considered the favored ones, or at least as having the best chance to procure choice locations. But apart from the saddle horse every wheeled vehicle ever invented was in evidence.

One man brought a four-in-hand from St. Louis or Kansas City—I forget which. It was driven by a famous English whip and carried quite a merry party of society people. But the Englishman, while no doubt a bear in Central Park, didn't know much about the ups and downs of cross-country work with the whole Cherokee Strip in front of him. He went too close to a gully, where the earth gave way under the pressure of the high wheels and over she went.

Fortunately none of his passengers was seriously injured, but they do say that there was some display of feminine furbelows when the old boat turned turtle. A basket of wine was among the cargo. Of course it went galley-west along with the rest of the outfit and became a complete wreck. When the wine struck the ground it lit near the spot where the English whip's wife was lying partially stunned, and when the bottles burst the joy water gave the lady considerable of a baptism. When she came to, the wine was running all over her clothing. A woman companion endeavored to condole with her because of the ruin it wrought to her apparel.

"Oh, don't mention it!" retorted the Englishwoman calmly. "I've achieved the ambition of a lifetime. I've always wanted a bawth in champagne. And, my word, my dear, I've got it!"

High noon was the time set for the commencement of the grand rush. As the hour approached everyone was on tiptoe. It was ridiculous to see how some of them jostled for places in the front rank. One would think they were going to start in a hundred-yard dash.

The line formed on all sides of the Strip and, as I said before, each intending settler had his own way of locomotion. Some of them, of course, were on foot; and the strange part of it is that many of these procured pretty good claims after all. It was an exemplification of the old adage that the race is not always to the swift.

A young lawyer who had come down to that country made quite a spectacular figure. He rode a big stallion—a horse which had the reputation of being so bad-tempered that no one could handle him until this young fellow came along, purchased him for a song and made him gentle. He was a very beautiful animal and was known very widely for years afterward, because in making a run for membership in the state legislature his owner had ridden him up and down the country until every man, woman and child was familiar with his history.

Our little party, including the young lady mentioned before, procured a position pretty close to a detachment of cavalry. They had with them on a carriage a light cannon, and some of the soldiers warned us that our horses might become unmanageable when the big gun went off. Barney assured them in his jocular way that we would take care of that part of it.

I think our crowd were the least excited of the bunch, because win or lose we looked upon it as an adventure. The ex-jockey had told us that the land he had selected was about two miles and a half from our side of the line. There was some question at first as to whether I should take part in the race or not, but my master overruled all objections, because he urged that the pace would not be fast and that at best it would be only an exercising gallop for me. Anyway, he said that he wanted to be able to say afterward that I had taken part in the biggest horse race the world had ever known.

Promptly at the stroke of twelve a cavalry bugle rang out, followed by a deafening roar from the gun. We could hear this repeated at other points down the line. It was

The Indian Was Yelling and Whipping His Pony Across the Shoulders Every Jump

the grand signal and away we went in the world's prize scramble.

It would be hard to describe the scenes that followed, because they beggar all description. It has been variously estimated that the number of people who took part in this rush ranged all the way in numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand. Still everyone knows that big crowds are never estimated correctly, and when you come to think of it twenty thousand is an awful mob of people. I have heard it stated that there were that number on horseback alone; but were the truth of the matter unearthed, I believe the horsemen did not exceed five thousand in number. Still, when one comes to think of it and can picture in the mind's eye five thousand horsemen springing into action at the report of a gun and racing madly across the prairie it constituted what you would call a regular sporting event.

At the signal the horsemen naturally took the lead, followed by the conveyances—ranging from the latest thing in buggies to the ramshackle sulky. The old prairie schooner was also very much in evidence. They contained the real hard-boiled settlers and the wagons were as a general thing loaded down with all the family belongings, including of course the omnipresent four or five tow-headed kids.

In the first mad rush one captain of a schooner lost a couple of his crew, because two of the little olive branches fell out of the tail end of the wagon and their father drove madly forward, utterly oblivious of his loss.

Another enterprising settler kept throwing stuff out of his wagon to lighten the load as he went along. He played no favorites. Crates of chickens, bedding and bed clothing, cooking utensils and everything else pertaining to the more intimate details of the household were scattered to the four winds as he urged his horses forward. Finally, when he found that this would not lend sufficient acceleration to his progress he left his wife and children sitting in the middle of the prairie and went on alone.

The remarkable part of it all was that very few of the horsemen knew anything at all about conserving the energy of their mounts so that they would last their journey out. They raced away from the line, whipping and spurring as if they were going to cover only a distance of a few hundred yards. Most of their horses were absolutely dead to the world when they had traversed a quarter of a mile. Some of them lasted a half mile, but very few of them went more than that distance without showing unmistakable signs of distress.

Strange as it may appear, the cowboys were the worst offenders in this respect. They did not seem to know anything about husbanding the speed of their horses, and with heavy saddles and accouterments they were soon left far behind. So far as we were concerned ourselves, we took it easy, starting out at what one might call a fair hand gallop and permitting the crowd to get well strung out.

If anything in the world ever demonstrated the value of good breeding, that race in the Oklahoma Strip did. As I said before, at the end of the first half mile most of the poor animals, whether ridden or driven, had bellows to mend and they were scattered all over the prairie in various stages of tardy motion. Many of the old ramshackle rigs had broken down and most of these derelicts were left where they were stranded, while their erstwhile owners unhooked their horses and pressed on as well as they could.

Before we had gone a mile we were practically alone. Not entirely so, of course, because some fifty or a hundred horsemen who were well mounted and who kept off the early pace were spread out fanwise on the prairie. It was quite clear that each had an objective point and knew where he was heading for. The young lady with us was in high feather and it was a merry gallop. At no time were we extended to anything like the limit of our speed, because the farther we went the farther we left the others behind.

Finally we got to the point where the ex-jockey decided we should stake our first claim. That was, of course, dedicated to the lady of the party, and while we were driving the legal marks a pretty tough-looking character with a repeating rifle slung careleasly over his arm made his appearance from the cover of some stunted cottonwoods close by.

He was a sooner. There was no question about that, but he advanced with all the assurance possible and warned us away from what he called his property. He claimed to have arrived there five minutes before we did, but when we asked him how he came he got all tangled up, because he did not have a horse or any other means of rapid transit.

Still he insisted that the place was his and that he would kill anyone who tried to stake a claim on it.

We did not have much time to waste arguing with him, so Barney got off the horse and pretended that he would like to purchase the land. I must tell you that my master and the other boy had gone on. The young lady and Barney stayed behind.

Barney walked close to the sooner, and taking some bills out of his pocket pretended to be counting them. He kept saying he would like to buy the place, and the sooner, though he claimed he would kill any trespasser, appeared to be in a more receptive frame of mind. Finally Barney was quite close to him, talking all the time. Then he played one of his old tricks. Before the land pirate knew it Barney had kicked his gun clean out of his hand and procured it. The other was so taken by surprise that he never knew exactly what had happened. It finished the argument so far as he was concerned. He begged like a dog to be given something for his claim, but as he did not have any right to the property Barney just warned him to get away from there, and he finally left, muttering maledictions of all kinds but thoroughly cowed.

Owing to Barney's activities, the young lady with us secured a mighty nice claim. When last I heard of her she and her brother were still living down on the Cherokee Strip and were well-to-do. So far as my master and the rest of them were concerned, they all filed on the amount of land allowed under the government rules. But shortly after proving up their claims they sold them again at perhaps one-twentieth part of what they are worth to-day. Had they possessed the vision they might have kept them, but I really believe their land quest was never attended by mercenary motives, and then—as boys will—they failed to make any provision for the future.

When I look back over all the events of my life I have come to the conclusion that the race for the land in the Cherokee Strip was the most notable, attended as it was with all the romance and excitement that it would hold. It is something, anyway, for a race horse to feel in his old age that he has helped to manufacture some of the history of these United States.

From that time on I raced, as I told you in the early part of this story, up and down the country from coast to coast and from race track to race track. If I were to relate the story of our wanderings it would only bear a sameness which might become irksome to the reader. You see, we had our good days and bad days. Sometimes we had plenty of money and at others we were so flat broke that my master and Barney were often short of provender.

But through it all we had good times and that was youth. It is all something to look back to, not without pleasure either. I do not mean to say that at any time we represented the aristocrats of the turf, because when two boys, young and thoughtless, start out together they don't weigh the consequences which might accrue subsequently but play the game as it comes to their hands. That too is youth.

Still I am glad that I took part in the greatest of all sports, which is racing. It is a good thing to know that we have always had in this country men who have been jealous of the best traditions and keen for the support of all that is uplifting in connection with this royal pastime. I do not mean to say that we have not in the conduct of our racing made many mistakes in the past and we may make some yet, but in a general way I am sure all those who know best will agree with me when I say that the turf in America was never in better condition than it is to-day and that the sport is safeguarded by those in authority as it never was before.

Bookmaking is not countenanced by the jockey clubs any more. In some states the *paris mutuels* have been legalized. The pity of it is that the great West, which aforetime supplied so much that was good in the game, has been practically eliminated.

But still racing will go on. It is the world's most ancient form of amusement from the speed standpoint. It has lived down many vicissitudes and will always find warmest support from liberal-minded, intelligent, progressive people. They will see to that.

When you peruse this narrative you may find many incidents which are not exactly rated among the ethical. But, as I said before, that represents an old dispensation now passed and the doings of a generation who from the turf standpoint have been forgotten. We are now in a new era. Everything is different and perhaps it is best for the good of the permanent reputation of this sport that the old buccaneering days are over.

So that's the story, and as you read it you might take a leaf from old Barney's book of experience, because he says that when you go to dope out the record of anybody or anything the best way is to throw out all the bad races and remember only the good ones.

(THE END)

DANGER—RUN SLOW

(Continued from Page 23)

evil mantle gaslight. The tailor wrung out his hands and tried to look benevolent.

"Want to rent a dress suit," said Milt.

"I got just the t'ing for you!"

The little man unfolded himself, galloped down the aisle, seized the first garment that came to hand, and came back to lay it against Milt's uncomfortable frame, bumbling, "Fine, mister, fy-en!"

Milt studied the shiny-seamed, worn-buttonholed limp object with dislike. Its personality was disintegrated. The only thing he liked about it was the good garage stink of gasoline.

"That's almost worn out," he growled.

At this sacrilege Mr. Silberfarb threw up his hands, with the dingy suit flapping in them like a bedquilt shaken from a tenement window. He looked Milt all over coldly. His red but shining eyes hinted that Milt was a clodhopper and no honest wearer of evening clothes. Milt felt humble, but he snapped: "No good. Want something with class."

"Vell, that was good enough for a university professor at the big dance, but if you say so ——"

In the manner of one who is being put to an unfair amount of trouble Mr. Silberfarb returned the paranoiac dress suit to the rack, signing patiently as he laboriously draped it on a hanger. He peered and pawed. He crowed with throaty triumph and brought back a rich ripe thing of velvet collar and cuffs. He fixed Milt with eyes that had become as sulky as the eyes of a dog in August dust.

"Now that—you can't beat that if you vant class; and it'll fit you like a glove. Oh, that's an el-legant garment!" shaking himself out of the spell of those contemptuous eyes. Milt opened his brochure, studied the chart, and found: "Never wear velvet collar or cuffs with evening coat."

"Nope. Nix on the velvet," he remarked.

Then the little man went mad and ran round in circles. He flung the "el-legant" garment on the table. He flapped his arms and wailed:

"What do you vant? What do you vant? That's a hundred-and-fifty-dollar dress suit! That belonged to one of the richest men in the city. He sold it to me because he was going to Japan."

"Well, you can send it to Japan after him. I want something decent. Have you got it—or shall I go some place else?"

The tailor instantly became cheerful and affectionate. "How about a nice Tuxedo?" he coaxed.

"Nope. It says here—let me see—oh, yes, here it is—it says that for the theater-with-ladies, one should not wear 'dinner-coat or so-called Tuxedo, but ——'"

"Oh, dem fellows what writes books they don't know nothing. Absolute! They make it up."

"Huh! Well, I guess I'll take my chance on them. The factory knows the ignition better'n any repairman."

"Vell, say, you're a hard fellow to please. I'll give you one of my reserve stock, but you got to leave me ten dollars deposit instead of five."

Mr. Silberfarb quite cheerfully unlocked a glass case behind the racked and ghostly dead; he brought out a suit that seemed to Milt almost decent. And it almost fitted when, after changing clothes in a broiling, boiling, reeking, gasoline-pulsing hole behind the racks, he examined it before a pier glass. But he caught the tailor assisting the fit by bunching up a roll of cloth at the shoulder. Again Milt snapped, and again the tailor suffered and died, and to a doubting heathen world maintained the true gospel of "What do you vant? It ain't stylish to have the dress suit too tight! All the gents is wearing 'em loose and graceful."

But in the end, after Milt had gone as far as the door, Mr. Silberfarb admitted that one dress coat wouldn't always fit all persons without some alterations.

XIII

THE coat did bag a little, and it was too long in the sleeves, but as Milt studied himself in his room—by placing his small melancholy mirror on the bureau, then on a chair, then on the floor finally, to get a complete view, clear out in the hall—he admitted with stirring delight that he looked pretty fair in the bloomin' outfit. His clear face, his shining hair, his straight shoulders—seemed to go with the costume.

He wriggled into his topcoat and marched out of his room, theater-bound, with the well-fed satisfaction of a man who is certain that no one is giggling "Look at the hand-me-downs." His pumps did alternately pinch his toes and rub his heels; the trousers cramped his waist; and he suspected that his tie had gone wandering. But he swaggered to the trolley, and sat as one rich and famous and very kind to the common people, till—another man in evening clothes got on the car, and Milt saw that he wore a silk hat and a white knitted scarf; that he took out and examined a pair of white kid gloves.

He'd forgotten the hat! He was wearing his gray felt. He could risk the gloves, but the hat—the stovepipe—and the chart had said to wear one—he was ruined!

He turned up the collar of his topcoat to conceal his white tie, tried to hide each of his feet behind the other to cover up his pumps; sought to change his expression from that of a superior person in evening clothes to that of a decent fellow in honest regular clothes. Had the conductor or any of the passengers realized that he was a dub in a dress suit without the hat? Once he thought that the real person in real evening clothes was looking at him. He turned his head and bore the probable insult in weak misery.

Too feeble for anything but thick suffering he was dragged on toward the theater, the opera, people in silk hats—toward Jeff Saxton and exposure.

But his success in bullying the tailor had taught him that dressing wasn't really a hidden lore to be known only by initiates; that some day he, too, might understand that black-and-white magic of clothes. His bruised self-consciousness healed.

"I'll do—something," he determined. He waited vacuously.

The Gilson party was not in the lobby when he arrived. He tore off his topcoat. He draped it over his felt hat, so that no one could be sure what sort of hat it shamefully concealed. That unveiling did expose him to the stare of everybody waiting in the lobby. He was convinced that the entire ticket-buying queue was glumly resenting him. Peeping down at the unusual white glare of his shirt front he felt naked and indecent. "Nice kind o' vest. Must make 'em out of old piqué collars."

He endured his martyrdom till his party arrived—the Gilsons, Claire, Saxton, and a glittering young woman whose name, Milt thought, was Mrs. Corey.

And Saxton wasn't wearing a high hat! He wore a soft one, and he didn't seem to care!

Milt straightened up, followed them through the manifold dangers of the lobby, down a perilous aisle of uptilted, scornful faces, to a red narrow corridor, winding stairs, a secret passage, a mysterious dark

(Continued on Page 103)

Blue Buckle OverAlls Union Made

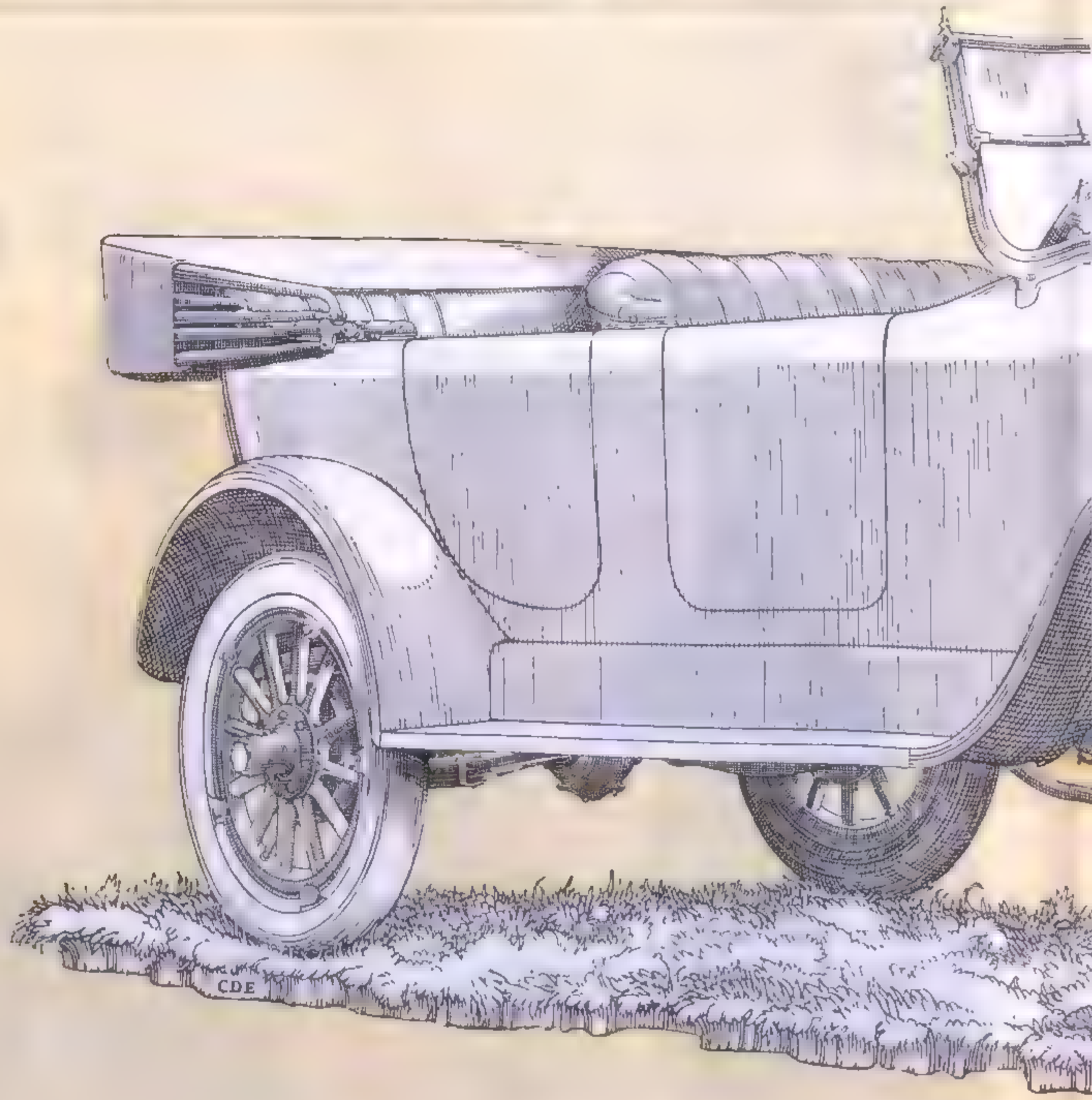
TRADE MARK UNION MADE

STEP into a pair of these big, generously roomy Blue Buckle OverAlls. Know yourself what real quality in denim and in workmanship means to a work rig. Guaranteed for service as well as for comfort, *they exceed your keenest expectations in the very unusual satisfaction they return!*

Blue Buckle OverAlls and Coats win with farmers, with engineers, with all men who do the big world's work jobs! That's because they are everything their makers say they are—*the finest work garments in America!* Know that yourself!

Dealers who have not yet had an opportunity to sell Blue Buckle OverAlls should write their nearest jobber at once.

Jobbers OverAll Company, Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.
Largest Manufacturers of Overalls in the World
New York Office, 63 Leonard St., Wm. T. Stewart, Representative



This is the Post-War Maxwell; it

THE Great War had an asset side. It made engineers keener. It taught new things about automobiles. Many of the great improvements made in car design during the war period may now be found in the Post-War Maxwell.

Note these:

1. A new type front axle (Elliot) which gives a castering effect to steering.

2. A new type rear axle—heavier, and makes the car cling to the road.

3. A finished electric system; well nigh faultless.

4. A larger radiator with more pleasing lines.

5. New design full crown fenders with wire edge reinforcing.

6. Gas tank now in the rear; vacuum feed.

7. Larger service brakes; emergency brake now on transmission—European type.

8. Engine efficiency increased to new point by addition of Hot Spot and Ram's-horn.

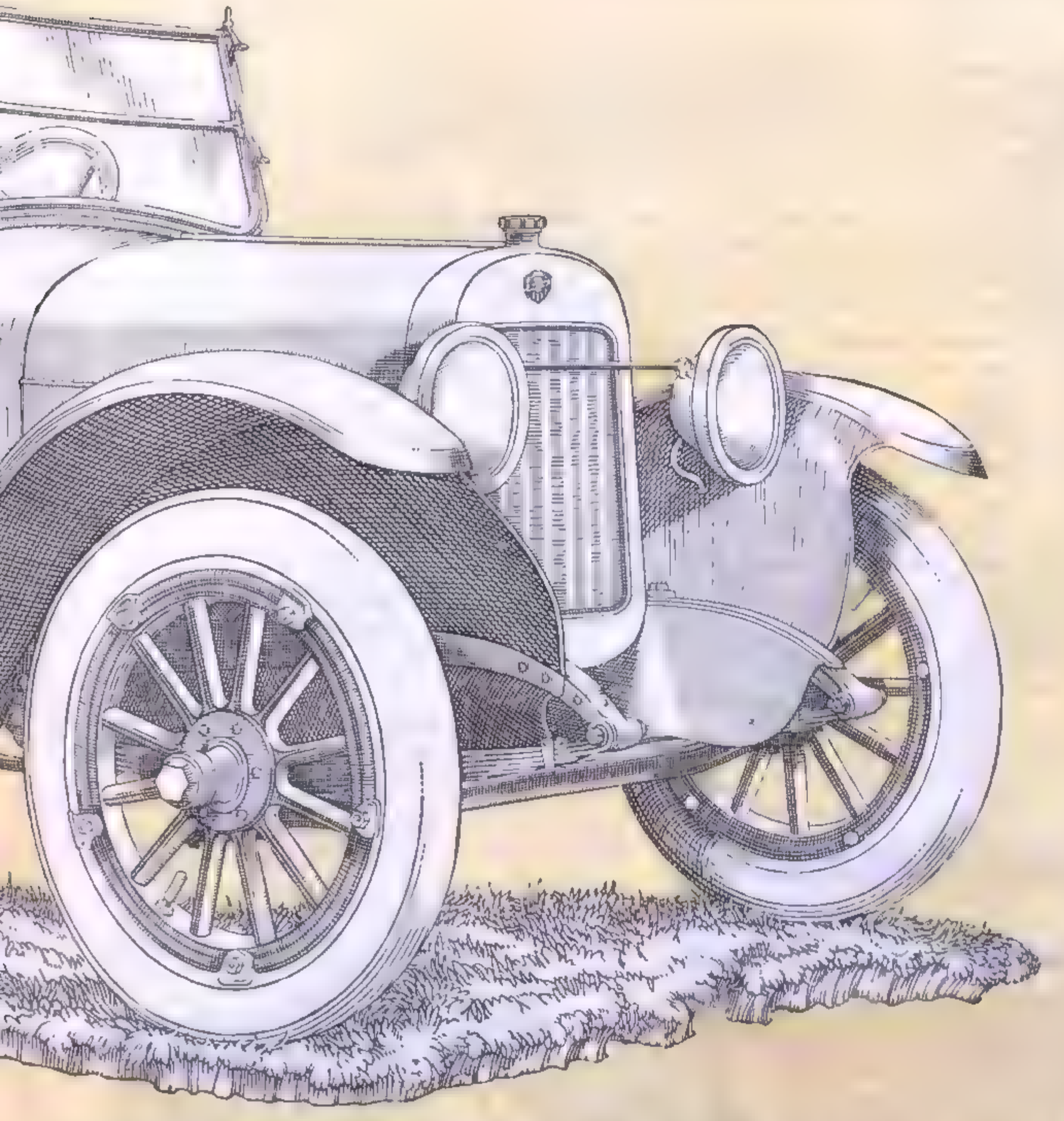
9. Two-bulb headlights, decreasing draw on storage battery; steering post more rigid; warning button in center of wheel; all switches and buttons grouped in a single unit.

10. Alluring new lines from radiator to gas tank.

These mark great strides in car making, and they liter-

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPA

MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANA



Maxwell

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires

gives you next year's car today

ally have been woven into that wonderful Maxwell chassis designed 5 years ago, and of which more than 300,000 have been built to date.

When the public steps up and pays out $200,000,000 for this one model Maxwell you can readily understand the sincerity, the soundness, the experience of years that have been put into this great car.

A Maxwell of the war period is worth a great deal today. (Try and buy one!)

Consider what this Post-War Maxwell must be worth with all these distinguishing improvements.

To date, dealers have ordered more than $100,000,000 worth of these Post-War Maxwells.

More than this amount can not be made, though eight great plants, covering 250 acres, employing 12,000 men, and utilizing a capital that runs into many, many millions of dollars, work ceaselessly to produce them. Obviously there will not be enough Maxwells to go around.

Many dealers are taking orders—even at this unprecedented date—for delivery next April.

Whether you are going to buy a car now or next spring it behooves you to look over this Post-War Maxwell and note what has been accomplished in fine engineering during and since the war.

If you buy a Post-War Maxwell you are getting next year's car today. $985 f.o.b. Detroit.

NY, Inc. - DETROIT, MICH.

A, Limited - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The highest honor ever paid to any smoking tobacco

WHEN the International Jury at the San Francisco Exposition awarded the GRAND PRIX to Velvet, they paid it the highest honor within their gift. Never before or since has any pipe tobacco been officially recognized as the supreme product of its kind.

This award was given Velvet, by an impartial jury of the highest standing, not because of Velvet's nation-wide popularity but because of its "superior quality." The Jury's decision was based on the following well-established points:

Velvet Smoking Tobacco is a selected, naturally-matured tobacco, aged in the wood for over two years.

This natural curing is recognized as the *superior method* of maturing pipe tobacco.

To a choice quality of leaf, brought to full maturity by *natural* methods, Velvet owes its unusual mildness, mellowness and flavor.

The makers of Velvet, gratified by the endorsement given Velvet by the Exposition Jury, take just pride in the secure place that Velvet holds in the estimation of real lovers of good pipe tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Full Standard Weight.

Awarded the GRAND PRIX for HIGHEST QUALITY.

(Continued from Page 98)

closet—and he walked out into a room with one side missing, and on that side ten trillion people in a well, and nine trillions of them staring at him and noticing that he'd rented his dress suit. Hot about the neck he stumbled over one or two chairs, and was permitted to rest in a foolish little gilt chair in the farthest corner.

Once safe he felt much better. Except that Jeff did put on white kid gloves Milt couldn't see that they two looked so different. And neither of the two men in the next box wore gloves.

Milt made sure of that comfort; he reveled in it; he looked at Claire, and in her loyal smile found ease.

He snarled: "She trusts you. Forget you're a dub. Try to be human. Hang it, I'm no greener at the opera than that old horsehair sofa there would be at a garage."

There was something—what was it he was trying to remember? Oh, yes! When he'd worked in the Schoenstrom flour mill, as engineer, at eighteen, the owner had tried to torment him, to "get his goat," Milt put it—and Milt had found that the one thing that would save him was to smile as though he knew more than he was telling. It did not, he remembered, make any difference whether or not the smile was real. If he merely looked the miller up and down and smiled cynically he was let alone.

Why not?

Saxton was bending toward him, asking in honeyed respectfulness: "Don't you think that the new school in music—audible pointillage, one might call it—mistakes cacophony for power?"

Milt smiled paternally.

Saxton waited for something more. He dug the nail of his right middle finger into his thumb, looked thoughtful and attacked again: "Which do you like better: The new Italian music or the orthodox German?"

Milt smiled like two uncles watching a clever baby, and patronized Saxton with "They both have their points."

He saw that Claire was angry; but that the Gilsons and Mrs. Corey, flap-eared, gape-mouthed, forward-bending, were very proud of their little Jeff. He saw that except for their clothes and self-conscious coiffures they were exactly like a gang of cracker-box loafers at Heinie Rauskukle's badgering a new boy in town.

Saxton looked bad-tempered. Then Mrs. Corey bustled with her face and yearned at Milt: "Do tell me: What is the theme of the opera to-night? I've rather forgotten."

Milt ceased to smile. While all of them regarded him with interest he said clearly: "I haven't got the slightest idea. I don't know anything about music. Some day I hope I can get a clever woman like you to help me, Mrs. Corey. It must be great to know all about all these arts the way you do. I wish you'd explain that—overture they call it, don't they?"

For some reason Mr. Gilson was snickering, Mrs. Corey flushing, Claire looking well pleased. Milt had tried to be insulting, but had got lost in the intricacies of the insult.

He felt that he'd better leave it in its apparently safe state, and he leaned back and smiled again, as though he was waiting. Mrs. Corey did not explain the overture. She hastily explained her second maid to Mrs. Gilson.

The opera was L'Amore dei Tre Re. Milt was bewildered. To him, who had never seen an opera, the convention that a girl could not hear a man who was bellowing ten feet away from her was absurd; and he wished that the singers would do something besides making their arms swim.

He discovered that by moving his chair forward he could get within a foot of Claire. His hand slipped across, touched hers. She darted a startled backward glance. Her fingers closed tight about his, then restlessly snuggled inside his palm—and Milt was lost in enchantment.

Stately kings of blood-red cloaks and chrysoberyls malevolent in crowns of ancient and massy gold, the quick, dismaying roll of drums and the shadow of passing banners below a tower, a woman tall and misty-veiled and pale with dreams, a world of spirit where the soul had power over unseen dominions—this he saw and heard and tasted in the music. What the actual plot was, or the technic of the singing, he did not know; but it bore him beyond all reality save the sweet, sure happiness of Claire's nestling hand.

He held her fingers so firmly that he could feel the pulse beat in them.

In the clamminess of his room, when the enchantment was gone, he said gravely: "How much longer can I keep this up? Sooner or later I bust loose and smash little Jeff one in the snoot, and he takes the count, and I'm never allowed to see Claire again. Turn the roughneck out on his ear. I s'pose I'm vulgar. I s'pose that fellow Michael in that book Youth's Encounter that Claire gave me wouldn't talk about snoots. I don't care, I'll —— If I poke Saxton one —— I'm not afraid of the kid-glove precinct any more. My brain's as good as theirs, give it a chance. But oh, they're all against me. And they bust the athletic union's wrestling rule that 'striking, kicking, gouging, hair-pulling, butting and strangling will not be allowed.' How long can I go on being good-natured? When I do break loose ——"

Slowly beneath the moral cuff of his dress shirt Milt's fist closed in a brown, broad-knuckled lump, and came up in the gesture of a right to the jaw. But it came up only a foot.

The hand opened, climbed to Milt's face, rubbed his temples, while he sighed: "Nope, can't even do that. Bigger game now. Used to could—used to be able to settle things with a punch. But I've got to be more—oh, more diplomatic now. Oh, Lord, how lonely I get for Bill McGolwey. Want to go back to Schoenstrom to see him. No, that isn't true. I couldn't stand Bill now. Claire took all that out of me. Where am I? Where am I? Why did I ever get a car that takes a 36 by 6?"

XIV

IT WAS an innocent little note from Jeff Saxton; a polite, humble little note; it said that Jeff had a card to the Astoria Club, and wouldn't Milt please have lunch with him? But Milt dropped it on the table, and he walked round it as though it were a listening-in device which he'd discovered in the table drawer after happy, hidden hours at counterfeiting.

It seemed more dangerous to refuse than to go. He browned the celebrated new shoes; he pressed the distinguished new trousers with a light and quite unsatisfactory flatiron; he re-reretied his best spotted blue bow—it persisted in having the top flaps too short, but the retying gave him spiritual strength—and he modestly clumped into the aloof brick portal of the Astoria Club on time.

He had never been in a club before. He looked at the red-tiled floor of the entrance hall; he stared through the hall into an immense lounge with the largest and softest chairs in the world, with oil portraits of distinguished old bucks, and ninety per cent of the wealth and power of Seattle pulling its several mustaches, reading the market page and ignoring the lone intruder out in the hall. A small Zulu in blue tights and brass buttons glared at Milt; and a large, soft, suave, insulting young man demanded: "Yes, sir?"

"Mr. G-g-geoffrey Saxton?" ventured Milt.

"Not in, sir." The "sir" sounded like "and you know it." The flaming guardian retired behind a narrow section of a bookkeeper's desk and ignored him.

"I'm to meet him for lunch," Milt forlornly persisted.

The young man looked up, hurt and annoyed at finding that the person was still to be dealt with.

"If you will wait in there?" he groaned.

Milt sat in there, which was a small blue tapestry room with hard chairs intended to discourage bill collectors. He turned his hat round and round and round, till he saw Jeff Saxton, slim and straight and hard as the stick hooked over his arm, sailing into the hall. He plunged out after him, took refuge with him from the still unconvinced inspection of the hallman. For twenty seconds he loved Jeff Saxton.

And Jeff seemed to adore him in turn. He solicitously led Milt to the hat-checking counter. He showed Milt the lounge and the billiard room, through which Milt crept with erect shoulders and easy eyes and a heart simply paralyzed with fear that one of these grizzled clubmen with clipped mustaches would look at him. He coaxed Milt into a grill that was a cross between the Chinese throne room and a Viennese weinstube, and he implored his friend Milt to do him the favor of trying the very fair English mutton chops and potatoes au gratin.

"They've Invited You to the Opera. I Want You to Come and Put It All Over Them. Be Awf'ly Aloof and Supercilious"

"I did want to see you again before we go East, Daggett," he said pleasantly.

"Th-thanks. When do you go?"

"I'm trying to get Miss Boltwood to start soon now. The season is opening in the East. She does like your fine, sturdy West, as I do; but still, when we think of the exciting new shows opening, and the dances, and the touch with the great world—oh, it does make one eager to get back."

"That's so," risked Milt.

"We, uh—Daggett—in fact, I'm going to call you Milt, as Claire does. You don't know what a pleasure it has been to have encountered you. There's a fine, keen courage about you Western chaps that makes a cautious old fogy like me envious. I shall remember meeting you with a great deal of pleasure."

"Th-thanks. Been pleasure meet you."

"And I know Claire will too."

Milt felt that he was being dealt with foully. He wanted to object to Saxton's acting as agent for Claire as incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial, and no foundation laid. But he could not see just where he was being led, and with Saxton glowing at him as warmly and greasily as the mutton chops Milt could only smile wanly, and reflectively feel the table leaf to see if it was loose enough to jerk out in case of need.

Saxton was being optimistic.

"In fact, Claire and I both hope that some day when you've finished your engineering course we'll see you in the East. I wonder —— As I say, my dear fellow, I've taken the greatest fancy to you, and I do hope you won't think I'm too intimate if I suggest that even in your charming friendship with Miss Boltwood you've probably never learned what important people the Boltwoods are. I thought I'd tell you so that you could realize the privilege both you and I have in knowing them. Henry B. is, though not a man of any enormous wealth, regarded as one of the keenest intellects in New York wholesale circles. But beyond that he is a scholar and a man of the broadest interests. Of course, the Boltwoods are too modest to speak of it, but he was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the famous Samovar Symphony Orchestra. And his ancestors clear through—his father was a Federal judge, and his mother's brother was a general in the Civil War, and afterward an ambassador. So you can guess something of the position Claire holds in that fine, quiet, solid old Brooklyn set. Henry Ward Beecher himself was complimented at being asked to dine with the Boltwoods of his day, and ——"

No, the table leg wouldn't come loose, so it was only verbally that the suddenly recovered Milt attacked his host:

"Certainly is nice to have one of those old families. It's something like as you say, you and I have gotten pretty well acquainted along the line, so I guess I can say it to you—my father and his folks came from that same kind of family. Father's dad was a judge, back in Maine, and in the war granddad was quite friendly with Grant."

This tribute of Milt to his grandsire was loyal but inaccurate. Judge Daggett, who wasn't a judge at all, but a J. P., saw General Grant only once, and at the time the judge was in company with all the other privates in the Fourteenth Maine.

"Dad was a pioneer. He was a doctor. He had to give up all this easy-going stuff in order to help open up the West to civilization, but I guess it was worth it. He used to do the hardest kind of operations, on kitchen tables, with his driver giving the chloroform. I'm mighty proud of him. As you say, it's kind of what you might call inspiring to belong to the old Pilgrim aristocracy."

Never before had Milt claimed relation to a group regarding which his only knowledge was the information derived from the red school history to the effect that they all carried blunderbusses, put people in the stocks for whistling, and frequently said: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

(Continued on Page 107)

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

Increasing Mileage 40% By Adjusting Brakes

F. Hilgemeier & Brother of Indianapolis used Goodyear Tires on their automobiles. They didn't think that careful attention to such things as brake adjustment could increase the uniformly satisfactory mileage of Goodyears. But they finally agreed to let their Goodyear Service Station, the Meridian Service Company, inspect their tires regularly. On July 29th, of this year, they wrote that company: "Upon your advice we had the brakes of our cars carefully adjusted and we can say that it has increased the life of the tires at least forty per cent." Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or write to Akron, for Lesson 6 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—telling how to increase tire mileages by guarding against damage from chains, car tracks, and brakes

NOT even the Goodyear All-Weather Tread can resist the wear caùsed by unequally adjusted brakes.

If one brake-band grips more tightly than the other, all the work of stopping the car falls on one tire.

The tread of that tire is violently rasped and scraped by road or pavement whenever the car is stopped.

This rasping and scraping wears down the tread and shortens its life by many miles.

Stops can be made quicker and with greater safety if the brakes are equally adjusted; thus both wheels are used. Naturally there is less wear and tear on the tires.

◊ ◊ ◊

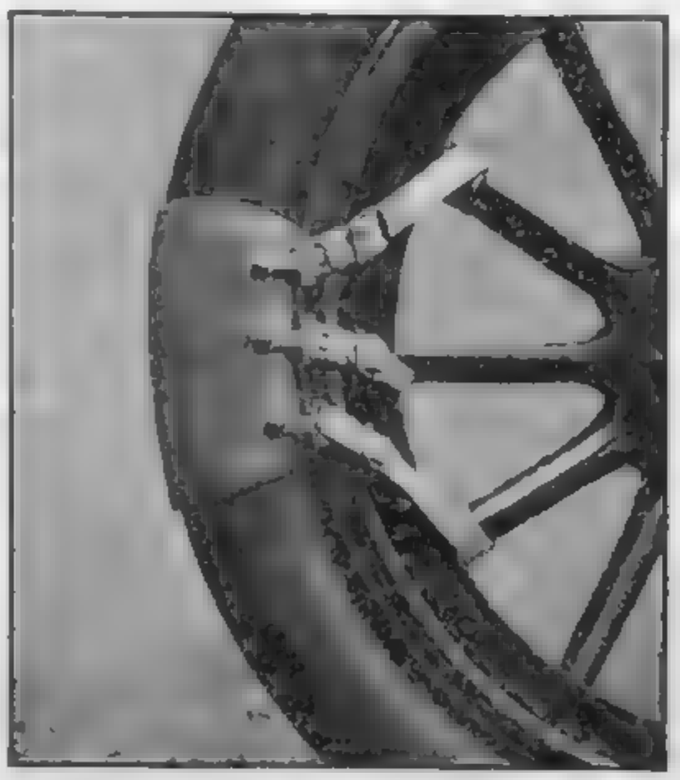
Sometimes the difference of adjustment is enough to lock one wheel when the car is going down a steep grade, and the tread may then be rasped to the fabric by a quarter of a mile of fast going. In such cases a Goodyear Strap-On Boot should be applied immediately to protect the body of the tire from moisture, grit and further wear.

By thus protecting the tire until it is permanently repaired, as much as a thousand miles, perhaps several thousand, may be saved.

◊ ◊ ◊

Proper adjustment of brakes is one of a number of little things that save big tire bills.

Another is the "truing up" of wheels—described in Lesson 1 of the Goodyear Conservation Course.



Showing the Goodyear Strap-On Boot in place. This is an emergency repair, enabling you to use a tire too badly damaged to run without protection.

Still others are the proper care of tread cuts—described in Lesson 2; proper inflation, described in Lesson 3; the repair of stone bruises, described in Lesson 4; and the proper care of tubes, described in Lesson 5.

Lesson 6, in addition to describing the injuries that result from unequally adjusted brakes, tells also about the costly damage to tires when they are run in car tracks, and when chains are improperly used.

Of course in every case where tire injuries are mentioned in these lessons, the cause is given, the result, and then a simple method of prevention and cure.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or write to Akron, for the six lessons of this complete Course on tire care.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio.

TIRE SAVERS

VESTA ACCUMULATING CO., Chicago, Ill.—One of the better industrial plants where Northern Fibre Folded Towels are used.
THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO., Milwaukee, Wis.—The home of Extra Service, and where Northern Fibre Folded Towels proved their economy
GORDON & FERGUSON, St. Paul, Minn.—The plant of one of the leading manufacturing furriers uses Northern Fibre Folded Towels.
ALWAYS CLEAN
USED LIKE A CLOTH TOWEL

A Clean Towel for Each Pair of Hands

To you who demand that maximum of sanitation now so characteristic of industrial America is offered this new and distinctively different paper towel.

Right from the heart of Wisconsin's great Northland! Clean! Neat! Individual!

Irresistibly appealing in their faultless sanitation, Northern Fibre Folded Towels are ideal for lavatory use. Whether for office, factory, hotel, school or any place that towels are used, they provide a towel service that is neat and dainty, and in entire keeping with the most modern equipment.

Both employers and employees instantly appreciate the sanitary value and the convenience of Northern Fibre Folded Towels. The fact that they are exceptionally economical is merely incidental.

Special Offer— You cannot fully recognize the cloth-like consistency of Northern Fibre Folded Towels until you have tried them. If you will write us on your business stationery, we will be glad to send you, gratis, a neat package of 25 Northern Fibre Folded Towels and tell you where you can obtain a supply. *Your package is waiting. Let us send it to you at once.*

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS
GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

Towel Talk

Northern Fibre Folded Towels are made from the finest grade of spruce logs. Manufactured in a factory that is a model of sanitation. Through a special process they acquire a cloth-like consistency—strong and long fibred yet ideally absorbent. Delivered one at a time from an attractive white cabinet, a clean towel is offered for each pair of hands yet there is no waste.

Sold only through legitimate trade channels

Northern TRADE MARK
FIBRE FOLDED TOWELS

(Continued from Page 103)

But he had made his boast with a clear eye and a pleasant, superior, calm smile.

"Oh! Very interesting," grunted Saxton.

"Would you like to see grandfather's daguerreotype?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Uh, thanks, that would be very interesting. Do let me see it, when —— Uh, as I was saying, Claire doubtless has a tremendous social career before her. So many people expecting her to marry well. Of course she has a rather unusual combination of charm and intelligence and—in fact, I think we may both be glad that ——"

"Yes. That's right. And the best thing about her is the way she can shake off all the social stuff and go camping and be a regular human being," Milt caressed.

"Um, uh, no doubt, no doubt, though—of course, though, that isn't an inherent part of her. I fancy she's been rather tired by this long trip, poor child. Of course she isn't very strong."

"That's right. Real pluck. And, of course, she'll get stronger by hiking. You've never seen her bucking a dangerous hill; I kind of feel that a person who hasn't seen her in the wilds doesn't know her."

"I don't want to be contradictory, old man, but I feel, on the other hand, that no one who has failed to see her at the Junior League Dances, in a Rue de la Paix frock, can know her! Come! Come! Don't know how we drifted into this chorus of praise of Claire! What I wanted to ask was your opinion of the Ferocious Four. I'm thinking of buying one. Do you think that ——"

All the way home Milt exulted: "I put it all over him. I wasn't scared by the Don't-butt-into-the-aristocracy-my-young-friend stuff. I lied handsome. But darn it, now I'll have to live up to my New England aristocracy. Wonder if my granddad's dad was a hired man or a wood sawyer? Ne' mind; I'm Daggett of Daggett from now on." He bounded up to his room vainGloriously remarking: "I'm there with the ancestors. I was brought up in the handsome city of Schoenstrom, which was founded by a colony of Vermont Yankees, headed by Herman Skumautz. I was never allowed to play with the Dutch kids, and"—he opened the door—"the Schoenstrom minister taught me Greek and was my bosom frien' ——"

He stopped with his heart in his ankles. Lolling on the bed, grinning, waving a cigarette, was Bill McGolwey, proprietor of the Old Home Lunch, of Schoenstrom, Minnesota, Milt's chum of old slack days.

"W-w-why, where the heck did you come from?" stammered the deposed aristocrat to his bosom friend Bill.

"You old lemon-pie-faced, lollygagging, flap-footed, crab-nosed son of misery, gee, but it's good to see you, Milt!"

Bill was off the bed wringing Milt's hand with simple joy, with perfect faith that in finding his friend all the troubles of life were over. And Milt was gloomily discovering the art of diplomacy. Bill was his friend, yes, but ——

He pictured Jeff Saxton leering at the door, and while he pounded Bill's shoulder and called him the name which, west of Kokomo, is the token of hatred and of extreme gladness at meeting, he discovered that someone had stolen his stomach and left a piece of ice in its place.

They settled down on bed and chair, Bill's ears red with joy, while Milt demanded: "How the deuce did you get here?"

"Well, tell you, old hoss. Schoenstrom got so darn lonely after you left, and when Ben and Neinie got your address and bought the garage, thinks I, lez go off on a little bum."

Milt was realizing—and hating himself for realizing—that Bill's face was dirty, his hair linty, the bottoms of his trousers frayed masses of mud, while Bill chuckled: "I figured out maybe I could get a job here in a restaurant, and you and me could room together. I sold out my good will in the Old Home Lunch for a hundred bucks. I was going to travel swell, riding the cushions. But Pete Swanson wanted me to go down to the Cities first, and we run into some pretty swift travelers in Minneapolis, and a couple of girls—sa-ay, kid, some class!"

Bill winked, and Milt—Milt was rather sick. He knew Bill's conception of class in young women. Was this the fellow he had liked so well? These the ideas which a few months ago he had taken as natural and extremely amusing?

"And I got held up in an alley off Washington Avenue, and they got the last twenty bones off'n me, and I was flatter'n a pancake. So I says, 'Ish kabibble,' and I sneaks onto the blind baggage, and bums my way West. You'd 'a' died laughing to seen me throwing my feet for grub. There was one frau sicked her dog onto me, and I kicked him in the jaw and—oh, it was one swell hike."

Milt was trying to ignore the voice that was raging: "And now he expects to live on me, after throwing his own money away. The waster! The hobo! He'll expect to meet Claire. I'd kill him before I'd let him soil her by looking at her. Him and his classy girls!" Milt tried to hear only the other inner voice, which informed him:

"He looks at you so trustingly. He'd give you his shirt if you needed it—and he wouldn't make you ask for it!"

Milt tried to make hearty his question: "What're you going to do, old kid?"

"Well, the first thing I'm going to do is to borrow ten iron men and a pair of pants."

"You bet! Here she is. Haven't got any extra pants. Tell you: Here's another five, and you can get the pants at the store in the next block, this side of the street. Hustle along now and get 'em!" He chuckled at Bill; he patted his arm; he sought to hurry him out. He had to be alone, to think.

But Bill kissed the fifteen dollars, carelessly rammed them into his pocket, crawled back on the bed, yawned:

"What's the rush? Gosh, I'm sleepy. Say, Milt, whadyuh think of me and you starting a lunch room here together? You got enough money out of the garage ——"

"Oh, no, no-o! Gee, I'd like to, Bill, but you see—well, I've got to hold onto what little I've got so I can get through engineering school."

"Sure, but you could cash in on a restaurant—you could work evenings in the dump, and there'd be a lot of city sports hanging round, and we'd have the time of our lives."

"No, I—I study evenings. And I—the fact is, Bill, I've met a lot of nice fellows at the university and I kind of go round with them."

"Aw, how d'you get that way? Rats, you don't want to go tagging after them Willy boys! Damn dirty snobs. And the girls are worse. I tell you, Milt, these hoop-te-doodle society Janes may look all right to hicks like us, but they're a covey of lemons."

"What do you know about them?"

"Now don't get sore. I'm telling you. I don't like to see any friend of mine make a fool of himself hanging round with a bunch that despises him because he ain't rich, that's all. Met any of the high-toned skirts?"

"Yes—I—have!"

"Trot 'em up and lemme give 'em the once-over."

"We—we'll see about it. Now I got to go to a mathematics recitation, Bill. You make yourself comfortable, and I'll be back at five."

Milt did not have to go to a recitation. He marched out with briskness in his step and a book under his arm; but when he reached the corner the briskness proved to be spurious, and the mathematics book proved to be William Rose Benét's Merchants From Cathay, which Claire had given him in the Yellowstone, and which he had rescued from the wrecked bug.

He stood staring at it. He opened it with unhappy tenderness. He had been snatched from the world of beautiful words and serene dignity, of soaring mountains and companionship with Claire in the radiant morning, back to the mud and dust of Schoenstrom, from the opera to city sports in a lunch room! He hated Bill McGolwey and his sneering assumption that Milt belonged in the filth with him. And he hated himself for not being enough of a genius to combine Bill McGolwey and Claire Boltwood. But not once in his maelstrom of worry on that street corner did he expect Claire to like Bill. Through all his youthful agonizing he had enough common sense to know that though Claire might conquer a mountain pass she could never be equal to the social demands of Schoenstrom and Bill McGolwey.

He wandered for an hour and came back to find that in a dry city which he had never seen before the crafty Bill had obtained a quart of bourbon, and was in a state of unsteady beatitude. He wanted, he announced, to dance.

Milt got him into the community bathtub, and soused him under; but Bill's wet body was slippery and Bill's merry soul was all for frolicsome gamboling, and he slid out of Milt's grasp; he sloshed round in the tub, he sprinkled Milt's sacred good suit with soapy water till he was seized with sleepiness and cosmic grief and retired to Milt's bed in tears.

The room dimmed, grew dark. The street lamps outside sent a wan wavery gleam into the room. Evening crowds went by, and in a motion-picture theater a banging piano struck up. Bill breathed in choking snorts. Milt sat unmoving, feeling very old, very tired, too dumbly unhappy to be frightened of the dreadful coming hour when Claire and Jeff should hear of Bill, and discover Milt's real world.

He was not so romantically loyal, not so inhumanly heroic that it can truthfully be reported that he never thought of getting rid of Bill. He did think of it, again and again. But always he was touched by Bill's unsuspecting trust, and shook his head and sank again into the fog.

What was the use of trying to go ahead? Wasn't he, after all, merely a Bill McGolwey himself? If he was he wouldn't inflict himself on Claire. For several minutes he gave up forever the zest of climbing.

When Bill awoke, brightly solicitous about the rest of the quart of bourbon, and bouncingly ready to go out and have a time, Milt loafed about the streets with him, showing him the city. He dully cut his classes next morning and took Bill to the wharves.

It was late in the afternoon, when they were lounging in the room and Bill was admiring his new pants—he boasted of having bought them for three dollars and pointed out that Milt had been a galoot to spend ten dollars for shoes—that someone knocked at the door. Sleepily expectant of his landlady Milt opened it on Miss Claire Boltwood, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gilson and Mr. Geoffrey Saxton.

Saxton calmly looked past him at Bill, smiled slightly and condescended: "I thought we ought to call on you, so we've dropped in to beg for tea."

Bill had paused midway in scratching his head to gape at Claire. Claire returned the look, stared at Bill's frowzy hair, his red wrists, his wrinkled, grease-stained coat, his expression of impertinent stupidity. Then she glanced questioningly at Milt, who choked:

"Oh, yes, yes! Sure! Glad see you! Come in, get some tea. So glad see you. Come in."

XV

"MY FRIEND, Mr. McGolwey—I knew him in Schoenstrom—come on to Seattle for a while. Bill, these are some people I met along the road," Milt grumbled.

"Glad to meet 'em. Have a chair. Have two chairs! Say, Milt, y'ought to have more chairs if you're going to have a bunch of swells coming to call on you. Ha, ha, ha! Say, I guess I better pipe out and give the folks a chance to chin with you," Bill fondly offered.

"Oh, sit down," Milt snapped at him.

They all sat down, four on the bed; and Milt's inner ear heard a mute snicker from the Gilsons and Saxton. He tried to talk. He couldn't. Bill looked at him, and perceiving the dumbness gallantly helped out: "So you met the kid on the road, eh? Good scout, Milt is. We always used to say at Schoenstrom that he was the best darn hand at fixing a flivver in seven townships."

"So you knew Mr. Daggett at home? Now isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Gilson.

"Knew him? Sa-ay, Milt and I was brung up together. Why, him and I have bummed round together, and worked on farms, summers, and we've fished for bullheads—— You ever catch a bullhead? Damnedest, slipperiest fish you ever saw, and got horns that sting the stuffin's out of you —— Say, I wonder if Milt's told you about the time we had at a barn dance once. There was a bunch of hicks there, and I says: 'Say, kid, lez puncture their tires, and hide and watch the fun when they come out.' I guess maybe I was kind of stewed a little, tell the truth, but 'course Milt he don't drink much, hardly at all, nice straight kid if I do say so——"

"Bill," Milt ordered, "we must have some tea. Here's six bits. You run down to the corner grocery and get some tea and a little cream. Oh, you better buy three-four cups too. Hustle now, son!"

"Attaboy! Yours to command, ladies and gents, like the fellow says!" Bill boomed delightedly. He winked at Jeff Saxton, airily spun his broken hat on his dirty forefinger and sauntered out.

"Charming fellow. A real original," crooned Mrs. Gilson.

"Did he know your friend Mr. Pinky?" asked Saxton.

Before Milt could answer Claire rose from the bed, inspected the Gilsons and Jeff with cold dislike, and said quietly to Milt: "The poor dear thing—he was dreadfully embarrassed. It's so good of you to be nice to him. I believe in sticking to old friends."

"Oh, so do I!" babbled Mrs. Gilson. "It's just too splendid. And we must do something for him. I'm going to invite Mr. Daggett and Mr.—Mr. McGollups, was it?—to dinner this evening. I do want to hear him tell about your boyhood. It must have been so interesting."

"It was," mused Milt. "It was poor and miserable. We had to work hard—we had to fight for whatever education we got—we had no one to teach us courtesy."

"Oh, now, with your fine old doctor father? Surely he was an inspiration?" Jeff didn't this time trouble to hide the sneer.

"Yes, he was. He gave up the chance to be a rich loafer in order to save farmers' babies for fees that he never got."

"I'm sure he did. I wish I'd known him. We need to know men like that in this pink-frosting playing at living we have in cities," Claire said sweetly—not to Milt but to Jeff.

Mrs. Gilson had ignored them, waiting with the patience of a cat at a mouse hole, and she went on: "But you haven't said you'd come this evening. Do say you will! I don't suppose Mr. McGollups will care to dress for dinner?"

With saccharine devotion Milt yearned back: "No, Mrs. Gilson. No, Mr. McGolwey won't care to dress. He's eccentric."

"But you'll make him come?"

Milt was tactfully beginning to refuse when Gene Gilson at last exploded, turned purple, covered his dripping too-red lips with his handkerchief.

Then abruptly Milt hurled at Mrs. Gilson: "All right, we'll come. Bill'll be awfully funny. He's never been out of a jerkwater burg in his life, hardly. He's an amusing cuss. He thinks I'm smart! He loves me like a dog. Oh, he's rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

Milt might have gone on. If he had Mr. and Mrs. Gilson would have gone away, much displeased. But Bill arrived, with some of the worst tea in the world and four cups tastefully done in cupids' heads and much gilt.

Milt made tea, ignoring them, while Bill entertained the Gilsons and Saxton with Rabelaisian stories of threshing time when shirts prickly with chaff and gritty with dust stuck to sweat-dripping backs; of the funny thing of Milt and Bill being hired to move a garbage pile and swiping their employer's mushmelons; of knotting shirts at the swimming hole so that the bawling youngsters had to chaw beef; of drinking beer at the livery stable; of dropping the water pitcher from a St. Klopstock hotel window upon the head of the constabule and escaping from him across the lean-to roof.

Mrs. Gilson encouraged him; Bill sat with almost closed eyes, glorying in the saga of small-town life; Saxton and Gilson did not conceal their contemptuous grins.

But Claire—after nervously rubbing the tips of her thumbs with flickering, agitated fingers she had paid no attention to Bill and the revelation of Milt's rustic life—had quietly gone to Milt to help him prepare the scanty tea.

She whispered: "Never mind, dear. I don't care. It was all twice as much fun as being wheeled in lacy prams by cranky nurses, as Jeff and I were. But I know how you feel. Are you ashamed?"

"No, I'm not! We were wild kids—we raised a lot of Cain but I'm glad we did."

"So am I. I couldn't stand it if you were ashamed. Listen to me, and remember little Claire's words of wisdom: These fools are trying—oh, they're so obvious!—they're trying to make me feel that the prim Miss Boltwood, of Brooklyn Heights, is a stranger to you. Well, they're succeeding in making me a stranger—to them!"

"Claire, dear! You don't mind Bill?"

"Yes, I do. And so do you. You've grown away from him."

"I don't know, but to-day has been quite a test."

"Yes, it has. Because if I can stand your friend, Mr. McGolwey ——"

"Then you do care!"

(Continued on Page 110)

When You Eat

If, when tomorrow morning rolls around, you wouldn't need to go near the kitchen stove to cook breakfast—

If you could sit down at the table and not have to get up once during the meal—

If, while you're eating your grapefruit, the bacon and eggs would be sizzling and sputtering, the toast turning to a golden brown and the coffee bubbling in the percolator—all right at the table—making you hungrier and hungrier every minute—

If you could serve it all when everything was done just right and nothing had a chance to get cold—

Wouldn't it be just the kind of a breakfast to start the day right?

That's the kind of breakfast you can have with Westinghouse Electric Ware.

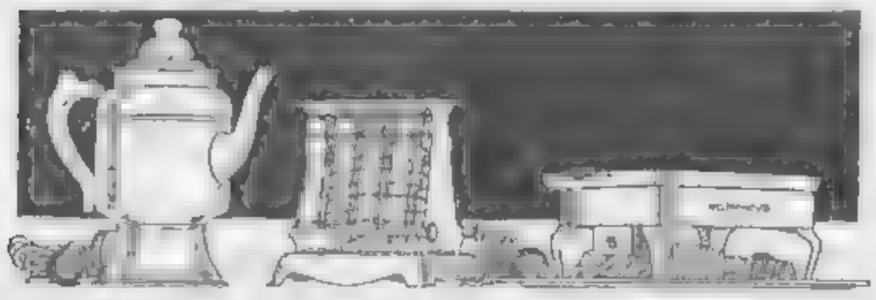
When you're provided with a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove, Turnover Toaster and Percolator, moreover, the help problem is less of a worry.

You eat whenever *you* are ready—you don't need to wait to be served—you're more independent of the kitchen and the failings of incompetent servants.

The Toaster-Stove fries bacon and eggs, broils steaks and chops, bakes griddle cakes and cooks various other dishes. Price $10.00.

The Turnover Toaster toasts two pieces of bread at a time, and you can turn the toast without touching it. Price $7.00.

The Percolator, by applying the heat *within* and preventing the boiling of water and coffee together, makes superior coffee and makes it more quickly. Prices, $13.00 to $20.00.



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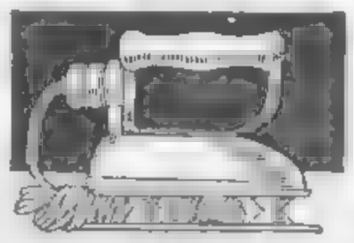
Look for the name "Westinghouse" on the iron. Prices, $6.00 to $8.50.



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Party dress—house-dress—clothes for the children—hemming—tucking—mending—they're no problem at all with a Westinghouse Electric Sew-Motor on your sewing machine.

The Sew-Motor relieves you of the hardest part of the sewing job—that constant push-push of the treadle.

It is easily attached to your machine, and when it's on the job you can give all your attention to the stitches.

A touch of your foot on the treadle gives you any speed you want up to 1,000 stitches a minute. Thus the Sew-Motor not only lightens the task but also greatly shortens it.

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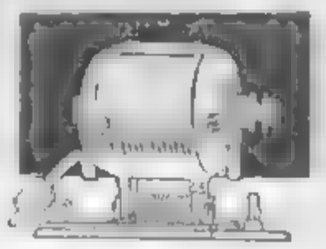

When You Cook

Six o'clock—dinner all ready to serve—and not a soul in the house since noon.

You don't need to stay at home to cook with a Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, nor hurry home when you're out for the afternoon.

Set the range-clock, pull up the oven-switch knob, and you can forget dinner's to be cooked.

For example, set the clock control for 4 o'clock and on the stroke of four the electricity is turned on automatically. As soon as the proper heat is reached, the current is cut off and cooking continues by stored heat.

The food can't burn because the temperature is not allowed to rise above that at which you've set the indicator. It doesn't dry out, whether it's in the oven two hours or six.

The steady, even heat of a Westinghouse Automatic Range means more juicy and tender meats, better-baked bread, vegetables, cereals and desserts cooked as you've never cooked them before.

Moreover, it means economical cooking because it requires comparatively little current, saves time, decreases food shrinkage. Tests show the loss of food weight is from 20 to 50 per cent less than with a gas or coal range.

The Westinghouse Automatic is the only electric range that turns the current on and off automatically. Prices, $73.75 to $352.50. Ask your electric power company for full information.

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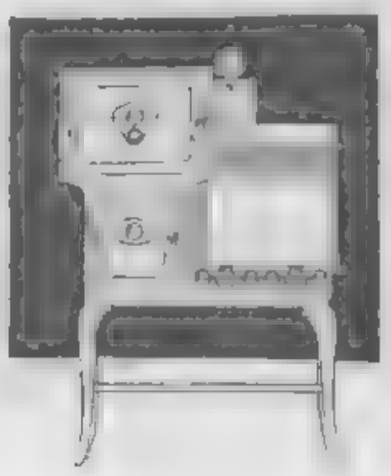

(Continued from Page 107)

"Perhaps. And if I think that he's, oh, not much good, and if I remember that for a long time you had nobody but him to play with, then I'm all the more anxious to make it up to you."

"Don't be sorry for me! I can't stand that! After all, it was a good town, and good folks and Bill was the kind that stuck by you, and ——"

"No, no! I'm not sorry for you! I just mean, you couldn't have had so terribly much fun after you were eighteen or so. Schoenstrom must have been a little dull, after very many years there. This stuff about the charm of backwoods villages—most of the people that write it probably take jolly good care to stay in Long Island suburbs!"

"Claire!" He was whispering desperately. "The tea's most done. Oh, my dear, I'm crazy with this puttering round, trying to woo you and having to woo the entire Gilson tribe. Let's run away!"

"No; first I'm going to convince them that you are—what I know you are."

"But you can't."

"Huh! You wait! I've thought of the most beautiful, beastly cruel plan for the reduction of social obesity."

Then she was jauntily announcing: "Tea, my dears. Jeff, you get the tooth mug. Isn't this jolly!"

"Yes. Oh, yes, very jolly!" Jeff was thoroughly patronizing, but she didn't look offended. She made them drink the acid tea, and taste the chalklike bread-and-butter sandwiches. She coaxed Bill to go on with his stories, and when the persistent Mrs. Gilson again asked the pariahs to come to dinner Claire astonished Milt and still more astonished Mrs. Gilson by begging:

"Oh, yes, please do come, Milt!"

He consented savagely.

"But first," Claire added to Mrs. Gilson, "I want us to take the boys to—oh, I have the bulliest idea! Come, everybody! We're going riding."

"Uh, where?" hinted Mr. Gilson.

"That's my secret. Come!"

Claire pranced to the door, herded all of them down to the limousine, whispered an address to the chauffeur.

Milt didn't care much for that ride. Bill was somewhat too evidently not accustomed to limousines. He wiped his shoes, caked with red mud, upon the seat cushions, and apologized perspiringly. He said: "Gee whillikens, that's a dandy idea—telephone to bawl the shuffer out with," and "Are them flowers real, the bokay in the vase?"

But the Gilsons and Jeff Saxton were happy about it all—till the car turned from a main thoroughfare upon a muddy street of shacks that clung like goats to the sides of a high cut, a street unchanged from the pioneer days of Seattle.

"Good heavens, Claire, you aren't taking us to see Aunt Hatty, [are you?" wailed Mrs. Gilson.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I knew the boys would like to meet her."

"No, really, I don't think ——"

"Eva, my soul, Jeff and you planned our tea-party to-day, and assured me I'd be so interested in Milt's bachelor apartment. By the way, I'd been up there already, so it wasn't entirely a surprise. It's my turn to lead." She confided to Milt: "Dear old Aunt Hatty is related to all of us. She's Gene's aunt, and my fourth cousin, and I think she's distantly related to Jeff. She came West early and had a hard time, but she's real Brooklyn Heights—and she belongs to Gramercy Park and North Washington Square and Rittenhouse Square and Back Bay, too, though she has got out of touch a little. So I wanted you to meet her."

Milt wondered what unperceived bag of cement had hardened the faces of Saxton and the Gilsons.

XVI

SILENT save for polite observations of Claire upon tight skirts and lumbering, the merry company reached the foot of a lurching flight of steps that scrambled up a clay bank to a cottage like a hen that has set too long. Milt noticed that Mrs. Gilson made efforts to remain in the limousine when it stopped, and he caught Gilson's mutter to his wife: "No, it's Claire's turn. Be a sport, Eva."

Claire led them up the badly listed steps to an unpainted porch on which sat a little old lady, very neat, very respectable, very interested, and reflectively holding a dainty handkerchief and a black clay pipe.

"Hello, Claire, my dear. You've broken the relatives' record—you've called twice in less than a year," said the little old lady.

"How do you do, Aunt Harriet," remarked Mrs. Gilson, with great lack of warmth.

"Hello, Eva. Sit down on the edge of the porch. Those chickens have made it awful dirty, though, haven't they? Bring out some chairs. There's two chairs that don't go down under you—often." Aunt Harriet was very cheerful.

The group lugubriously settled in a circle upon an assemblage of wind-broken red-velvet chairs and wooden stools. They resembled the crowd at a farm auction held outdoors. Claire was the auctioneer, Mrs. Gilson the grief-stricken widow. Claire waved at Milt and conversed with Aunt Hatty in a high, brisk voice.

"This is the nice boy I met on the road that I think I told you about, Cousin Hatty."

The little old lady screwed up the delicate skin about her eyes, examined Milt and cackled: "Boy, there's something wrong here. You don't belong with my family. Why, you look like an American. You haven't got an imitation monocle, and I bet you can't talk with a New York-London accent. Why, Claire, I'm ashamed of you for bringing a human being into the Boltwood-Gilson-Saxton tomb and expecting ——"

Then was the smile of Mrs. Gilson lost forever. It was simultaneously torpedoed, mined, scuttled and bombed. It went to the bottom without a ripple, while Mrs. Gilson snapped: "Aunt Hatty, please don't be vulgar."

"Me?" croaked the little old lady. She puffed at her pipe and dropped her elbows on her knees. "My, ain't it hard to please some folks!"

"Cousin Hatty, I want Milt to know about our families. I love the dear old stories," Claire begged prettily.

Mrs. Gilson snarled. "Claire, really——"

"Oh, do shut up, Eva, and don't be so bossy!" yelped the dear little old lady in sudden and dismaying rage. "I'll talk if I want to. Have they been bullying you, Claire? Or your boy? I tell you, boy, these families are fierce. I was brought up in Brooklyn—went through all the schools—used to be able to misplay the piano and mispronounce French with the best of 'em. Then Gene's pa and I came West together. And we went broke. I took in washing. I learned a lot. I learned a Gilson was just the same common stuff as a red-shirt miner, when he was up against it. But Gene's pa succeeded—there was something about practically stealing a fur schooner—but I never was one to tattle on my kin. Anyway, by the time Gene come along his pa was rich, and that means aristocratic.

"I'm kept pensioned up here out of the way, but I read the social notes in the papers and I chuckle. When there's a big reception and I read about Mrs. Vogeland's pearls and her beautiful daughter-in-law I remember how she used to run a boarding house for miners.

"Well, a good share of the aristocracy is just as shoddy in the East, if you go far enough back. Claire, you're a nice, comforting body, and I hate to say it, but the truth is your great-grandfather was a hostler, and made his first money betting on horses. Now, my, I oughtn't to tell that. Do you mind, deary?"

"Not a bit. Isn't it delightful that this is such a democratic country, with no castes?" said Claire.

At this, the first break in the little old lady's undammable flood, Mrs. Gilson sprang up, yammering: "The rest of you may stay as long as you like, but if I'm to be home in time to dress for dinner ——"

"Yes, and I must be going," babbled Saxton. Milt noted that his lower lip showed white tooth marks.

It must be admitted that all of them rudely ignored the little old lady for a moment. Milt was apologetically hinting: "I don't really think Bill and I'd better come to dinner this evening, Mrs. Gilson. Thanks a lot but—it's kind of sudden."

Claire again took charge. "Not at all, Milt. Of course you're coming. It was Eva herself who invited you. I'm sure she'll be delighted."

"Charmed," said Mrs. Gilson, with the expression of one who has swallowed a quinine pill and doubts the unity of the universe.

There was a lack of ease about the farewells to Aunt Harriet. As they all turned away she beckoned Milt and murmured: "Did I raise the dickens? I tried to. It's the only solace besides smoking that a moral old lady can allow herself after she gets to be eighty-two. Come and see me, boy. Now get out; and, boy, beat up Gene Gilson. Don't be scared of his wife's hoity-toity ways. Just sail in."

"I will," said Milt. He had one more surprise.

Bill McGolwey, who had sat listening to everything and scratching his cheek in a

(Concluded on Page 112)

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—the oil stove without wicks or wick substitutes.

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(Concluded from Page 110)

puzzled way, seized Milt's sleeve and rumbled: "Good-by, old hoss. I'm not going to butt in on your game and get you in Dutch. Gosh, I never supposed you had enough class to mingle with elittys like this gang, but I know when I'm in wrong. You were too darn decent to kick me out. Do it myself.

"You're best friend I ever had and—good luck, old man! God bless you!"

Bill was gone, running, stumbling, fleeing past Aunt Harriet's cottage off into a sandy hilltop vacancy. The last Milt saw of him was when, on the sky line, Bill stopped for a glance back, and seemed to be digging his knuckles into his eyes.

Then Milt turned resolutely, marched down the stairs, said to his hosts with a curious quietness: "Thank you for asking me to dinner, but I'm afraid I can't come. Claire, will you walk a few blocks with me?"

During the half minute it had taken to descend the steps Milt had reflected, with an intensity which forgot Bill, that he had been selfish; that he had thought only of the opinion of these nice people, of himself, instead of understanding that it was his duty to save Claire from their enervating niceness. Not that he phrased it quite in that way.

What he had been muttering was: "Rotten shame—me so scared of folks' clothes that I don't stand up to 'em and keep 'em from smothering Claire. Lord, it would be awful if she settled down to being a Mrs. Jeff Saxton. Got to save her—not for myself—for her."

It may have been Aunt Harriet, it may have been Milt's resolution, but Mrs. Gilson answered almost meekly: "Well, if you think —— Would you like to walk, Claire?"

As he tramped off with Claire Milt demanded: "Glad to escape?"

"Yes, and I'm glad you refused dinner. It really has been wearing, this trial by food."

"This is the last time I'll dare to meet the Gilsons."

"And I'll have to be going back East. I hope the Gilsons will forgive me, some day."

"I'm afraid you didn't win them over by Aunt Hatty!"

"No. They're probably off me for life. Oh, these horrible social complications—worse than any real danger—fire or earthquake ——"

"Oh, these complications—they don't exist! We just make 'em, like we make rules for a card game. What the deuce do we care about the opinions of people we don't like? And who appointed these people to a fixed social position? Did the president make Saxton High Cockalorum of Dress Suits or something? Why, these are just folks, the same as kings and coal heavers. There's no army we've got to fight. There's just you and me—you and I—and if we stick together, then we have all society, we are all society!"

"Ye-es; but, Milt dear, I don't want to be an outcast."

"You won't be. In the long run, if you don't take these aristocrats seriously, they'll be all the more impressed by you."

"No. That sounds cheering, in stories and these optimistic poems in the magazines, but it isn't true. And you don't know how pleasant it is to be in. I've always been more or less on the inside, and thought outsiders dreadful. But—oh, I don't care! I don't care! With you—I'm happy. That's all I know and all I want to know. I've just grown up. I've just learned the greatest wisdom—to know when I'm happy. But, Milt dear, you—I say this because I love you. Yes, I do love you. No, don't kiss me. Yes, it is too—it's far too public. And I want to talk seriously. You can't have any idea how strong social distinctions are. Don't despise them just because you don't know them."

"No, I won't. I'll learn. Probably America will get into the war. I'll be an engineering officer. I'll learn this social dope from the college-boy officers. And I'll come to Brooklyn with shoulder straps and bells on and—will you be waiting?"

"Oh—yes! But, Milt! If the war comes you must be very careful not to get shot!"

"All right, if you insist. Good Lord, Claire, I don't know what put it into my head but—do you realize that a miracle has happened? We're no longer Miss Boltwood and a fellow named Daggett. We have been, even when we've liked each other, up to to-day. Always there's been a kind of fence between us. We had to explain and defend ourselves and scrap. But now—we're us, and the rest of the world has disappeared, and ——"

"And nothing else matters," said Claire.

XVII

IT WAS the farewell to Claire and Jeff Saxton, a picnic in the Cascades, near Snoqualmie Falls—a decent and decidedly Miltless fiesta. Mrs. Gilson was going to show Claire that they were just as hardy adventurers as that horrid Daggett person. So she didn't take the limousine, but merely the seven-passenger touring car with the special body.

They were ever so rough and wild. They had no maid. The chauffeur was absolutely the only help to the Gilsons, Claire, Jeff, and the temporarily and ejaculatorily nature-loving Mrs. Betz in the daring task of setting out two folding camp tables, covering them with a linen cloth and opening the picnic basket. Claire had to admit that she would have liked to steal the picnic basket for Milt. There were vacuum bottles of hot coffee. There were sandwiches of anchovy and *pâté de foie gras*. There were cream cakes with almonds hidden in the suave cream, and there was a chicken salad with huge chunks of pure white meat wallowing in a sea of mayonnaise.

When the gorging was done and the cigarettes brought out—the chauffeur passed a spirit lamp—they stretched on rubber blankets and groaned a little and spoke well of Nature and the delights of roughing it.

"What is it? What's wrong? They're so—oh, so polite. They don't mean what they say and they don't dare to say what they mean. Is that it?" worried Claire.

She started. She discovered that she was looking at a bristle of rope-colored hair and a grin projected from the shelter of a manzanita bush.

"For the ——" she gasped. She was too startled to be able to decide what was for the —— She spoke judiciously to Jeff Saxton about Upper Montclair, the Subway and tennis.

She rose to examine the mountains, strolled away, darted down a gully, and pounced on Milt Daggett with: "How in heaven's name ——"

"Found out where you-all were going. Look! Got a bug! Rented it. Come on! Let's duck! Drive back with me!" At the end of the gully was a new Teal bug, shinier than the ancient lost chariot, but equally gay and uncomfortable.

"Can't. Like to, but—be awfully rude to them. Won't do that—not more than is good for their souls—even for you. Now don't be sulky."

"I won't. Nev' be sulky again, because you're crazy about me, and I don't have to be sulky."

"Oh, I am, am I! Good heavens, the inconceivable conceit of the child!"

She turned her back. He darted to her, caught her hands behind her, kissed her hair, and whispered: "You are!"

"I am not!"

"Well, then, you're not. Lord, you're sweet! Your hair smells like cinnamon and clean kittens. You'd rather go bumping off in my flivver than sailing in that big car they've got there."

"Yes"—defiantly—"I would, and I'm ashamed of myself. I'm a throw-back to my horrid ancestor, the betting hostler."

"Probably. I'm a throw-back to my ancestor, the judge. I'll train you to meet my fine friends."

"Well upon my—word—I —— Oh, do stop being idiotic. We talk like children. You reduce me to the rank of a gibbering schoolgirl. And I like it! It's so—oh, I—don't know—so darn human, I suppose. Now hurry—kiss me, and get out, before they suspect."

"Listen."

"Yes?"

"I'll accidentally meet your car along the road. Invite you to ride. All right?"

"Yes. Do. Oh, we are two forlorn babes in the woods! G'-by."

She sauntered back to the picnic and observed: "What is that purple flower up on the mountain side?"

The big car was sedately purring back when it was insulted by an intermediate host of a machine that came jumping out of a side road. The vulgar driver hailed them with uncouth howling. The Gilsons' chauffeur stopped, annoyed.

"Why, hello, folks!" bawled the social bandit.

"Oh. How do you do," refuted Mrs. Gilson.

Jeff Saxton turned a ripe purple.

"How do you like my new bug, Claire? Awful little object. But I can make fifty an hour. Come and try it, Claire, can't you?"

"Why ——" Claire was obviously shocked by the impropriety of the suggestion. She looked at Mrs. Gilson, who was breathing as though she were just going under the ether. Claire said doubtfully: "Well—if you can get me right back to the house ——"

"Sure!" agreed Milt.

XVIII

WHEN the Gilsons were gone Milt drove the bug to the side of the road, yanked up the emergency brake, and carefully kissed the girl, who was snuggled down into the absurd low tin-sided seat.

"Do we have to get back soon?" he begged.

"Oh, I don't care if we never get back. Let's shoot up into the mountains. Side road. Let's pretend we're driving across the continent again."

Firs dashing by, rocks in the sunshine, clouds jaunty beyond the inviting mouth of a mountain pass, even the ruts and bumps and culverts she seemed a part of them all. In the Gilsons' huge cars she had been shut off from the road, but in this tiny bug, so close to earth, she recovered the feeling of struggle, of triumph over difficulties, of freedom unbounded. And she could be herself, good or bad, ignorant or wise, with this boy beside her. All of which she expressed in the most eloquent speech she had ever uttered, namely:

"Oh, Milt!"

And, to herself: "Golly, it's such a relief not to have to try to be gracious and aphoristic and repartistic and everything with Jeff."

And: "But I wonder if I am aphoristic and subtle. I wonder if when she gets the rice powder off Claire isn't a lot more like Milt than she thought?"

And, aloud again: "Oh, this is ——"

"Yump. It sure is," Milt agreed.

They had turned from a side road into a side side road. They crossed an upland valley.

The fall rains had flooded a creek till it had cut across the road, washed through the thin gravel, left across the road a shallow violent stream. Milt stopped abruptly at its margin.

"Here's where we turn back, I guess," he sighed.

"Oh, no! Can't we get across? It's only a couple of feet deep, and gravel bottom," insisted the restored adventurer.

"Yes, but look at the steep bank. Never get up it."

"I don't care. Let's try it. We can woggle round and dig it out somehow. I bet you two bits we can," said the delicate young woman whom Mrs. Gilson was protecting.

"All right. In she goes!"

The bug went in—shot over the bank, dipped down till the little hood sloped below them as though they were looping the loop, struck the rushing water with a splash which hurled yellow drops over Claire's rose jersey suit, lumbered ahead, struck the farther bank, pawed at it feebly, rose two inches, slipped back, and sat there with the gurgling water all round it, turned into a motor boat.

"No can do," grunted Milt. "Scared?"

"Nope. Love it! This is a real camp—the brush on the bank, and the stream—listen to it chuckle under the running board."

"Do you like to camp with me?"

"Love it!"

"Say! Gee! Never thought—— Claire! Got your transportation back East?"

"My ticket? Yes. Why?"

"Well, I'm sure you can turn it in and get a refund. So that's all right."

"Are you going to let me in on the secret?"

"Oh, yes; might's well. I was just wondering —— I don't think much of wasting all our youth waiting. Two-three years in engineering school, and maybe going to war, and starting in on an engineering job, and me lonely as a turkey in a chicken yard, and you doing the faithful young 'ady in Brooklyn —— I think perhaps we might get married to-morrow and ——"

"Good heavens! What do you ——"

"Do you want to go back to Brooklyn Gilsons?"

"No, but ——"

"Dear, can't we be crazy once, while we're youngsters?"

"Don't bombard me so! Let me think. One must be practical, even in craziness."

"I am. I have over a thousand dollars from the garage and I can work evenings—as dear Jeff suggested! We'd have a two-by-four flat, Claire ——"

"Oh, let me think. I suppose I could go to the university, too, and learn a little about food and babies and building houses and government. I need to go to school a lot more than you do. Besides auction and the piano—which I play very badly—and clothes and how to get hold of tickets for successful plays, I don't know one single thing."

"Will you marry me, to-morrow?"

"Well, uh ——"

"Think of Mrs. Gilson's face when she learns it! And Saxton, and that Mrs. Betz!"

It was to no spoken sentence but to her kiss that she added: "Providing we get out of this river, that is!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, and all the romantic ways I was going to propose! I had the best line about roses and stars and angels and everything."

"They always use those, but nobody ever proposed to me in a bug in a flood before! Oh, Milt! Life is fun! I never knew it till you kidnaped me. If you kiss me again like that we'll both topple overboard. By the way, can we get the car out?"

"I think so if we put on the chains. We'll have to take off our shoes and stockings."

They swung out on the running board, now awash. With slight squeals they dropped into the cold stream. Dripping, laughing, his clothes clinging to him, he ducked down behind the car to get the jack under the back axle, and with the water gurgling about her and splashing its exhilarating coldness into her face she stooped beside him to yank the stiff new chains over the rear wheels.

They climbed back into the car, joyously raffish as a pair of gipsies. She wiped a dab of mud from her cheek, and remarked with an earnestness and a naturalness which Jeff Saxton who knew her so well would never have recognized as hers: "Gee, I hope the old bird crawls out now!"

Milt let in the reverse, raced the engine, started backward with a burst of muddy water churned up by the whirling wheels. They struck the bank, sickeningly hung there for two seconds, began to crawl up, up, with a feeling that at any second they would drop back again.

Then, instantly, they were up on the shore, and it was absurd to think that they had ever been boating down there in the stream. They washed each other's muddy faces, and laughed a great deal, and resumed something of a dull and civilized aspect, and singing sentimental ballads turned back, found another road and started toward a peak.

"I wonder what lies beyond the top of this climb?" said Claire.

"More mountains, and more, and more, and we're going to keep on climbing them forever. At dawn, we'll still be going on. And that's our life."

"Ye-es, providing we can still buy gas."

"Lord, that's so."

"Speaking of which, do you know that I have about five thousand dollars of my own?"

"But—that makes it impossible. Young tramp marrying lady of huge wealth."

"No, you don't! I've accepted you. Do you think I'm going to lose the one real playmate I've ever had? It was so lonely on the Boltwoods' brown stoop till Milt came along and whistled impertinently and made the solemn little girl in frills play marbles and —— Watch out for that turn! Heavens, how I have to look after you! Is there a class in cooking at your university? No do not kiss me on a turn!"

This is the real beginning of the story of Milt and Claire Daggett.

The prelude over and the curtain risen on the actual play, they face the anxieties and glories of a changing world. Not without quarrels and barren hours, not free from ignorance and the discomfort of finding that between the mountain peaks they must for long gray periods dwell in the dusty valleys, they yet start their drama with the distinction of being able to laugh together, with the advantage of having discovered that neither Schoenstrom nor Brooklyn Heights is quite all of life, with the cosmic importance to the tedious world of believing in the romance that makes youth unquenchable.

(THE END)

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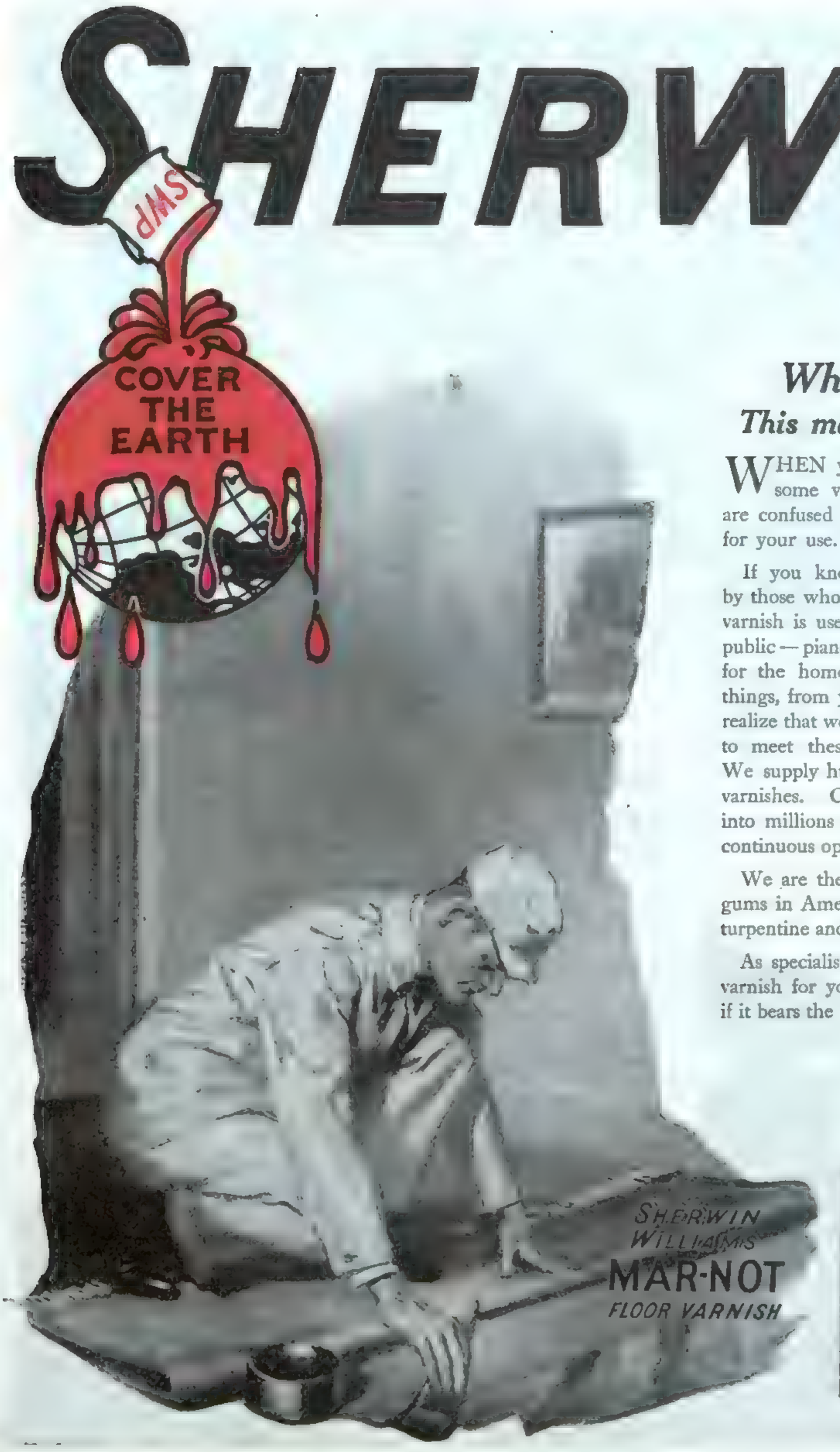

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IN THE BIG TIMBER

(Continued from Page 21)

long cables and powerful donkey engines snaked down the skidway to the flume.

Water from a mountain stream had been diverted into the flume and on this current the logs were carried swiftly to the lake, where a sturdy little steamboat rafted them down to the mill. Here men poled them into the maw of an incline where the teeth of the endless log slip carried them up to the hungry saws.

At the top of the incline a boy stood with scaling rule and tally pad. As a log passed it was scaled and the dimensions recorded. Then the pressure of the boy's heel upon a lever released two steel arms that lifted the log as if it were a pencil and rolled it toward one of the log carriages. The next log was scaled and recorded. Another lever released another pair of arms that lifted and rolled it toward another carriage. Operators changed at regular eight-hour intervals, but the procession of logs was endless and unceasing.

Powerful automatic jacks lifted the logs to the carriages, where by the movement of levers they were locked in place. Forward and back like the swift movement of shuttles the logs were carried past the band saws. At the first cut bark-covered slabs of wood fell from the saws; were carried forward on power-driven rollers; were dropped to parallel chains moving at right angles to the band saws and carried through a battery of circular saws spaced four feet apart. The four-foot lengths of slab wood dropped to another endless carrier. Here they were sorted. Some pieces were transferred to another moving table and carried to the lath saws; other pieces were dropped into a chute from which they were loaded on flat cars and hauled away to be sold for fuel; and the odds and ends, the short and broken pieces, were allowed to drop to another endless carrier that led out from the mill and up into an enormous flue where the waste from the mill was dried and burned and its value returned to the power plant in the form of steam. The sawdust, chips of wood and small pieces of bark were carried direct from the saws and planers through suction pipes to the power plant. The material gathered by the suction pipes was usually sufficient to maintain the twelve fires—the four batteries of furnaces that furnished steam for the great engine-driven dynamos.

Following the first slabs that came from the sides of the logs came one-inch bark-edged boards that fell from the band saws and were carried on the power-driven rollers forward through the edging saws. Beyond the edging saws stood a young husky, who seized the bark-covered edgings and tossed them to the parallel chains that led to the cut-off saws. The boards, now with squared edges and of standard widths, went forward to another table where they were carried at a right angle through the trimming saw. Now cut to standard lengths, they were carried on endless parallel chains out of the mill and down to a long platform where they were sorted and loaded, and thence into the yard where they were piled for seasoning. Certain grades were taken direct to the great drying kilns, there to be seasoned in from five to nine days. The process of air seasoning took from thirty to ninety or more days, according to weather conditions.

After the lumber was suitably seasoned it was hauled to the open planing shed and thence from the battery of planers into spacious sheds for storage or else loaded for immediate shipment.

Ten thousand board feet each hour was the mill's capacity; one hundred and fifty thousand board feet the usual average for two eight-hour shifts. A daily production of almost a quarter of a million board feet of lumber was possible by working three eight-hour shifts.

Ben was willing to argue that this was more than Paul Bunyon had ever dreamed could be cut by one mill in the course of one day. And he had been told of a mill in Louisiana with even a greater capacity. He had decided—not definitely but as a matter to be considered, depending, of course, upon what Molly might say—to drift down to that mill when winter came.

But that was a winter proposition. It was summer now. Ben was working as a fire guard in the forest service. This was his idea of a real vacation. He had a cabin to live in; a fenced meadow where there was an abundance of grass for his saddle and pack horses; and a ranger as boss who didn't have to dog a man's heels all day to know whether or not he was on the job.

Each morning he came to the edge of that sheer cliff and watched as the rising sun rolled back the coverlet of morning mist that veiled the other far divide. When the timber slopes lay stark and boldly revealed he commenced his search for the slow-rising eddying haze that warns of a kindling forest blaze.

Ben had dealt with forest fires all his life. He had learned from the forest-service bulletins that there is an average of twenty-eight thousand forest fires in the United States annually with an attendant loss of more than ten million dollars' worth of timber. Ten million dollars seemed like a powerful lot of wealth to Ben. And twenty-eight thousand seemed like an awful lot of fires. Ben could not quite comprehend such a figure. But he felt he had been rather lucky. He had not yet had a blaze within the limits of his patrol and he knew that usually a man had to contend with seven or eight and sometimes as many as a dozen. And yet he had increased his vigilance. For several weeks there had been no rain and the grass and brush were parched and dry—timber through which fire might race without check or hindrance.

For a few moments Ben gazed at random over the slopes of the distant divide. Then he swept the scene in long parallels with his field glasses and cross-sectioned the parallels vertically until he was satisfied no danger lurked there. The ridges and cañons nearer he searched without the aid of the glasses. When he was certain all was well he crept back from the edge of the cliff. At a telephone sheltered between two close-growing trees he reported to the ranger in charge of his district. Then he caught the mare and started back to his camp. He had begun to feel hungry, and urged the mare.

He entered one of the innumerable little glades along the trail. There was a fluttering in the tall dry grass and he pulled the mare to an abrupt stop. A covey of grouse had been disturbed at their breakfast and stood peering with bright uncomprehending eyes at the cause of the disturbance. Ben slipped out of the saddle and took a small-caliber rifle from its boot under the stirrup fender. He did not hunt for sport. He selected a fat complacent cock and fired once. He retrieved the bird and dropped it into a sack tied behind the saddle.

"A hiyu lickum dinner," he commented as he remounted.

The distance was seven miles from the lookout point to his camp. This fourteen-mile round trip was his regular before-breakfast exercise. At half past seven that morning the gray mare was grazing in the meadow again and Ben's breakfast was ready. He ate as was befitting a hungry man—a bowl of rich ripe blackberries gathered in a near-by thicket the night before, a bowl of oatmeal porridge with a liberal helping of condensed milk from an open can on the table, several cups of steaming aromatic coffee and a sufficiency of griddle cakes.

When the meal was finished and the dishes washed and put away he leisurely saddled another horse and started toward his next lookout station. From this second point, a cliff commanding a stretch of timber hidden from the first lookout station by a ridge leading down from the divide, could be seen a system of ridges and draws that dropped away toward a narrow valley that opened miles beyond into the larger valley.

Ben tarried here just long enough to make sure that all was well. Then he started across the divide to his third lookout point. The trail led through the thick timber. Here and extending down into a third valley, where only an occasional settler lived, was the finest body of timber in that reserve. In this timber and in the trails that had been cut through it Ben took an almost personal pride. He had cleared one of the trails during a preceding summer. Now he was spending his spare time in opening another one.

His lookout stations were the three points of a triangle. The distance between the first two points through the meadow where he was camped was approximately ten miles. From the second to the third station across the divide was about six miles. From the third it was necessary to return to the meadow in order to travel back to the first. The ranger of the district had helped him survey and blaze a direct trail between these two points. They planned—when the work of opening the new trail was completed—to run a short trail from it to a fourth lookout point, thereby increasing the efficiency of the guard's work.

When Ben reached his third observation station that morning he lingered longer than was his custom. The view was much the same as the view from his first lookout on the other side of the divide, timbered ridges and cañons leading down into a distant fertile valley, a magnificent sweep of timbered hills rising height upon height beyond.

As he contemplated the scene he recalled prophecies he had heard when a boy. Then the wise ones, the men who can prove so much with figures, were predicting that within a generation at the rate the timber was being cut the hills would be denuded of their trees. They had spoken in wise and vaguely worried tones of water famines due to streams'—deprived of timber watersheds—drying at their sources.

But shucks! It hadn't happened according to predictions. Now other men were prophesying the same things. But shucks again! Ben knew that according to the most authentic estimates there was 2,800,000,000,000 board feet of standing timber in the United States. What if the mills were sawing more than thirty-five billion board feet annually? He had figured it for himself that at that rate the standing timber would last for nearly eighty years. Another growth would be ready for cutting then. And if a man could believe what the timber owners said they would still have the lumber they are sawing now piled in the yards seventy years hence—what with the rotten market, besides sawing at a loss and all that sort of thing.

But big figures did not appeal to Ben. To see 2,800,000,000,000 in print did not mean much of anything. He had often seen logs aggregating more than one million board feet in the water at that Idaho mill. But he had comprehended them simply as a right sizable mess of logs. His figuring was more of a five-on-this-hand and five-on-that-hand proposition. For instance, there was a certain grove of hemlocks and firs on the divide not far from his camp.

Ben had his eye on a little shoe-string ranch in this valley below him. He had saved enough to make the first payment on the purchase price. There was a rancher farther down the valley who had a mighty neat looking girl. She had lived all her life in the timber and wasn't flighty like the girls a fellow met in the towns. He had been setting out with her lately. When they married he was going to build a new house on the ranch. Molly had helped him plan it. There was to be one room as long as the house was wide with a fireplace at one end of it. There were to be two bedrooms with a bath between. Molly had insisted upon this bit of foolishness. And of course there would be a kitchen and dining room.

In the grove of trees he had in mind was a fir he had marked for their own. Of this one tree they would build the house they had planned. He had measured the tree and if his estimate was correct it would scale more than sixteen thousand board feet—enough for the little house they wanted. There was a sawmill down in this narrow valley. When Molly said the word he would buy this tree and cut it. When winter came he would sled it down to the mill and have it sawed.

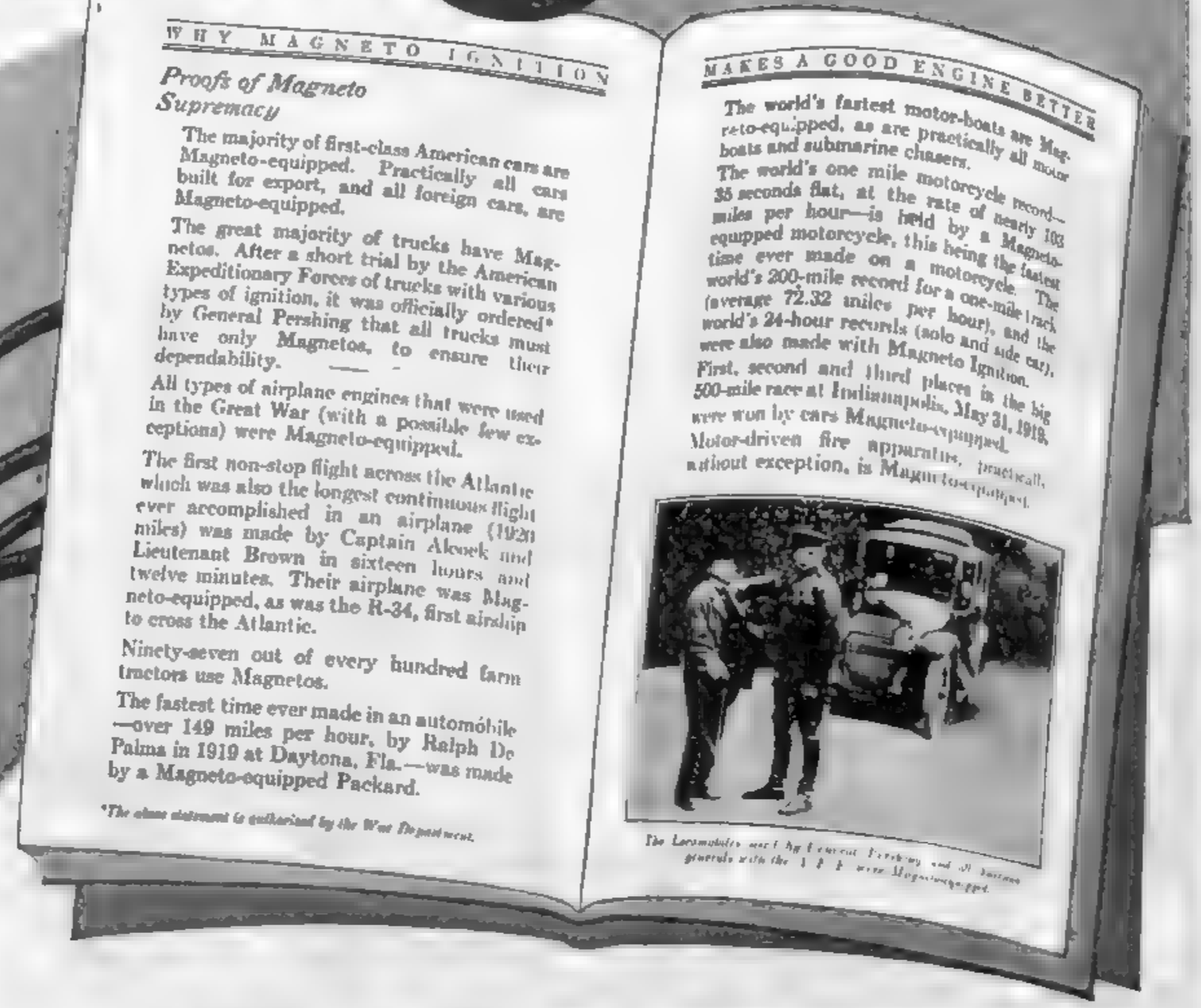
Ben finally turned reluctantly from his musing and rode into the forest along the new trail he was opening. His ax he carried in a holster tied to his saddle. His other tools—a six-foot saw and a cant hook—were in the trail where he had finished work the day before.

(Continued on Page 119)

He Rode Down to a Place Where a Crowd of Hunters Were Camped

Magneto Ignition

IT'S DEPENDABLE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ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 118)

The line had been surveyed through thickets of underbrush, over open grass-covered glades, through groves of centuries-old forest patriarchs, across old burns where dead trees lay—an intricate barrier of fallen trunks and interlocking skeleton limbs.

Through the underbrush he cut a path wide enough for a laden pack horse to pass; he erected little monuments of broken rock to guide the way across the open places; through the timber trees were blazed to mark the trail.

It was a few minutes after ten when he commenced work. When noon came he had reached the edge of one of the old burns. Here it would be necessary literally to cut his way through the maze of fallen trees. Usually he started back to his camp at noon, but he wanted to make some showing here before he left. So he labored on under the blazing sun for a while longer. Even the few yards he gained into the burn were a satisfaction to him when he decided to return for his dinner.

It was a few minutes past one when he rode up to the cabin. A girl standing in the doorway greeted him.

"If you'd been five minutes later I'd have eaten that grouse myself," she told him.

"You'd have been welcome to it, Molly," he answered. "If I had known you were coming I'd have brought a mess of them for you to take down to the folks."

He unsaddled and turned his horse loose and then prepared for dinner. He washed with considerably more care than he had shown earlier in the day. As he brushed his hair before a small metal mirror he observed ruefully that his beard was of several days' growth.

"I'd have shaved, too, if I had known you were coming," he apologized.

Molly laughed in wholesome enjoyment.

"Darned if I won't get you woman broke yet," she said.

They sat down to a dinner of grouse fried in butter Molly had brought from the ranch with her, hot biscuits such as doctors forbid and hungry men delight in, vegetables from Ben's store of canned goods, coffee, and more berries from the near-by thicket with thick cream Molly had brought with the butter.

While they ate Ben told of a band of deer that had recently come to the top of the divide.

"If you can get up here some morning before sunrise I'll take you to where you may be able to get a picture of them. If we are lucky we'll find them grazing near that first lookout. You can hide in the brush and I'll try to round them up and drive them past you."

"I can't come to-morrow or the next day," she said. "Dad and the men will be stacking the grain and I'll have to help in the kitchen. But I should be able to come the day following."

"If your dad isn't through hauling in the grain how comes it you got away to-day?" Ben demanded.

"Old stupid! This is Sunday. Dad isn't a government man. He can rest once a week if he wants to."

"I'll bet he's mighty glad this kind of weather the government men in these hills don't feel the need of resting on Sunday." Ben spoke without jest.

"He is," Molly answered quietly. For a few weeks each year the threat of fire hung like an evil shadow over the hills, a threat those who lived within the shadow did not jest about.

When Molly had washed and put away the dishes Ben caught and saddled her horse and one of his and together they rode along the trail that led to his first lookout station. They spoke again of the deer Ben had seen.

"This is Sunday," Molly said. "If you'll promise me a picture of them I'll surely be at the cabin by five o'clock Wednesday morning."

"I'll close herd them for you until then," Ben told her.

They rode along leisurely; stopped at a sheep camp near the trail to chat for a few moments with the camp tenders who were idling there. Farther on they turned out of the trail to talk with a herder whose slow-moving scattered band of sheep added a pastoral touch to the tranquil scene. Still farther on where a trail from one of the creeks that had its source near the top of the divide joined the summit trail they stopped to watch the ascent of two riders with their pack horses.

"Hunters," Ben surmised. The deer season had opened a short time before and the sportsmen from the near-by towns were beginning to work up into the high hills. Along with his other duties Ben was a deputy game warden and he must needs keep a paternal eye on the visitors who made the forest reserves their playground.

The men who rode up the trail were strangers to Ben and Molly. They paused for an exchange of courtesies; asked if Ben had seen any deer lately.

"No," Ben lied gravely. "There is no room for game here any more, what with all the sheep and cattle that are being summered in the reserve this season."

The men accepted his statement seriously; said it was a shame the Government allowed the stockmen to use the reserves; that things were coming to a pretty pass when a man had to go into Northern Canada for a good day's sport—or maybe into Africa.

Ben noticed that one of the men was smoking a cigarette. He wished Congress would pass a law prohibiting the use of them in the timber. The darned things caused more trouble than camp fires by careless travelers.

He directed the men along the trail that led past his third lookout station; hoped with due politeness they would have luck in getting a buck or two on the next divide.

Then he and Molly rode to the lookout station. Together they crept to the edge of the cliff and found that all was well here. Then Ben telephoned to the ranger's office and gossiped for a moment or two.

He was in no particular hurry. Molly was with him, and they rode leisurely back over the trail and on to the next observation point. There they crossed to the third, where she would leave him and go on down into the narrow valley to her home.

It was nearly six when they reached this point. They dismounted and went out to the edge of the cliff together. Near this cliff the summit trail divided. One branch swung round the cliff to the left and led down to the head of the valley and up the slopes of the divide beyond. The other branch dropped down to the right of the cliff into a cañon that opened into the valley not far above Molly's home.

When they came to the edge of the cliff Molly put her hand on Ben's arm and pointed. Ben nodded.

"Sometimes you can prove it on them when they leave a camp fire," he said stoically. "But those damned cigarettes ——"

He shrugged his shoulders expressively. Down the slope below them to the left a faint haze of smoke hovered and eddied in the tree tops above the trail over which the two hunters must have passed not many hours before.

"You trot along home," Ben said. "I can handle this to-night. If I need help I'll telephone to your dad within a few hours."

He took a long-handled shovel he had cached there, called a hasty word of parting to Molly and then rode at a headlong gallop down the steep trail. Some two miles down the slope a blanket of heavy smoke patterned with little leaping spurts of flame barred his way. A gentle breeze was blowing down the slope and as a fire burns but badly downhill the breeze had in a measure held this blaze in check. But the creeping tongues of flame had spread in a wide-fronted arc along the slope. The timber was scattering where the blaze had started, too far apart for the fire to run in the tree tops, but one edge of the widening arc of flame was winning toward a thicket that fringed the great body of trees that lay along these slopes and crowned the plateau above.

Ben knew that if the fire reached this thicket the timber beyond—the finest in the forest—was doomed. He stripped off his chaps and flannel shirt and tied them to his saddle. He took from the saddle his canteen and ax and turned the horse loose to graze.

They Had Built a Flume Into the Timber for a Distance of Nearly Six Miles

There was no time to ride for assistance. He commenced work at a point on the slope beyond which he believed the breeze would prevent the fire from spreading. From this point between the advancing flames and the thicket he began scooping a shallow trench. He worked with terrific speed. The long strokes of his shovel stripped the sod to the loose earth beneath; the gray path of his digging lengthened behind him. He followed a tortuous route, avoiding the large trees, swinging wide of the tall brush.

Once during a lull in the breeze on the slope above him the fire swept suddenly across an open grassy place toward the thicket. Ben raced to meet it; forced his shovel like a plow through the sod at the edge of the open space; widened the little furrow; worked with the speed of desperate necessity until he had completed a U-shaped trench in front and flanking this one menace. Then he returned to the other trench and worked until the two segments were linked together. When this was done he moistened his parched lips from his canteen, dropped prone on the ground and lay until his laboring lungs and pounding heart were normal once more. Then he drank again and returned to the unfinished task. He worked at an angle up the slope in front of the ever-advancing flames.

As he worked he suddenly sensed a saving coolness. He realized the sun had disappeared on the other side of the divide. He knew that without the drawing heat of the sun, checked on its dangerous side by the trench he had dug and held in check by the chill night air of that high altitude, the fire would but smolder and threaten until morning. He climbed wearily up the slope to where his horse grazed contentedly. He put on his flannel shirt and chaps, mounted and turned slowly toward the top of the divide. But instead of returning immediately to his camp he crossed the divide and rode down on the other side to a place where a crowd of hunters were camped. He knew these men. They lived in one of the towns in the valley on that side. He told them of the fire; asked them to report at his camp by daybreak the next morning. This was the way the forest service drafted its fire fighters.

From the camp of these hunters Ben rode back to his own cabin and on to the camp of the sheepmen. There were three of these men who could help. Then he rode back to his cabin and telephoned to the ranger.

"We know about that fire," Ben was told. "It was reported by the guard on the other divide."

"Yes," Ben said aggrievedly; "reporting them is all that lad ever does. Now me, when I see one a-getting started I go and scratch a ring round it."

"Have you this one under control?" the ranger asked eagerly.

Ben told briefly of the situation.

"I'll have nine or ten men to help me," he said, concluding his report. "You bring as many more and we'll hold this without much trouble."

Before sunrise the next morning Ben and the men who had volunteered to help him rode down to the scene of the blaze. The hunters doubted the ability of so few men to cope with the situation.

"Sure we can handle it," Ben assured them. "The ranger will be up here soon with another gang. We'll have it under control by noon. Why," he added with a reassuring grin, "the ranger will bawl me out now for asking for help with a bonfire like this."

"What time did you discover it yesterday?" one of the men asked. They were divesting themselves of their heavy garments as they talked.

"Along about six in the evening," Ben said.

"How much help did you have?" another asked, appraising the trench that had been dug.

Ben grinned and winked furtively at one of the sheepmen.

"I had two right good men," he answered. "Old Paul Bunyun and his foreman, the Big Swede, happened along. They both *sorry hiyu* much with a shovel. All I had to do was stick round and show them where to dig."

"Paul Bunyun!" one of the hunters exclaimed curiously. "And his foreman, the Big Swede! I never heard of those two before and I thought I knew everybody in these parts."

But Ben was too anxious to work to continue the jest. He strung the men out far in advance of the wakening flames and showed how to work to the best advantage; how wide and how deep to dig the trench.

Day dawned fiercely hot. A gentle fitful breeze coaxed the flames to intensity. The ranger came with a half dozen volunteers. He appraised Ben's line of defense approvingly; strung his men along the line, extending and strengthening it. Then he took a shovel and with Ben set a killing pace for the men to follow. When the morning was half spent he and Ben stopped their work and looked at each other with questioning eyes. The fitful breeze had increased to a steady wind that blew upward and along the slope.

"Boss," Ben said, "I wasn't betting on such a wind when I started. Our line is too close."

The ranger nodded.

"I'm beginning to believe so," he acknowledged. Already the flames were beginning to find the weak places in the line; were spreading beyond the trench in isolated spots. Time was being wasted combating these individual fires.

The ranger laid out a new line farther back. If they could not hold it here where the trees grew far apart, if once it spread into the timber where it could run from tree top to tree top, then no human agency could stop it. For a crown fire, unchecked by rain, burns as long as there is timber in its path.

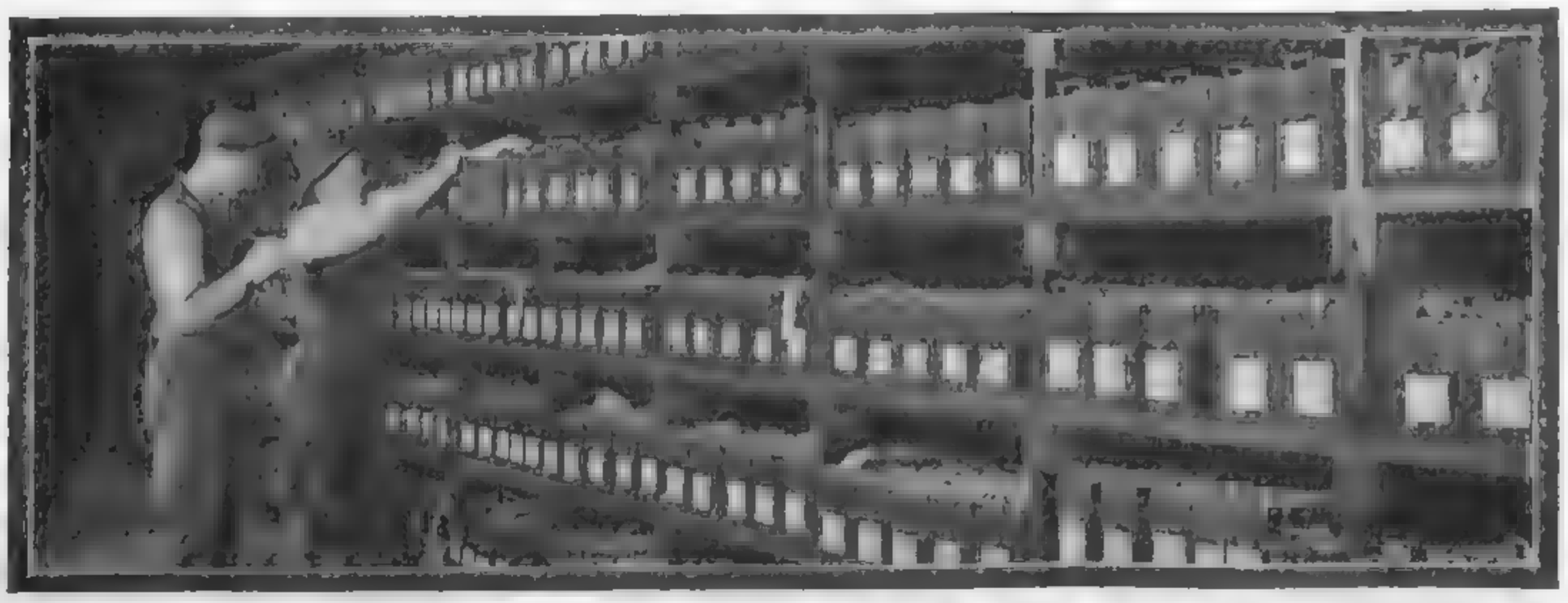
The men worked more slowly along this new line and still they worked steadily to the limit of their powers. The fierce pace they had followed earlier in the morning had had its effect. Several of the men were nearing the point of exhaustion. Two had already dropped out and were lying with blistered hands and aching bodies down in a cool draw below the path of the fire.

The ranger called to one of these.

(Concluded on Page 122)

1

There's only one sure-fire preventive against aging on the shelf—that is to store the batteries in true bone-dry condition, which is possible only with the Willard Battery containing Threaded Rubber Insulation.



2

The life of the battery is largely up to the man in the car, but Threaded Rubber Insulation adds greatly to its chance of long service, because it removes one of the commonest causes of battery trouble—breaking down of the insulation.

3

Nearly every battery with *ordinary* insulation has to be re-insulated at least once during its lifetime. Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation never has to be replaced.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Battery Life Depends Upon INSULATION

Threaded Rubber Insulation has these three distinct advantages over any other:

1. Threaded Rubber Insulation eliminates depreciation in the dealer's stock.

Willard Batteries with Threaded Rubber Insulation, since they have no wood insulation in any form, can be shipped and stored bone dry—since neither plates nor insulation in the battery have ever been wet.

The storage battery with ordinary insulation can not be kept in a dealer's stock without depreciation, because the insulation must be put into the battery wet at the factory, and, once the insulation is wet, a continuous chemical action begins; and furthermore, the insulation can not be allowed to be dried out, as it would become damaged. Hence the battery must soon be filled.

2. Threaded Rubber Insulation returns bigger dividends to the user.

Threaded Rubber Insulation is a manufactured product held to rigid uniformity, more durable and long-lived than any wood can be. The car owner is not wholly relieved of caring for his battery, but the battery will stand more abuse, and function at high efficiency for a much longer time.

3. Threaded Rubber Insulation makes re-insulation unnecessary.

When installed in the car no one can say just how soon ordinary insulation will begin to break down, on account of the impossibility of securing absolute uniformity in any material which is the product of natural growth, not of scientific manufacture. During this period even careful driving and faithful attention to battery care will not absolutely insure long life.

Re-insulation—at considerable expense—is almost certain to come before the ordinary battery is worn out, and the life of any battery after re-insulation is uncertain.

Threaded Rubber Insulation outlasts the plates and re-insulation is, therefore, unnecessary.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

(Concluded from Page 119)

"Do you want to take a little ride?" he asked.

"If you'll lift me into the saddle," the man answered.

"We'll do that much for you," the ranger told him. "We want you to ride up to the cliff above and telephone to the supervisor's office. Tell him this will get away from us before night unless we have help. Tell him to bring at least twenty men with shovels and axes."

At two that afternoon the supervisor came with men he had gathered together in the town where his headquarters was and with ranchers and riders who had joined him along the valley road. At seven that evening a wide, shallow trench encircled the fire and the supervisor himself said there was no further danger.

The men gathered round him and he made a list of their names. At the end of the month the Government would send each a check as payment for one day of labor.

"This is the first day's work you've done for a long time," he said, jesting, to one of the men, a rancher whose wealth in land and cattle was estimated at half a million.

"Yes, and I've earned the three dollars the Government will pay me," the rancher assured him. "If you had followed the pace I've been setting this afternoon you would have earned a day's pay yourself."

The crowd grinned appreciatively, for the rancher was a fat man whose every move for the last hour had been a labored agony.

The rest of the men dispersed quickly, but Ben and the ranger remained. They walked along the encircling trench together to note any weak places that might need strengthening in the morning. Then the ranger told Ben to ride to his camp for grub and blankets; they would stay there at the fire for the night.

It was twilight when Ben reached his cabin. He had not spared the horse he rode and so he caught the gray mare and turned the other loose. He tied a roll of blankets across the back of his saddle and then slung a sack containing bread and some canned food over his shoulder and started back. Night had fallen when he left the meadow and there in the deep forest the darkness was absolute. Even the gray mare he rode seemed a dark phantom moving against a curtain of darkness. The trail led into a little clearing. Still there was no rift in the darkness. But the mare's sure instinct informed her that here there were no trees and she tried to turn back toward her own pasture. The change in her easy shuffling gait warned Ben of this, so he stopped and dismounted. By the light of a match flaring in his cupped hands he found the way back to the trail. Here he removed his heavy boots and tied them to his saddle. He went forward again, this time leading the mare, and by the feeling of the ground under his stockinged feet he followed the trail until a faint crescent moon rose to light his way.

The ranger had hollowed a place in the ground not far from the smoldering fire and had filled the place with fir boughs for a bed. He had a camp fire burning, ready for heating the food Ben brought. During the night they took turns watching.

When morning came they continued their vigil until the smoldering fire within the intrenched area burst into renewed activity, flared and died away again for lack of fuel. A few of the larger trees still stood on that charred slope burning slowly to their death. Now and again one fell with a dull crash that reverberated and echoed along the ridges below.

When they felt sure there was no further danger the ranger rode on down into the valley toward his home and office and Ben started back to his camp. There were two other lookout stations he felt he should visit yet that morning. He reached the top of the divide and stopped to cache his shovel. Then he led the mare out to the edge of the cliff and stood for a moment looking down on the little spirals of smoke that rose lazily to the tree tops and dissolved into a film of haze.

"Well, old girl," he said, patting the mare's arched neck, "it was a tolerably hard day's work, but we saved a million dollars' worth of good timber."

It was habit that caused him to scan the slopes of the other divide before he left the cliff. And as his eyes searched that distant timber he began to curse softly to himself. There was nothing picturesque in what he said, but it was none the less earnest and heartfelt, for he beheld a column of smoke rising from the far side of a little pass that led across the summit of that distant divide. It was through this pass he had directed the two hunters. A camp fire left smoldering or a cigarette butt shot carelessly into the grass beside the trail had doubtless started this second blaze.

Ben telephoned to the ranger's office and learned that no fire had been reported from that locality. He learned also that the fire guard on that patrol had not yet made his morning report.

"Tell the boss to ride to my other lookout stations," Ben said briefly. "I'll ride across and see what's stirring."

By section line across to that pass was seventeen miles. By the trail it was almost twenty. For breakfast Ben had eaten a part of a can of beans.

"If that lad over there hasn't a bit of lunch with him I'm going to be hungry by the time I get back," he thought as he was tightening his saddle cinch. Three hours later he hailed a lone guard who labored in the face of a racing ground fire.

"Having lots of fun?" Ben asked.

"Gosh, yes," the man answered. He heaved a windy sigh of relief when he saw that Ben carried a shovel.

"Don't stop to tie the mare!" he pleaded. "Just hop along to that ridge of rock yonder and dig back to meet me."

It was long past noon when they had their first line of trench completed. It was four when they dragged their weary selves up the mountain side to a spring that bubbled out of the rock. They were satisfied that their work was done for one more day at least.

"A couple of hunters?" Ben queried when they had rested for a while.

"Yes," the other fire guard replied indifferently. "I talked to them yesterday morning. They loafed in here most of the day, I guess. One of them was smoking those damned tailor-mades. He must have shot a butt into the grass. I wish I could have caught him doing it," he added with a note of regret. "I'd have made him just hate those cigarettes."

Ben grinned good-naturedly. There was no need to get excited about it. They both knew who had started the fires. But knowing wasn't proving.

"Got any fodder with you?" Ben asked. "No? Then so long, son," he said as he rose and whistled for the mare. "Don't get the habit of working hard," he called over his shoulder as he started back toward his own district.

It was past his usual supper time when he started up the last long climb toward the cliff that marked the summit of the divide. At some of the steepest places he dismounted and led the mare. They came to the scene of yesterday's fire and found only little heaps of ashes and a few charred and crumbling stumps to mark the place.

When they reached the summit trail Ben once more cached his shovel. From force of habit he went to the edge of the cliff for a final survey before calling the day's work done. No sound reached him to disturb the restful silence. Twilight softened the harsh bold lines of the ridges and cañons that stretched away below him, and all the discordant colors and sights of the day were blended and made harmonious and restful in the deepening purple haze of the encroaching night. Far down in the valley the lights of a ranch house gleamed. He thought of Molly. He remembered she had promised to be at his cabin before five the next morning; wondered if they would have luck in getting the picture she wanted.

He realized that he had better be getting along toward camp. The gray mare had had a hard day of it. She should be grazing in the meadow even now. Ben was tired and hungry himself. He had had a couple of rather strenuous days and he had missed his regular breakfast and his dinner. But he did not mind the labor. He was being paid for that. And what does a meal or two amount to in the scheme of man's life?

Ben turned the mare into the home trail and she broke into a quick canter. They came into one of the many clearings along the trail and Ben pulled to an abrupt halt. Across the clearing a splendid five-point buck gazed at them with curious eyes. He sniffed the air for a moment and then lowered his antlered head and plunged into the timber.

"Well, old fellow," Ben said as he remembered the hunters, "they didn't worry you any, but they certainly gave us hell."

When he reached his cabin he decided to eat a cold supper. He wouldn't bother to start a fire. He had seen all the fire he cared to see for some time to come. He opened a can of beans and dumped the contents of the can into a tin plate. It looked like a mighty small helping, so he reached for another can. But he changed his mind. He didn't intend to make a hog of himself just because he had missed a couple of meals. So he contented himself with opening a can of tomatoes for relish and a can of peaches for dessert. He quartered a loaf of bread of his own baking and then stood looking down at the table trying to make up his mind what the meal lacked. Coffee! That was it. He would have to start a fire after all. When the fire was going well and the coffee had boiled to suit him he sat down to his supper. He ate the beans and the tomatoes and half of the loaf of bread and then decided he would open that second can of beans. He did not keep count of the cups of coffee he drank.

Once one of the white-collared lads from the biological department had stayed at his camp for a few days. This young fellow had argued that coffee was a drug—hard on the nerves and all that sort of nonsense. He even said it had a tendency to keep folks awake at night. But shucks! Ben didn't go much on what such lightweight fellows told him. When his coffeepot was empty he decided he had had enough. He rather complimented himself that he had left a few of the peaches for another time.

He spread his blankets down on his couch of fir boughs. He decided sleepily that the bed was losing some of its springiness. Within a day or two he must bring in another load of boughs. He folded his chaps for a pillow, took off his boots and vest, opened the collar of his shirt and then crawled in between the blankets. In two minutes he was sound asleep.

He slept without stirring until a subconscious activity warned him that dawn was near. There was no fretful tossing, no stretching of fatigue-drugged muscles. One moment he was lying relaxed and still. The next instant he was sitting erect, methodically folding back his blankets.

He performed his usual morning toilet. Then he stood for a moment in the open door of his cabin inhaling the frosty air. The gray mare was again lazying at the salt trough.

"Well, old girl," Ben said, "yesterday's jaunt ga'nted you up some. It sure does take visitors to keep us from getting too fat," he added with a quick good-natured smile. But he was watching across the meadow as he spoke. This was Wednesday morning. He wondered if Molly would come; hoped that band of deer was still feeding out near his morning lookout. He saw Molly ride into the meadow. She was carrying her camera strapped across her shoulder. He caught the mare and rode to meet her.

When they neared the cliff he led the way into a clearing at the head of a draw that dropped away from the shoulder of the cliff. Here in a thicket of brush at the edge of the clearing he left Molly. Leading her saddle horse he rode down the far side of the draw. He had ridden about a mile when he heard a scurrying of wild things in the underbrush across the draw from him. He turned back toward the clearing.

Molly was waiting for him out in the morning sunshine that flooded the open space.

"There were seven of them," she told him delightedly. "An antlered buck and a spike and two does with spotted fawns."

"Did you get your picture?" Ben asked.

"You can bet I did!" she assured him. "The sunlight was just right when the big buck reached the center of the clearing. I whistled and he stopped long enough for me to get a picture of him alone. Then I took a snapshot of the bunch before they broke for the timber."

"I hope they are good pictures," Ben said. He smiled as he spoke, for Molly was almost dancing in her excitement.

She understood his smile and tossed her head.

"If they are not good you'll simply have to round up another bunch for me," she told him.

They went to the edge of the cliff together and then turned back toward his camp. They came to a faintly marked trail that led from the summit trail blindly into the timber. With a nod of understanding they turned aside and followed where the trail led. They came into a grove where stood the patriarchs of that forest. They stopped before one at the edge of the grove, an unblemished towering shaft of fir.

Their horses stood side by side and Ben put his heavy weather-roughened hand on Molly's arm.

"Molly, girl," he said, "may I cut it down soon?"

She caressed the heavy hand resting on her arm.

"If you'll let me make the undercut," she answered.

"I was sure you would want to do that," he told her. Then he smiled. "It will take a moose of a long saw to make the big cut," he said. "You'll have to help me with that too."

"And then," said Molly, "we'll get old Paul Bunyun and the Big Swede to haul it down to the mill for us."

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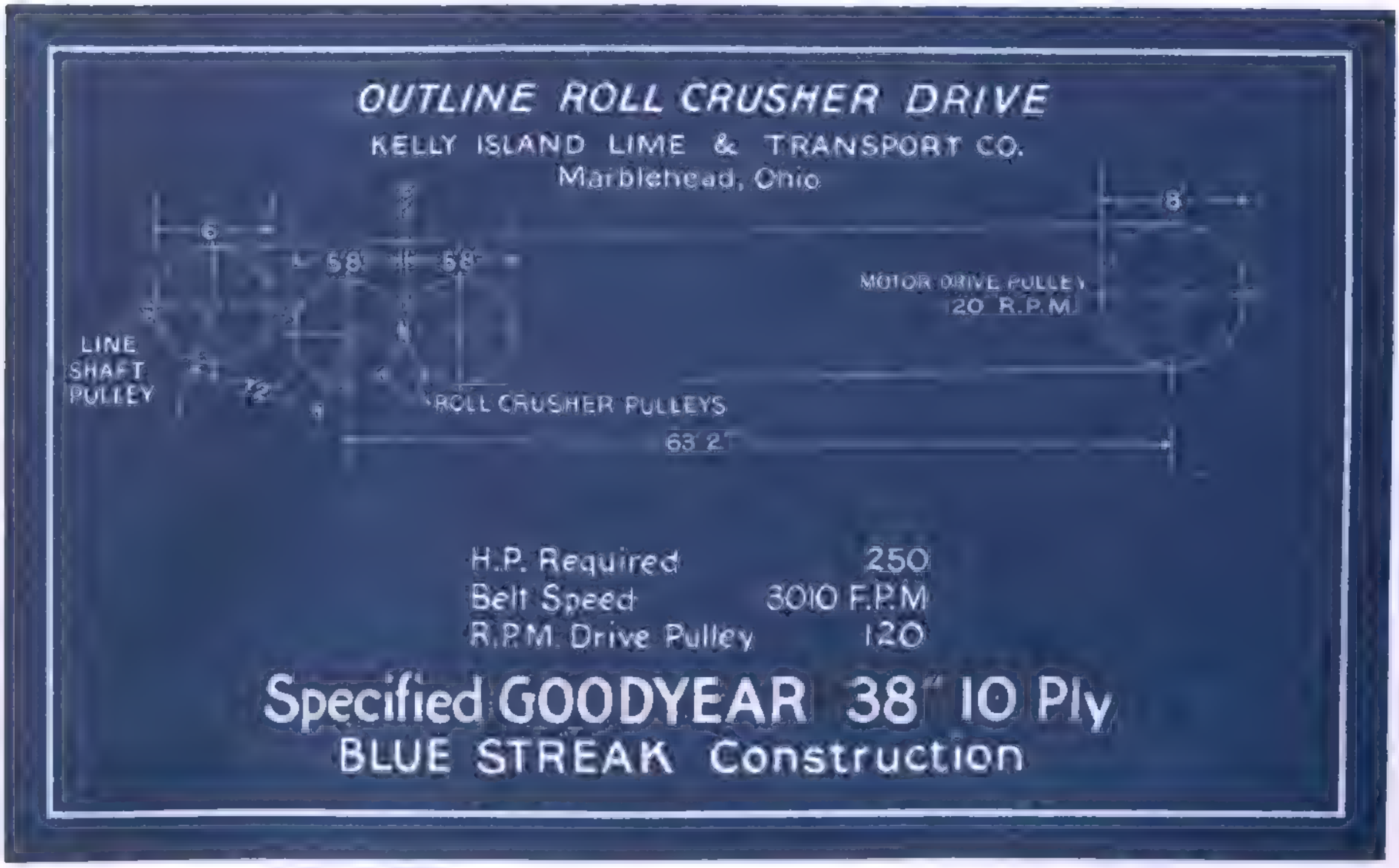

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23 More Months for the Money—and the G. T. M.

Up to four years ago the Edison roll-crusher drive shown in the blue print used to be driven by belts that gave an average of 18 months' service. Then a properly specified Goodyear Belt was applied. It cost 40 per cent more than the 18 months' kind. It has already given nearly 48 months of service. The same amount of money invested in the cheaper belt would have provided 25 months of service. The Kelly Island Lime and Transport Company have received from the Goodyear Belt 23 more months of service than they got from that amount of money before they came to Goodyear.

They have gained more than 23 months. When our Mr. Foster called four years ago he found that the belts then in use gave much trouble. In damp weather they tightened so much that they endangered the bearings. In hot, dry weather they stretched so that frequently they had to be taken up several times a week in order to move the rolls at all. In addition, the grit and dust of the crusher used to chew up the belts and make them ragged and inefficient some months before they had to be discarded.

After careful study, Mr. Foster recommended a Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak construction—absolutely waterproof, friction surfaced, unstitched, supple, and extraordinarily strong.

The Goodyear Belt has never had to be taken up in its four years of hard work. The grit, dust, exposure and hard work have affected it so little that it looks good for two more years.

After the Goodyear Belt had been working for some months, Mr. Foster called again. They wanted to know why that belt did such wonderful work. He explained its construction. Then he explained that even that construction might be of little help if it didn't fit the conditions. He pointed out how he had studied the drive, how he had specified for it a belt built to fit the conditions, and had his recommendations checked by the Belting Engineering Department at Akron to be absolutely sure of proper first application. A 10-ply belt seemed too heavy for the power, but it was certainly necessary to start the heavy rolls.

Then he told them about the Goodyear Plan of Plant Analysis of having a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—study every drive in a plant and specify the proper belt for it. They had a plant analysis made—not only in the Marblehead plant, but in all the plants of the company—and have since ordered many belts according to specifications of our engineers.

If you have a belt-eating drive, ask a G. T. M. to call. He will do so without charge when next he is in your vicinity. The G. T. M.'s services entail no obligation, because the savings they effect for belt users are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business is almost certain to result after a trial of his recommendations has been made.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

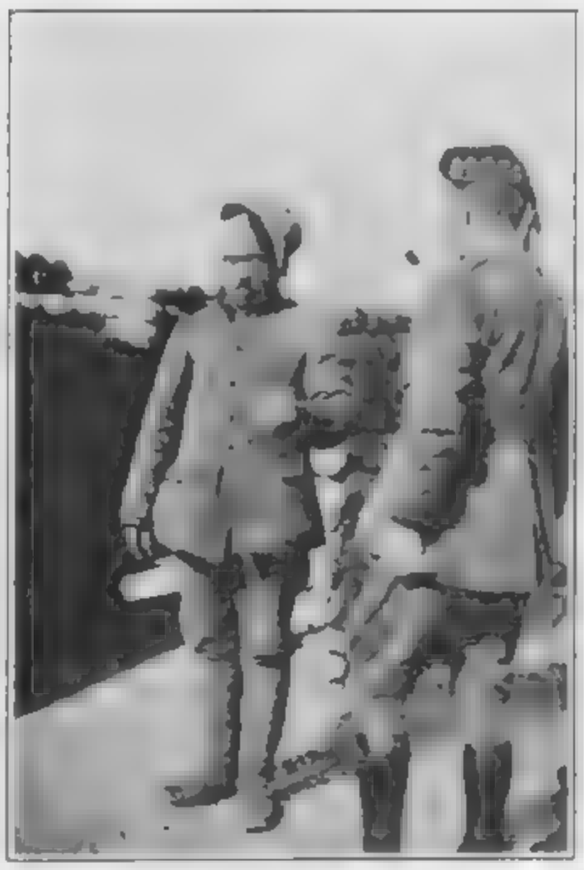
GOODYEAR

AKRON

CHINESE COOLIES AND THE WAR

Continued from Page 20

So it was the lure of wealth that enticed these coolies to labor for three years thousands of miles distant from the shrines of their ancestors; wealth—or health. Many a bandit's lot, a murderer's lot, a thief's lot is not a happy one, even in China. So many a Chinese bandit, murderer, thief or other equally interesting individual saw in this advertisement a means of escape from a not altogether agreeable position in his own country. This class was particularly prevalent during the formation of the earlier companies. Later coolies came from more prosaic occupations, such as farming. The destructive floods of the spring of 1917 also turned many Chinese toward the British camps. During the entire period of enlistment 197 companies were enrolled. As the pioneer coolies arrived in France and found their work so much lighter, their pay so much more ample, their treatment so much fairer than that to which they had been accustomed in the land of their birth, they wrote to their friends urging them, to report at the compounds at Wei-hai-wei.



The Captain and an Incorrigible in France

The Official Chinese Laundry

Almost immediately upon my arrival in the compound with its great chimney a stick was placed in my hand and I was taught the liquid phrase, "*Hsi hsi t'oa; hsi hsi t'oa.*" Then I was led to one of the whitewashed buildings, into a room in which stood a large cement pool of hot medicated water. A door opened and a supply of dirty, naked Chinamen began to enter in a seemingly unending line. It was my duty to stand by the pool and cry commandingly "*Hsi hsi t'oa! Hsi hsi t'oa!*" waving my stick and tapping the yellow heads, unaccustomed to water, until each individual submerged. *Hsi hsi t'oa; hsi hsi t'oa* signifies Wash wash head; wash wash head. Of course they were forced to scrub all parts of their bodies, but the head was their *pièce de résistance*. After my two-hour task had ended my voice had the hoarseness of November in football season. More than 1000 coolies had passed under my stick, and each of them had needed individual admonition before he would duck his head.

But I anticipate in relating this first incident of mine. The bath was the fourth turn in what the other officers termed the sausage machine. A coolie arrived at the gate of the compound in all his native filth. As soon as he entered he began to pass through a series of transforming experiences. The finished coolie was as different from the original as any sausage in Germany during the latter phases of the war was different from its uncertain sources.

The coolies were a docile lot when they first arrived; awe of white men, nervousness in the face of unknown experiences subdued them. Later, in France, they came to learn that the white man is not really the superior being they had been led to believe in China. For familiarity breeds disagreeable results, and in France uncomprehending Tommies too frequently fraternized with the rapidly learning coolie. One drunken Tommy, making a wretched inferior of himself before a crowd of delighted coolies, damaged to an appalling degree the respect of the coolies for all white men. Too, they learned that not all white women stand upon a pedestal as they do in China. It bodes ill for the white women of China that 100,000 coolies have learned a half truth. In France there were Maries and Belles who if they had known the English equivalent to the French of their social position would have said of the coolie: "Ain't he cute?" Their pleasure in this quaint yellow toy from vague and far-away China added gruesomely enough its bit to the problems of war babies.

To return to the transformation of the coolie: Each day at the gates of the compound there gathered 200 to 300 new coolies, uncertain fear in their eyes but an urging desire for sixty cents a day at their hearts. Each coolie was clad in nondescript rags, the unwashed accumulation of years. Anyone who has experienced the odors of China understands the variety of unsuffused scents that hung about each. Matted and meager, a queue drooped from every dusty head. Picturesque they undoubtedly were, but just as undoubtedly filthy. After the total of the day had gathered all were led into one of the buildings, the floor of which was covered with matting. There they spent the first night, cupped close together because of the night chill and because of the lonely pain in each coolie heart.

Early the next morning they were conducted in line to a neighboring building, where they protestingly shed every rag of their attire. Even their secreted knives were confiscated. The coolies now passed into the adjoining room, where sat three English doctors. Large numbers went no farther than this. The diseased and the unfit were turned back, dejected.

The fit men went their bewildered labyrinthic way into the next room, where rapid barbers relieved all of their honorable queues. Too nervous at the kaleidoscopic experiences to make strong resistance at this indignity, each was given five coppers, salve to pride and harbinger of new wealth.

Shaved, they entered the bath, and after protestingly submitting to a complete disinfection they were herded on to the next room, where fresh, purified clothing awaited them.

Pleased like little children they straightened their backs and entered the office of records. Here began the unwinding of a tedious amount of red tape. Elaborate records were kept of each—name, age, family, and so on. Then came measurements. When the measurements were finally recorded the coolie felt his hand suddenly seized by an aide, his thumb thrust into a black ink pad, and then as quickly rolled upon a waiting paper. His identification was now beyond all subterfuge; a possible later substitution of one coolie by another was sure to be detected—the British Government possessed his thumbprint. All these records were to prove of great value in France. And now the coolie, with vacant eyes, passed on to a desk where a metal band was fastened about the left wrist, an identification number. After that, for three years, Sam Sing Wang or Joy Me Lo or Wo King Yuan was to be known only as 7981 or 82657 or 97846.

Hsia in the Compound at Zoneghem

Later, in France, I was to see a remarkable feat of memory in connection with this. The sergeant in charge of the records of a coolie company to which I was attached, upon seeing any one of the 500 coolies of our company, would say: "Well, 5-1-6-9-4,"—or 2-8-9-9-8, as the case might have been—"plenty work-a?" And the coolie would answer plaintively, recognizing his number: "Plenty work-a-la. No plenty sleep-a-la."

Yet more turns in the complicated machinery of purification and registration were to follow. There was the eye parade, which began now and was repeated every week, because of the ravages of the dread disease trachoma among the coolies. Then followed the ordeal of the inoculation against typhoid. Many a coolie showed fear of the evil-looking needle, and many another laughingly bared his breast to the unknown experience, shut his eyes, winced as the needle gave to him its protecting fluid, and departed smilingly, proud of the great blot of iodine that encircled the spot.

Finally the coolie was led to a clean bunk in a clean building where fresh straw and individual blankets awaited him. There he was provided with a kit bag to be slung over his shoulders, a change of clothing and a tin for meals. Never before had any of the coolies possessed such an elaborate wardrobe or dwelt in such cleanliness. Investigating fingers were busy far into the night, and smiles were radiant. One coolie who had found a piece of mirror was besieged.

The original dress given to the coolies was a uniform in that it consisted of a gray or blue coat and trousers, gray socks and black slippers, with straw hats for the summer and round felt caps for the winter. But as time went on the coolies collected articles of apparel more suited to their personal fancies. In France some even wore ladies' hats, Parisian, purchased in French shops at many times their value. Others, fortunate in their gambling, bought gayly colored silks and made them into coats and trousers after the Chinese mode. In these, when work was ended for the day, the late scum of China swaggered along the roads of France as if they had been mandarins. No wonder Marie and Belle thought them cute.

Thus was accomplished the transformation of the coolie who only a short space before crouched in tremulous rags at the gate of the compound.

Now, while waiting at the silk factory for transport, each of us white men drilled his own particular company of 500 strange yellow beings. None of us had assistants of any sort except those we chose from the more intelligent of the coolies allotted to us; these we honored with the title of corporal or sergeant. And, too, each of us had one Chinese student who, of course, knew Chinese, and who claimed he knew English. My first interpreter said "Yes, yes," or "No, no," as the devil prompted him, not as my questions demanded.

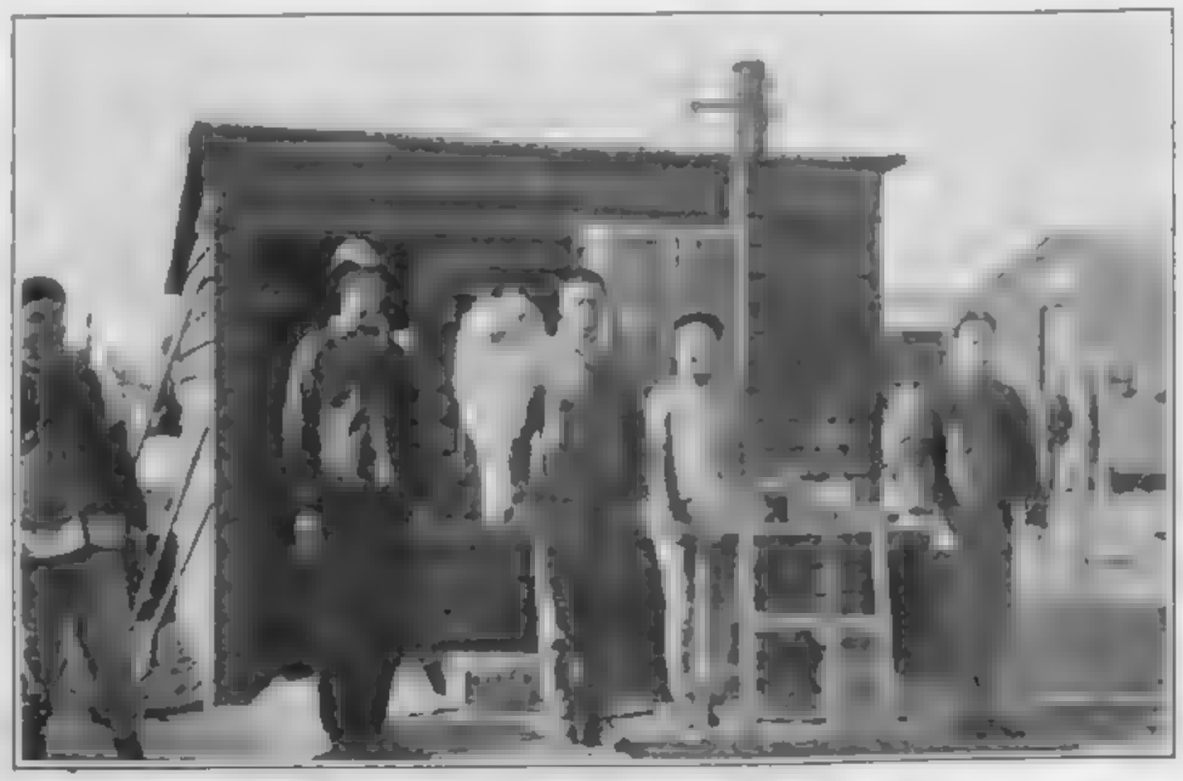
A Long Way From Wei-Hai-Wei

We began drilling with Chinese words of command. Most of them had never undergone any sort of discipline. Soon, however, we were calling "Right turn," "Left turn" and "About turn." As the days of concentration on these three commands passed, the coolies gradually began to turn uniformly to the right when the command was "Right turn." And even, as time went on, the majority began to "turn on the heel of the right foot and the ball of the left, bringing the rear foot up" quite in accordance with the king's regulations.

After two weeks of iterative drilling, eight of us—controlling 4000 coolies—were notified that on November 24, 1917, His Majesty's transport Tyndareus would sail from Tsingtau for Vancouver and that we with our coolies, under an officer commanding, would sail too. During the first months of the transportation of coolie laborers it had been the custom to sail by way of Suez, but the increasing depredations of the enemy in the Indian Ocean and in the Mediterranean Sea had made the route via Canada and the two oceans appear safer. Indeed, H. M. T. Tyndareus had but just recovered from contact with a mine off the African coast. The advantage of the voyage through Suez had lain in its simplicity; the coolies entered a vessel at Tsingtau and a few weeks later disembarked at Marseilles. But the route via Canada demanded eight different vehicles of locomotion. The frequent changing from one to another caused many delays and trials.

Finally—and here I leap many tribulations, such as the march through the hundreds of pitiable beggars who thronged the road to the ship whining for farewell alms—finally the O. C., two doctors, we eight officers, our eight interpreters, and our 4000 coolies, each with his pack upon his back, were aboard H. M. T. Tyndareus, skirting the barren coast of Southern Korea, then the green slopes of Japan, and finally we were nosing eastward across the Pacific.

(Continued on Page 127)



The Cook and Batmen in Front of Cookhouse

The Children's Bread

Note Why They Love It

THIS is the bread to serve with milk to delight the children.

It will win children to bread-and-milk who think they don't like that fine, body-building food but who would be greatly benefited by it.

The winning appeal lies in the raisins—plump, tender, juicy fruit-meats; Nature's own best sweets.

The dish takes on an attraction that it lacked before.

When the little ones see the raisins it will be easy to add the milk.

Try in Oatmeal, Too

Try the same plan with oatmeal—raisins make it luscious.

Also with boiled rice, custards, and other foods that you think your child should eat. We'll send a book of recipes free on request.

Raisins not only better the flavor immensely, but also increase the nutrition of scores of healthful foods. For raisins are 75 per cent pure fruit-sugar—a fine energy-food in practically pre-digested form.

Buy the Bread at Grocers' or Bake Shops

Ask your grocer or bake shop today for "California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins."

These dealers have it fresh from the modern ovens of your finest local bakeries. You have never tasted a more delicious bread.

Get a loaf and try it. See how the grown-ups of your family, as well as the children, call for more of this *real* raisin bread.

Made from Juicy California Grapes

Sun-Maid Raisins are thin-skinned, plump and meaty. Their high quality is carefully maintained.

Always get them for home cooking if you want the best. They cost the same as unknown kinds.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid SEEDED *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid SEEDLESS *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid CLUSTERS *(on the stem)*. At all first-class dealers'.

Made with SUN-MAID Raisins

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California

Ask for Raisin Candies.
Delicious. Healthful.
At Candy Stores.

This Luscious Pie
Also Baked for You.

The men in your family will find *California Raisin Pie*, made with Sun-Maid Raisins, exactly to their liking.

You don't have to bake this pie at home. Grocers and bake shops will supply it.

Try it once. Note its lusciousness. Think of the convenience of being able to get it at any time, ready-baked.

ZELNICKER

Ever-Tyte

The Piston Ring for All Engines

More Power Guaranteed

With ZELNICKER *Ever-Tyte* Piston Rings you get maximum power from minimum fuel and oil. Its six point circular expansion makes absolute, all-'round contact with the cylinder wall. By means of Zelnicker's Patented Right Angle Interlock, three piston rings are combined into one.

Their operation is unfailing because their principle is true.

Result, you get decreased friction and big increase in power.

Every fraction of power from every explosion is conserved.

Behind every ZELNICKER *Ever-Tyte* Piston Ring is a frank, liberal, ironclad guarantee. Read and compare it with others. Expert repair men know its superiority.

Order From Your Dealer

THE EVER TIGHT PISTON RING COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Read
The Guaranty Bond

GUARANTY BOND

We guarantee ZELNICKER *Ever Tyte Piston Rings to produce higher compression, develop more power, and use less fuel and lubricating oil, you to be the sole judge.*

We will refund the full purchase price to any purchaser upon the return of the rings if they fail to give absolute satisfaction within a period of twelve months from date of installation.

THE EVER TIGHT PISTON RING CO ST LOUIS

No. 987,523

W. Zelnicker PRES.

(Continued from Page 124)

Now the Tyndareus had originally been a cargo ship of 11,000 tons; so there was a very limited amount of deck space. By expert crowding the various holds had been crammed with 4000 bunks, in high tiers with scarcely inches enough for the prostrate body of a coolie, and with the narrowest of aisles wandering about.

Though some coolies sought the freshening air of the deck most preferred to remain in the more familiar atmosphere of the cloudy holds; many felt that uncertainty of solar plexus which roughening waves bring to most landsmen.

It was the duty of the eight white officers that one be on guard at all hours of the twenty-four, making continual tours of inspection of the infernal regions. When the winds became earnest and blew with a purpose, with the waves leaping at the ship and springing caressingly over her decks, all the coolies became visibly dejected. Then the officer whose duty it was to tour the holds was to be pitied.

But after a week the sea slackened and the remaining ten days of our leisurely voyage were, speaking comparatively, calm; calm enough at least so that the 4000 could once more be inoculated, thumbprinted and eye-washed. To amuse our charges we opened a canteen as soon as many had gained their sea legs; a canteen containing peanuts, rock candy and Chinese violins. The latter cost but forty coppers, and we had no rosin. Every coolie who had ever touched a musical instrument in the most casual way bought one. At all hours of the day and night unrosined wails wept through the ship. We officers shuddered. But the coolies were entranced. Cleaning up peanut shells kept busy those who admitted they were not musicians. However, there was plenty of water sloshing about. Many of the coolies did not understand that faucets were to be turned but once. Frequently a washing coolie would completely unscrew the faucet and then gape at the unrestrained jet that sprang forth in consequence.

Christmas at Vancouver

The thirteenth of December we reached Vancouver Island, where we were destined to spend a Christmas with one rose blooming in the camp. After the treeless wastes of Shantung the beautiful green of the island, even in December, delighted the coolies. Our tents stood in a small mud field at the water's edge; across rose the great Washington range of snow-capped peaks.

The camp was very badly prepared for such a large number of coolies. Among other lacks was the lack of wood for the cookstoves. So each day the coolies were led half a mile along the road to a bay, where great heaps of driftwood lay piled on the shore. The wood was in very large and awkward pieces. The coolies grumbled. But along the road ran a snake fence of split logs; fences were an experience to which Shantung coolies were unaccustomed. How kind of the gods, they probably thought, to stack these comfortably sized logs conveniently along the road. Suddenly we discovered long stretches of fence were missing. An irate fence owner arrived at camp. For two weeks my 500 coolies and I split saplings and made snake fences. It was a task like Penelope's robe—though the coolies now knew the fence was not a gift of the gods, yet as we built, others slyly tore down.

At intervals when we were not building fences I taught my coolies the intricacies of "Form fours" and "Form two deep." Also I began, with the aid of my interpreter, Mr. Shu, the simplest of lessons in geography, beginning with the great country of which the neighboring range formed a part. Yes, they had heard of America; but Canada, half as large as China? They didn't know it. Then I attempted to tell them how they were going halfway round the globe. Globe? Many of them smiled indulgently at this quaint idea. Of course the big boss—*Da Ren*, the flattering term for an officer—was playing with them. "Big boss knows," one made bold enough to venture through the interpreter, "big boss knows we'd all slide off." And then we all laughed, many a yellow head nodding concurrence.

Once more we embarked, early in January, and reached the city of Vancouver, where trains were awaiting each company. Twelve days the journey from Vancouver to Halifax endured, my 500 pets shut into fifteen coaches, not one allowed to stir from his own particular coach. I did not wonder that on a preceding train a coolie had lost his reason and thrown himself through a closed window of the moving car. But during this tedious trip my cares were greatly reduced, for in Vancouver thirty Canadian soldiers joined the train as guards, and a doctor and a lieutenant became members of the party. Twelve days in the most pioneer of C. P. R. tourist coaches produced incidents: A runaway lake in the Rockies, which had fled across our track, and two avalanches; in the plains, blizzards and snows; somewhere on the stretches of white Saskatchewan we discovered the mumps car—isolation car for a few humorous cases—was lost. Retracing our tracks we picked it up, solitary in the snows, its worried occupants much relieved to see us again. Of the twelve days not one passed without a delay of several hours.

Each morning the doctor, the British lieutenant and I made a tour of the fifteen uneasy coaches, to hear the state of 500 stomachs. The Chinaman's greatest worry and greatest source of delight is his stomach. The Chinese greeting is not "How do you do?" but, no matter the time of day, "Have you eaten?" *Chih liao fan mo yo?* Daily the number of complaints from the confined coolies grew greater; aches of every description were rampant. The doctor felt sure that it was only the irksomeness of the journey that bothered the coolies and that most of the ills were imaginary. The stock of pills was growing low without avail. Then the lieutenant, originally of Scotland, made a suggestion. For the next imaginary headache the doctor placed a square of white court plaster upon the sufferer's temple. It was a novel substance to the coolies, a new remedy, something that could be dawdled with. The patient found he was almost instantaneously cured. News of the restorative spread rapidly from coach to coach. Soon not a car but had its coolies with squares of white court plaster upon yellow foreheads, cheeks, toes, ears, and various other portions of Oriental anatomy. Suddenly every coolie found he had an ache. But as there was plenty of court plaster and as the cures were speedy everyone was pleased.

At Halifax, where the gaping windows brought home to us the tragedy of the then recent disaster, we marched directly from the train into a lighter which carried us out into the bay. There, at anchor, rode a convoy of extravagantly camouflaged ships. The lighter took us to the most gigantic, F-8261. In time of peace her name had been the Justicia, a magnificent vessel of four funnels and 32,000 tons. Built in Belfast, she was unfinished when the war broke out, and only great vacant halls hinted of what a glorious pleasure liner she would have made. The coolies did not care for the halls; they complained of drafts. Six months later the Justicia sank after a twenty-four-hour battle against the Huns.

Crossing on the Justicia

On the Justicia we found the 3500 other coolies, who had escaped through the Rockies just before the lake broke loose and the avalanches fell. The hugeness of the ship may be imagined from the fact that our 4000 coolies could form fours and form two deep all at the same hour on the spacious decks, still leaving comfortable space for 100 Canadian soldiers and two score Canadian aviators.

After five days in the harbor, waiting for the entire convoy to assemble, we set sail. Though the eight other ships labored through the January seas of the North Atlantic the Justicia rode serenely on. Never a morning nor an afternoon did the coolies miss their familiar drill beside their assigned lifeboats—never but once, the last day, of which I shall speak later.

Shortly after losing sight of land we discovered that the coolies had eaten all the hard-tack out of the lockers of the lifeboats. We were speechless. The coolies thought somebody, they didn't know who, had been very kind to them.

One morning as I made my tour of inspection through the airy holds, listening to the scraping of the violins we had so unwisely sold aboard the Tyndareus, a ship's steward came to me and said: "Three hundred and fifty large soup spoons belonging to the Justicia are missing. Also, I feel that the coolies are fond of the ship's towels." Three hundred and fifty soup spoons and an indefinite number of towels! We eight officers held a council of war. We knew

(Continued on Page 129)

A Beautiful Miller Lamp At A Lower Price $10.75

In U.S.A. except west of Rockies $11.75

This splendid Table Lamp is offered at a lower price than has ever been set upon such a combination of artistic design and splendid construction.

It appeals to those persons who appreciate the beautiful when offered at a moderate price.

Enjoy its golden glow through the evenings which are constantly growing longer.

See this Lamp at any display room or order by mail from the nearest company who will send it express collect.

Brooklyn Edison Co.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Commonwealth Edison Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Co.	Baltimore, Md.
Subsidiaries of Henry L. Doherty & Co.	In various cities
Eastern Shore Gas & Electric Co.	In various cities
Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston	Boston, Mass.
The Electric Shop	Providence, R. I.
The Hartford Electric Light Co.	Hartford, Conn.
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City Light and Power Co.	Kansas City, Mo.
Nashville Railway & Light Co.	Nashville, Tenn.
Nebraska Power Co	Omaha, Neb.
Penn. Central Light & Power Co.	In various cities
Philadelphia Electric Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Potomac Electric Power Co.	Washington, D. C.
Public Service Electric Co.	In various cities in New Jersey
Public Service Co.	In various cities in Northern Illinois
Sioux City Gas and Electric Co.	Sioux City, Iowa
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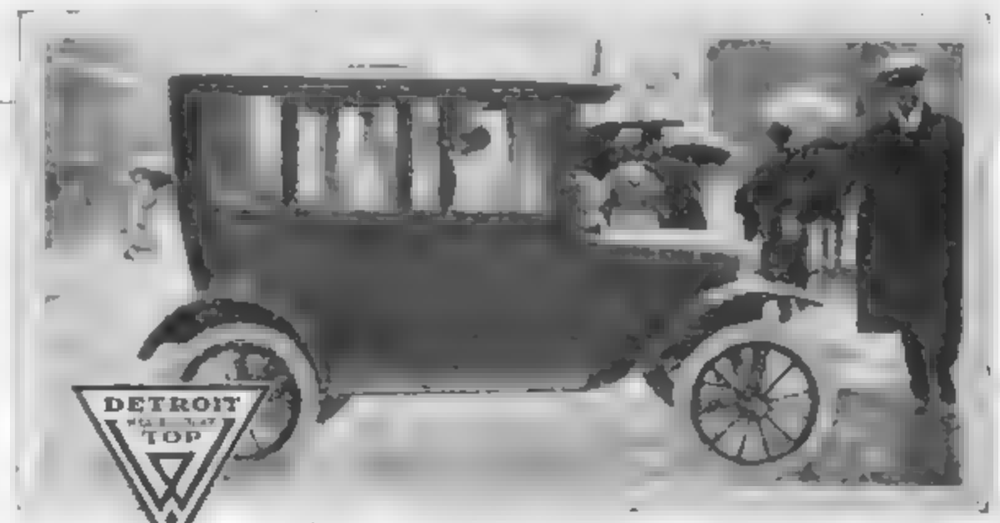


A Snug Shelter from the Snow and Sleet

That's what you get from your Detroit Weatherproof All-Season Top—closed car luxury the whole year round!

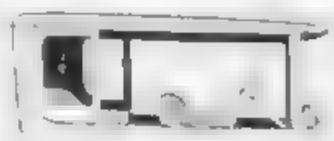
A handsome coupé out of your Ford Roadster or a dignified Sedan out of your Touring Car.

During the summer you may have your car all open allowing both vision and fresh air—but still ready for instant enclosure at the slightest sign of rain. In the winter you ride along comfy sheltered from the snow and the bitter cold.

Light, sturdy, *non-rattling*, easily installed by yourself. Fits any Ford from 1915 to 1920.

Send for beautiful booklet with prices and name of dealer nearest you.

Hudson Owners—Write for Special Offer on Tops for 1916-1917 Touring Models H and J. Also made for Chevrolet 490 Touring, 1916, 1917, 1918, and Chalmers 6-30 Touring Model 35A



Partly open for changeable weather

All open—allowing both vision and fresh air. Changed back in a minute.

Detroit Weatherproof Body Company

Pontiac, Michigan, U. S. A.

Detroit Weatherproof All-Season Top for Fords

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You Can Play the Masterpieces of Music as They Should Be Played—on the Gulbransen

YES, that is true—true of you. You will realize it the first time you try a Gulbransen.

You will feel for the first time in your life, the ability to make music sound the way you like it.

You will find a new delight in exercising this new ability—studying how to play better—selecting music to broaden your knowledge and improve your taste.

All the great compositions are now available in player-rolls, the actual playing of artists like Hofmann, Bauer, Godowsky, Henry, Paderewski, electrically recorded. Every delicate phrasing is perfectly reproduced. You can play as the artist did, or vary it to suit your own ideas.

And for this, the Gulbransen is your ideal instrument. Easy to Play beyond anything you now imagine. Once you are accustomed to it, it seems to read your thoughts, so responsive is it to your intention.

The moment your feet touch the Gulbransen pedals, you know you are playing a better player than any you ever tried before.

And the Gulbransen requires so little effort that a baby once played it as shown in our trade mark, suggesting the idea to us. You can play for hours without tiring.

Prove it at the Gulbransen dealer's store. You can locate him by the Baby at the Pedals in his window and newspaper advertising. Or write us for his address.

Try the Gulbransen with the music you like best. And if you want to get an idea of how beautifully you can play the famous masterpieces of music, select some of these:

Harold Bauer
Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante.
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Leopold Godowsky
[illegible] Without Words.
Rubinstein's [illegible]lle.
Liszt's Dance of the Gnomes.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch
Chopin's Prelude, Op. 28, Nos. 16 and 19.
Henselt's If I Were a Bird.

Teresa Carreño
Chopin's Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 3.

Edvard Grieg
Grieg's Berceuse, Op. 38, No. 1
Grieg's Erotik, Op. 43, No. 1

Harold Henry
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3232 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory:

White House Model	$675
Country Seat Model	585
Suburban Model	495

Gulbransen Trade Mark

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

Continued from Page 127

whither they had vanished. We also knew that let us once commence searching the coolies' packs all the spoons would drop through near-by portholes into the sea. In the language of the coolies, if we instituted a search there would be "plenty spoons finish-a-la." We did nothing. The Justicia put in a bill against His British Majesty.

Until the time we reached the Irish Sea the voyage had been undisturbed by submarines. It had been necessary for the Justicia to humble herself to the speed of the lowliest vessel of the convoy, a ship of mules. But when we reached the north coast of Ireland Allied destroyers met us, and with six as escort the Justicia leaped forward at top speed for Liverpool. At the point where only a month later the tragedy of the Tuscania was to bring home to Americans even more poignantly the horror of the war, a boche submarine lay in wait. Suddenly men on our decks saw something hurtling through the waves toward the stern from the port side; too late to warn the captain, who was at the wheel. And then, at that moment, the course of the ship demanded a slight veer to port. The torpedo, instead of crashing into the ship, slipped past by the narrowest of margins and slid on toward the shore. Not yet were the coolies to become guests of heaven.

The following night my 500 coolies and I peacefully rolled across moonlit England to Folkestone, where in a sudden rain of the last hour of darkness we marched to a camp. There in mud and English fog we breakfasted, and at the first gray of dawn set forth for the channel boat. After a few hours of placid travel we found ourselves in France, on the streets of Boulogne.

As we marched from the wharf to La Gare Centrale our eyes were everywhere. The sound of distant firing came to us. A coolie pointed upward, laughing excitedly. Against the deep blue sky of midmorning tiny white clouds were suddenly appearing. It was our first view of an aërial battle, and by no means our last. So high were the planes in the blue that we could see only the smoke. Then without warning blood streaked across the temple of one of the coolies. A splinter of shrapnel falling from that distant battle had grazed him. Already, their first day in France, the coolies were beginning to learn that the safe zone of their contract was only a comparative term. Fortunately we were already at the box cars reserved for us. Into them the coolies clambered with their kits until they were as tightly fitted as was the bully beef in its tins, our lunch that day.

New Movement Orders

After a journey of several hours, which in peacetime an hour easily encompasses, we arrived at Noyelles, the base depot of Chinese labor. Extensive accommodations awaited us there, and there the coolies were reformed into companies of 500, each with the regulation quota of five white officers and twenty-one white noncommissioned officers. Here each company waited until word was received in what part of France it was needed. Some coolies remained in England to work, but the great majority were employed in France. Also, it should be mentioned that the French Army had a Chinese labor corps of 25,000 coolies from the French possessions in the Orient. Later in the war the British lent to the American forces a small number of coolies.

Unexpectedly one night I received orders to leave Noyelles and to proceed northeastward to a camp not far from the Belgian border, where I should join a coolie company that had been one of the very earliest to arrive. I was honestly sorry to leave the coolies with whom I had been experiencing the vicissitudes of wartime travel for two winter months. Their nervousness in the face of strange experiences had kept fairly dormant certain disagreeable characteristics that usually developed as coolies became accustomed to the new sights and scenes. Never again did I see these particular coolies. Probably to-day they are toiling away on the docks of some French port or building roads through the devastated area, their stomachs longing for their homes and families in far-away China, yet finding comfort in the daily franc which gives them the opportunity of solace in a little game by night.

The movement order read: "Proceed to Zeneghem, changing trains at Calais." At Zeneghem I should find Coolie Company 29, to which I was to be attached. What and where was Zeneghem? No one at Noyelles knew.

I boarded the train for Calais, in whose darkened streets I found myself at two in the morning. Vague groups of women and children were hurrying homeward silently from raid shelters. The boche had but just departed from their nightly bombing party.

Zeneghem proved to be twenty miles southeast of Calais, not far from the Belgian border. It was a huge ammunition dump of the British and lay beside the River Aa. On moonlit nights the treacherous silver of the water led the boche unerringly along their path toward Calais. On clouded nights the devil led them.

Forty-five hundred coolies worked at the ammunition depot of Zeneghem. But the passage of German planes never worried them. Night after night, near twelve o'clock, whether the moon shone or clouds hung low, the sirens whined and screamed their warning. Out of the eastern blackness the soft purring of enemy planes came to our ears. In each of the nine coolie compounds of Zeneghem coolie police banged away delightedly at pendent brass shell cases, making clangor enough to waken every sleeping comrade. Even their distant families 8000 miles below them must also have heard and stopped a moment in their quaint life to think of the absent soldier.

I used the words "banged delightedly," for in Zeneghem the boche had not yet destroyed any of the coolies and they did not realize the horror an air raid can produce. Even the mad clanging upon brass was not sufficient to rout them out from the fragile huts into the safer dugouts. An officer had to go to each coolie hut and with much rattling of a stick against the door order the recumbent occupants into the sandbag shelters.

"Plenty German Eggs"

Soon from the dugouts we could hear the boche planes whirring overhead. Then the antiaircraft guns hidden in groves and fields spat forth in hysterical attempts to bring down the enemy ships. The hail of shrapnel began to fall, clattering noisily on the hut roofs, dropping impotent upon the sand dugouts. It was in these small hurtling pieces of iron that the most immediate danger lay for coolies who were reluctant to leave their blankets. During one raid a heavy nose cap ripped through the roof of our hut and descended through my cot. Fortunately at that time I was off on Paris leave.

Occasionally the boche dropped "plenty German eggs," as Hsia termed them; but only occasionally. In spite of photographing frequently the enemy did not know what a valuable camp lay camouflaged on the flat meadows below them. Once a bomb struck one of the sheds of ammunition and amused the coolies during the rest of the night with fireworks, even more noisy and impressive than those to which they had been accustomed in their own land, where fireworks are an important pastime. Once a hut of white sergeants was struck. Five were killed. The other five, badly wounded, were immediately placed under arrest for having been gambling during an air raid. That's army efficiency.

But these deaths did not seem to warn the coolies of the danger. Probably they remarked casually to one another: "Hm! only some whites." Generally the bombs fell in fields between the compounds, digging holes but doing little damage. Once a bomb destroyed the water main. For two days we drank ditch water. But even in wartime French ditch water was purer than Chinese rivers. The coolies remained bland.

As the planes sailed away from our area the sirens cried us back to sleeping bags once more. Shortly after we would hear the dull explosions of distant bombs. Red flares would spring into the night sky far to the northwest. We knew Calais was once more suffering death and destruction. Then Hsia invariably would say in a bored tone as he turned over in his tent just outside my room: "Plenty busy-la."

Hardly had we fallen asleep, it seemed, but the alarms called out their warnings as loudly as ever. An illuminated wrist watch would gleam two or three o'clock. The boche was returning from Calais. Wearily we officers would crawl out of our sleeping bags and out to the dugouts. Not so Hsia, the cook, and the four other batmen who slept in the near-by tent. When I would shout to them to come along Hsia would

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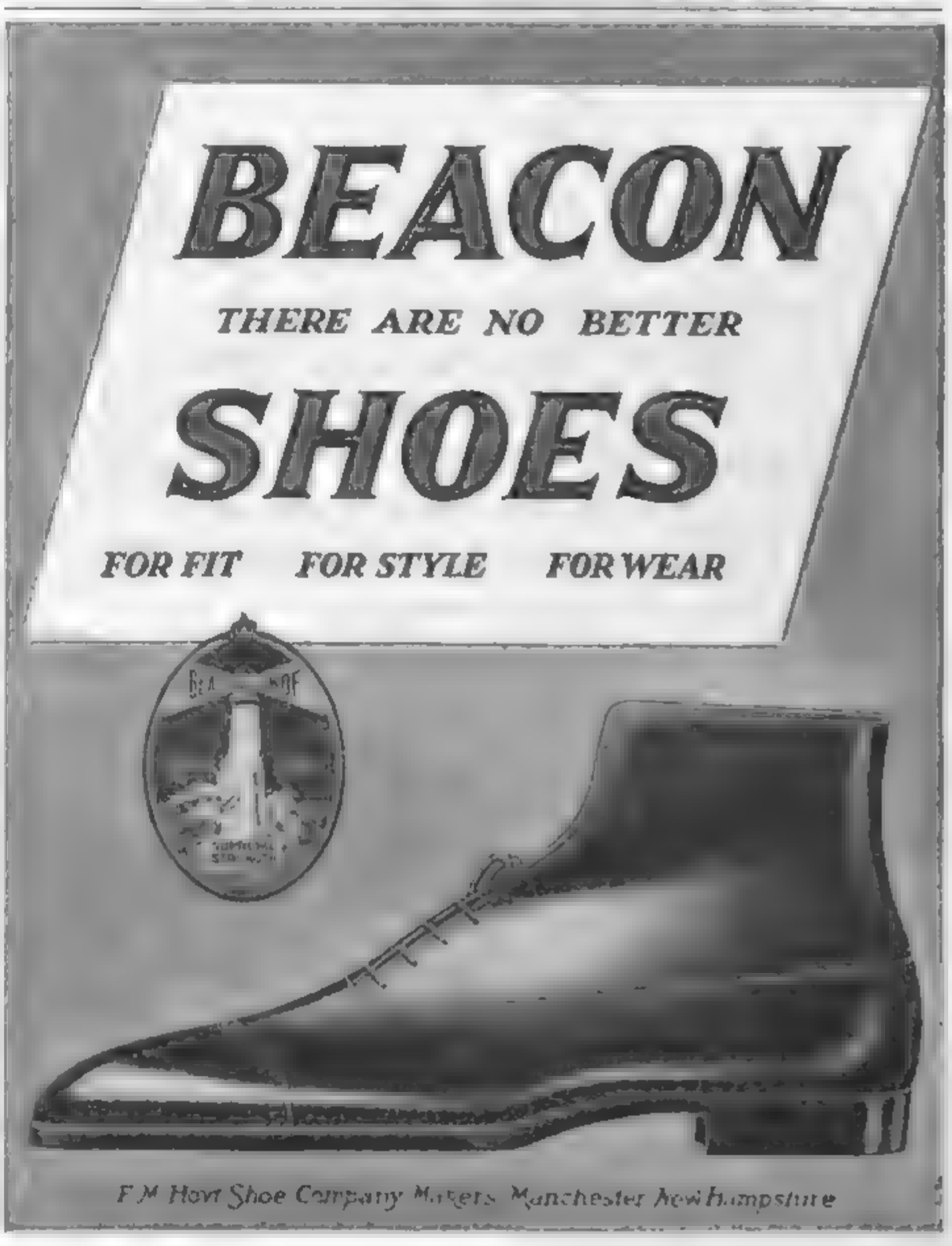

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answer, "German eggs plenty finish-la." Calais had received them all. The falling shrapnel did not worry them. Perhaps they were under the protection of a benign Buddha.

The story came down from Calais that the boche one night had dropped a bomb into a coolie compound there, killing several Orientals. Then Australians, nice gentle Australians, quietly went to the grieved friends of the dead and made them understand this: "The German swine killed your friends. See? There are some of the Germans' friends"—pointing toward a camp of German prisoners—"you take these hand grenades and get even." So the coolies took the hand grenades from the Australians, and extracting the pins threw them among the boche prisoners. It is only five seconds after the pin is removed that the grenade explodes. The coolies got even.

Though the coolies at Zeneghem were unafraid those at some camps sought shelter at the first whir of an enemy plane. Even during the day, when Germans flew high overhead, photographing, and when Allied antiaircraft guns did not hiss at them so venomously as at night, these wise coolies dropped all their work to hide under freight cars or hedges or any other shelter. But our coolies in a daylight raid merely stopped their work in order to gaze better at the altitudinous Germans, and when a bit of shrapnel whizzed to earth the coolies would pounce on it laughingly, crying, "Plenty souvenir-la."

Direct-Action Methods

In France each coolie company had its own compound with its sleeping huts, its orderly room, its dugouts and its cook hut. The cook hut was the source of most trouble and the source of contentment. If there was dissatisfaction we inspected the cook hut. Profiteering is a legitimate business with the Chinese, only they call it "squeezing." An extra titbit between meals could only be gained by crossing a certain yellow palm, the cook's.

Extra titbits weren't at all necessary, for the British fed the coolies remarkably well; in fact, it appeared to me that in all things the British treated the coolies very fairly and, what was not a matter of contract, kindly. The coolies' food consisted of rice, chopped-up meats and vegetables. We officers squeezed occasionally ourselves, the meat given to the coolies was so jolly tender.

But not everyone knew the preliminary rite before receiving a delicacy. One coolie entered the kitchen one afternoon. His stomach was sad and desired a little hot rice.

"No." The cook was too busy.

"Just a trifle."

"No! No time."

"But my stomach is hungry."

"Come round at the regular tea time."

Then the disappointed coolie, not knowing the necessary bribe, took matters into his own hands, along with a vicious meat chopper, and with one stroke cut off the disobliging cook's head. Then he helped himself to a trifle of hot rice. Later, arrested, his defense was, "But my stomach was hungry." A few mornings after, against a wall, his worldly hunger ceased forever.

The coolies lacked a proper regard for life. They perpetrated a number of murders within our area: A British officer, a Frenchwoman, a man and a boy. Other areas experienced similar tragedies. Two coolies of Company 29 brutally murdered an elderly Frenchwoman, the keeper of a neighboring wine shop. Both were eventually, after much red tape and delay, condemned to death. It was late at night when the sentence of death was read to them, telling them that the following morning at four the execution would take place. Not a tremor flickered across their faces; in fact, they had marveled that retribution had been so long on the way. In China justice is more summary. After a moment of silence one coolie, his face still impassive, remarked: "To-mollow—no more coolie." That was all.

Suicide was not infrequent. One midnight as the boche drove us to our dugout we found suspended in the entrance a dead coolie. This coolie had nursed a grudge against the captain and had decided to show his displeasure in this distasteful manner. Next morning the captain spoke to the company on parade. The coolies expected their captain to be deeply moved over the affair, even remorseful, though the original difference with the coolie had been of the pettiest. But, no; the captain was too astute. He did not even deign to speak directly to the coolies, though he knew their language well.

"Tell the coolies," he said to the interpreter, "that last night one of them hung himself in the officers' dugout. Tell them if any more of them must hang themselves to be so good as to do it in their own dugouts. We don't like such a mess in ours."

For the most part the reasons for suicides were meager: A gambling debt; a fancied wrong; a loss of face—that precious Chinese possession. There were two usual paths to the waiting spirits of a coolie's ancestors: Hanging was one; the other lay beneath the River Aa.

After the hanging our five batmen and the cook requested that they be allowed to sleep in the more distant huts with the other coolies; the spirit of the dead man would very likely visit the scene of his death, and their tent was uncomfortably close. So off they went, beyond our eyes. A few nights later we had reason to believe that a gambling game of great pretensions was being carried on nightly in the coolies' bathhouse. They had a first-rate steam bath, which every coolie had to use at least once a week. We noticed silent forms gliding toward it at black hours. This continued for several nights, for though gambling was against the regulations yet it kept the coolies out of worse mischief. And besides, they were incurable.

But at last the discretion of the coolies deserted them and they began to be noisy. So one night we raided the place. My boy, Hsia, was serving tea to the gamblers and raking in fat tips. The captain's boy, Wang, was master of the tables and was appropriating a share of all winnings. The cook was the doorkeeper. The three other batmen were acting as stool pigeons. The bathhouse was henceforth policed at night, and our cook and the batmen had to return to their tent, ghost or no ghost.

There were coteries of gamblers in every company. In spite of receiving but a franc a day some coolies possessed hundreds, and a fortunate few, thousands of francs. Fortunes of which the coolies had never even dreamed in China they now lost with a few sighs. The captain's boy, Wang, and my Hsia were the luckiest of Company 29. When these two had a day off they went to Bourbourg, a town four miles from the camp. There they thought nothing of paying sixty francs a plate for a dinner. The coolies never seemed to understand the value of money, and the French dealers took care not to enlighten them. Warnings by British officers did little to deter the senseless extravagance of the coolies. After lunching Wang and Hsia would purchase some tender ducks or chickens or perhaps some new silks. Then the two would roll home in a fiacre, driven by a profiteering Frenchie.

A Would-Be Evangelist

One evening Wang brought in for our admiration 700 francs' worth of silks and furs that he had bought against his return to China. He intended to return to his native land as a gentleman, though he had left it a bandit.

Wang was a sharp lad. A Y. M. C. A. for coolies had been opened across the road from our compound, another instance of the excellent treatment of them by the British. In that hut were benches, a stage, a music box, a canteen. There after working hours a seething, chattering mass enjoyed a Chinese atmosphere. Speakers—Englishmen who knew Chinese—gave speeches here at intervals, trying to broaden the horizon of the coolies. The coolies were delighted with the hut. It was an ideal place for the wilier to hatch plots of true Oriental guile—which they at once proceeded to do.

But to return to Wang. One day he came to the captain with a long face and said in Chinese: "Sir, my heart is heavy. There are many Christians in the camp who are not given the chance of worship that they should have. Now I am of the true faith. Let me once a week have one of the small rooms in the Y. M. C. A. and I will help to keep alive the truth." The captain, knowing Wang, doubted. But he allowed the matter to progress. It turned out to be not a meeting of Christians but a gambling party from which Wang had hoped to derive great profit.

Such an offense was not deemed serious and was disposed of by the captain in the orderly room. Coolies charged with serious

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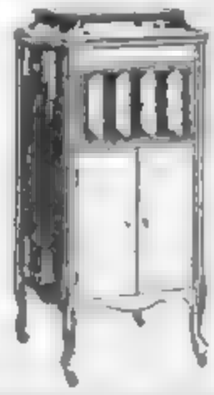

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(Concluded from Page 130)

misdemeanors or crimes were sent with witnesses to Calais for a trial before a circuit court composed of three officers who understood the Chinese people and their language. But most cases never passed beyond our orderly room. First offenses were punished with reprimands or slight fines. As the offense increased in seriousness the fine grew heavier. Often threats were more effective than fines, for the fines were seldom felt by the offending coolie. These guileful people formed numerous brotherhoods; when a brother was fined the brotherhood paid.

The most effective threat was that of sending a coolie to the prison company at Noyelles, for no coolie wanted to leave Company 29 because of the deeply trusted captain. Captain James Ross, who had performed gallant service with the Scottish horse at Gallipoli, was exactly the man to control Chinese. For fifteen years before the war he had held the position of postal commissioner in an interior province of China. During that time he had gained a remarkable insight into Chinese character. Ideas and actions of the coolies which were inexplicable to other officers were readily comprehended by Captain Ross. Every coolie had the greatest faith that under this big boss he would be understood and treated justly. Because of the black ribbons hanging from his Glengarry cap the coolies referred to him, very respectfully, as "Little Pigtail."

Only the incorrigible coolies were sent to Noyelles. The prison company there was composed of the worst of all the companies and was punished with hard work, long hours, and confinement during leisure time within a strongly guarded compound.

One of Company 29's incorrigibles was started off toward Noyelles under the escort of a Yorkshire corporal. At one of the intermediate stations the coolie disappeared. Two weeks later he was found up at Dunkirk, that city which the Germans used to bomb from the sky, shell by land and bombard from the sea, all at one time. Dunkirk of course looks north, over the North Sea.

"What do you mean by this?" he was asked.

"Oh," he answered very nonchalantly, "friends told me there was a very pleasant country north of Dunkirk. I thought I would visit it." If we had not caught him when we did he would have wet his feet.

The Disappearing Prisoner

The coolie was sent off with another corporal, this time a Jock, whose kilties were the marvel of the coolies. But at Marquise, as Jock was bending over an obstinate tin of bully beef, the coolie disappeared. Ten days later he was discovered down near Albert.

"What did you mean by it?" The question was very much of a menace.

"Oh," he said with protesting eyes, "nothing. I lay down in a near-by freight car while the corporal with skirts was getting lunch. I fell asleep. When I woke up I was far, far away. I did not want to leave the corporal."

The third time a Lancashire sergeant conducted the coolie, and saw that he actually entered the prison company's compound.

Not a day passed but one or more petty offenses were committed by our coolies; 5176 struck a threatening attitude and told a white corporal he was "no bloody good-a-la," or 67243 nailed too few boxes for a day of honest work, or 23407 threw an empty shell case at 23658 because the latter intimated that the former's family tree contained a sow and two hogs; 8763 left the depot during work hours in order to buy fresh eggs from a neighboring farmer's daughter.

"Oh," Hsia told me confidentially, "coolie no good-a-la. Coolie—plenty promenade-a-la—mademoiselle."

All the coolies picked up a few phrases of English and a word or two of French, always ending a statement with the Chinese termination "*la*." Once given an opportunity a coolie would go through his entire vocabulary, a very sanguinary vocabulary, showing the British influence.

A passing Tommy might say ironically to a coolie lolling by the road, "Plenty work-a?"

The coolie would immediately answer in the tone of a driven slave: "Plenty work-a-la." After a moment of grieved silence he would continue in a desperate voice: "Plenty work-a-la. No plenty sleep-a-la. No plenty chow-chow-la."

Silence for a moment, then with growing spirit:

"No sleep-a-la, no chow-chow-la, coolie no bloody work-a-la." Yet never until that coolie had entered the British service had he had so little work, so much rest and such excellent food. But it was their policy to grumble. Often they did it with a grin on their faces.

The spare hours of the coolies were not much given to play. On special Chinese holidays, which the British authorities recognized by a general stoppage of coolie work, the coolies had processions and games. Company 29 possessed two green and gruesome dragons, made of cloth such as neighboring demoiselles used for petticoats. These headed the procession, ambling harmlessly between French wheat fields. Behind them came coolies dressed in brilliant Chinese robes, the material bought in near-by towns and made up by the coolies themselves. Some carried graceful Chinese lanterns which would have been beautiful at night if fear of enemy planes had not forbidden illumination. Others held aloft festive pennants with strange characters painted upon them. But such a celebration occurred but three times during my eight months with Company 29.

The Coolie's Three Delights

The remainder of their leisure time they divided between their three principal delights: Eating, gambling and sleeping. It is true that some coolies occasionally played about with a football or listened to the raucous Chinese music of the music box of the Y. M. C. A., or strolled to town. But the majority, immediately upon their return from work, got their tin of rice, vegetables and meat, hied to their hut, and remained in its close atmosphere until the following morning. There they sipped tea, lolled and talked of past dinners and of dinners to come, played their gambling games and slept. During it all some drew forth doleful music from their cheap Chinese violins.

After a night of gambling our charges found it hard to appear at early morning parade. Many a heavy-lidded Chinaman lined up before us at half past six. In a neighboring company it was discovered that one coolie had not been out to work for three weeks. Yet his work was always done.

His was a clever scheme. It was the custom in many companies that one-seventh of the men rest each day. This particular coolie was a notorious gambler, often playing far through the night. Then he would hire a coolie, who normally should have rested the succeeding day, to take his place at the depot.

The substitute would receive perhaps two francs from the gambler, whereas the latter, well rested by a long vacation, won much larger amounts by night.

Some coolies consequently possessed large sums of money. Even those with little did not wish to lose it. Here once more the brotherhoods were of assistance. For one week a member of the brotherhood would carry the money of all. During that time he remained quietly in the hut while the other brothers did his work.

Finally, in July, 1918, the British Government established a banking system for the coolies.

Each could deposit as much money as he wished, but once deposited it could not be withdrawn until the depositor's return to Wei-hai-wei or Tsingtau. It saved the coolie's money from himself and from brother coolies and French friends.

In the fall of 1918 I finally succeeded in transferring to the infantry. Just after my departure Company 29 was sent to Calais to work on the docks, offloading ships. At the end of two weeks the company's usual deposits in the bank had doubled in amount. At the end of six weeks the deposits had tripled. The coolies found offloading ships very profitable—for the French were not averse to buying goods from the coolies which the latter had quietly extracted from the ships.

The last I heard of Hsia he had to his credit 7000 francs, whereas legitimately, counting every day of work since his arrival, he could have saved only 450. Before I bade him adieu he owned more silks than that paltry sum could have purchased. When Hsia finally returns to the slums of his home town in China, truly he will be a gentleman.

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TWO BEAUS AND BOMAZEEN

(Continued from Page 13)

in this town will tell you anything for your own good. You're too tomdinged unpopular."

Mr. Hite was tortured by the forked flame of curiosity and suspicion and his manner confessed as much. He gave over trying to drive past the truck wagon.

"Shoot it out of you quick, whatever it is!"

"Now we're getting on together like relatives ought to," said Jordan complacently. "And here's my idea as regards the thing." He lounged back on the seat.

"I think that courting ought to be conducted genteel and proper and quiet instead of having a tin can tied to it! I don't say right out—as some do—that the widder is reciperkating. I know, like everybody else does, that she is partial to you and she has never showed no signs of being whiffleheaded in running her farm or her business. But I'm going to talk it right out to you, as I'd like a man to tell me in such a case. She has waved back to him!"

"She has?" muttered Mr. Hite, shouldering the Sheraton chair back to its own half of the seat of the buggy.

"She has! I've seen her wave. Once 'twas with a dishcloth, once with a handkerchief. P'raps with her it was only being flattered by being tooted at and she wanted to pass the time o' day. However, on t'other hand, a woman that's partial to a reppytable citizen of standing hadn't ought to be giving slander its chance by waving to a roving rambling character that's first to one end of a railroad line and then the other all day long.

"Furthermore, Ev," pursued Jordan, seeing that he was making an impression, "he has been giving her presents and she has took 'em."

This was a point on which Mr. Hite had been entertaining his suspicions. He managed to waggle his head, but he could not find voice to put his disbelief into words.

"She may have claimed to you that she bought that bulldog for to watch her premises and them Eye-talian bees to make honey for her, but she showed my wife the pome he wrote to go with 'em. It may be only neighborly to give a widder a bulldog and bees, but I have my own ideas when a pome goes with 'em."

"She said—well, I got the notion that she bought 'em," Mr. Hite allowed himself to state in defense. "I don't take no stock in there being any pomes."

"I ain't no hand to remember pomes—I don't load my mind up with such sculch. But my wife repeated it off to me, as she recalled it, and the chorus—or whatever it is a pome has—sort of stuck with me. Le's see!" Jordan tipped back his head and shut his eyes.

"'Oh, bark, good dog, and ——' Well, I don't just remember the rest of that line, but the thing winds up: 'And guard my honey-bunch and her bees.' If expressing them opinions and then toodle-de-ooing on that whistle every time he passes the house ain't courting, then I'd like to have you tell me, Hite, what you do think it is!"

Mr. Hite straightened the reins over his high stepper, drove into the ditch to avoid the truck wagon and departed in a cloud of dust. Brother-in-law Jordan started his own horses along at a more leisurely gait.

"He's got something on his mind now besides that false topknot he's been wearing on his head instead of the crape he had ought to wear on his arm," affirmed the news purveyor with venom.

Plainly it was not the state of affairs in the back pasture that was on Mr. Hite's mind. He lickety-spitted past the gate on which was posted: "No Trespassing, by order E. Hite." The sign must have suggested unpleasant thoughts in regard to trespassing on other preserves of Mr. Hite, for he shook his fist at the placard.

When he drove up the graveled roadway in front of the Widow Dawson's house he surveyed the trim buildings and the climbing vines and the big barns with jealous appraisal. He had the air of a man who had come in a hurry to guard property which he claimed and which was threatened. The house was there at any rate. As to the widow? She came out on the porch while he was hitching his mare at the corner of the house. Her amiable smile of welcome was answered by him with a growl. After a moment she frowned.

"Evander, why do you come here and glare at me in that style?"

"The business I'm up here on ain't the kind to giggle and be gay about."

"Are you going to shoot me? Is that a gun barrel—that thing sticking out past the buggy top?"

"That's a warming pan," he stated sourly.

Mrs. Dawson seemed to be mystified and a bit alarmed—a warming pan on a hot afternoon in August was a possession suggesting that Mr. Hite had been exposing himself to the sun too rashly. She was not helped by his further statement that he had brought it as a present.

He walked toward her, brandishing the ancient utensil. He had the demeanor of a man who had planned out a line of action and was grimly resolved to see it through to the bitter finish! That demeanor was far from suiting the style of a lover bearing gifts, and Mrs. Dawson did not appear to be especially reassured by his explanation.

"Maybe there's somebody who has been putting notions into your head that we're all slow up here in this town. But a man that meets as many smart traveling gents as I do in my line o' business hears what they're doing in fashionable circles. They're using these brass pans to decorate with—they're all the go."

"I have two up attic—grandmother's," she stated, but her forehead was wrinkled with doubt.

"Probably not as good as this one, but put 'em with it—plenty of ribbons on," he commanded with the assurance of an accredited interior decorator.

He laid the pan across the porch rail and returned to the buggy and brought the chair.

"And here's something else for you in the way of a antique—they're all the rage too. I'll admit I ain't up on the values of such things like she was when she was alive. But this was her favorite chair—and I want you to have it."

Mrs. Dawson winced.

"Some might hint that this was kind of a queer present, seeing that it was a favorite of Number One," Mr. Hite went on with added determination. "But I have been thinking the thing over the last few days and it settles down to this: Actions speak louder than words. I'm testing us both out. When I bring you a present like this—considering what this chair has meant in the case of Number One—you see the depth of my affection for you."

"I don't see it—not that way," protested the widow. "It isn't delicate. It would be like my giving you Mr. Dawson's watch."

"Well, why not? That would show that you was putting me first in your thoughts," declared the wooer. "I claim that we're keeping company." He began to exhibit increasing excitement. "But perhaps we have been too genteel about opening up our real thoughts to each other. My idea is to put everybody else out of our minds from now on—not having a look or word for anybody but ourselves in the way of attentions." He was staring hard at her. "So here's this chair—showing how I feel about you better'n any words could say it."

"I think I'd rather not have it," she faltered.

Mr. Hite ran to the buggy and came back with the box of candy in one hand and the bouquet in the other. Her attitude in regard to that chair, her unwillingness to meet him halfway in the matter of the Number Ones, suggested that the Widow Dawson was holding out on him in the point of affection in more ways than one.

"Now that we're on the subject of presents, you'll kindly listen to me for a minute, to avoid future misunderstandings. From this time on I'm going to tend to all the present making in your case."

Her flush indicated confusion. On the other hand her eyes sparkled in a way which indicated that the Widow Dawson had a temper to brace her natural self-reliance.

But Mr. Hite had been getting up steam for a long time. Now he was on his way and he paid no heed to the danger signals her cheeks displayed. The candy rattled savagely in the box when he shook it at her, and petals dropped from the bouquet. He broke in on her indignant retort:

"I have brought a general line of presents so as to hit your nature on all sides. There'll be more to come, as I find room for 'em when I drive up here. You can see that I mean business in the present-making line. You've got something fashionable to decorate with—that chair is for use. Here's sweetening—seeing that some folks seem to think you need to be sweetened—and if you have to be romanticked up here's your bokay. And there ain't no pomes to go with 'em. I'm giving you common sense instead of pomes!"

"Poems!" she repeated. She did show confusion then.

Mr. Hite beheld a bulldog's sour face between the balusters of the porch.

"It's easy enough to write portry and make 'fleas' rime with 'bees'," sneered the amazing suitor. "Probably he done it when he sent you them presents."

"What are you talking about?"

Mr. Hite was losing all control of himself. He delivered the bouquet and the candy by throwing them over the rail of the porch.

"You know well enough who I am talking about. I'm talking about that beef-and-cabbage advertisemunt that's rollicking and rambling and roving past here, tooting on that whistle to you so that folks fifteen miles away lay off from what they're doing and cock their ears and work their old jaws to the scandal and shame of both of us. He sent you that bulldog hoping that it would flare up and bite me. As for them Eye-talian bees and that honey-bunch stuff ——"

A bee had been attracted by the bouquet on the porch and did not show any liking for it. The insect started away in quest of something more promising. Any apiarist knows that an excited, angry, perspiring person is a sure target for a bee. Mr. Hite was shut off in his derogation of Italian bees by a jab that felt like a hot brad in the back of his neck.

"Do you realize what kind of language you have been using?" asked Mrs. Dawson a few minutes later when he turned and faced her.

"I'm ashamed of it," returned Mr. Hite with promptitude, and he added, "I thought I knew how to express myself better, seeing what I've been through whilst training green hosses all my life. But I'm losing my knack."

"Evander, you listen to me for a moment!" Mrs. Dawson behind the rail of her porch was coldly and calmly the mistress of that situation. "I have always gone on the principle of being fair and square in everything. I am not going to be hasty because you have made a fool of yourself in the matter of a mere insect or because you're making more of a fool of yourself in regard to silly suspicions you seem to entertain. Now wait! I'm talking business! As for this Mr. Twombley ——"

"There's a secret between you and him and you can't deny it!"

"There's a matter of business between Mr. Twombley and myself—nothing else, sir! He is a good-natured, friendly sort of a man."

"Hitching a cowbell onto his friendship, as you might say, by tooting that whistle!"

"The people in this town seem to misunderstand any kind of friendliness that's open and aboveboard—I'm sorry for them. I'll own up to you frankly, Evander, that I have given you cause to believe that your attentions to me have been agreeable. In the case of Mr. Twombley there's only the most matter-of-fact friendship—plain for all to see. Now, go on and conduct yourself like a sensible person!"

He dabbed his hand at the back of his neck.

"I can't be sensible whilst things are running on the way they are."

She continued to be serene.

"You're all stirred up and in no condition of mind to talk now. Go home and think it over."

"The thinking I'll do won't be helpful for either of us till I can stand in hearing and listen to you tell that fly-by-night hoptoad never to step foot on your premmises again."

"I shall not insult the gentleman by misconstruing mere friendship in that manner, sir."

At that point Mr. Hite's feelings burst forth with something like an explosion.

"I see how it's drifting and I'm going to fight for my rights."

"What do you mean—fight?" she demanded tartly.

He came close to the porch and put up a monitory finger. Those emotions that he had been suppressing came out into the open and galloped like wild horses.

"My name and standing and credit in this town is at stake, Nancy Dawson, seeing how it's generally considered that all is arranged between us. That makes it a hard-and-fast engagement, so far as the speech of the people goes—and I don't propose to be grinned at. Don't you dare to try to throw me over!"

"Your taste in courtship is about on a par with your idea of gifts," she retorted. "You shall not talk to me in that manner."

"Yes, I will! I know wimmen, and they don't have no respect for the one they can walk on. When I ask you to set that rambling rolling old bag o' pudding where he belongs you sneer at me. Do you want another Norton-Fogg case?"

Her face became pale. He had suggested an appalling prospect. That breach-of-promise case had dragged in court for a week, had furnished wild entertainment for the multitude, had sent Lucretia Fogg off into exile to escape ridicule and was an event that Cobbossee reckoned from just as the Arabs reckon from the Hegira.

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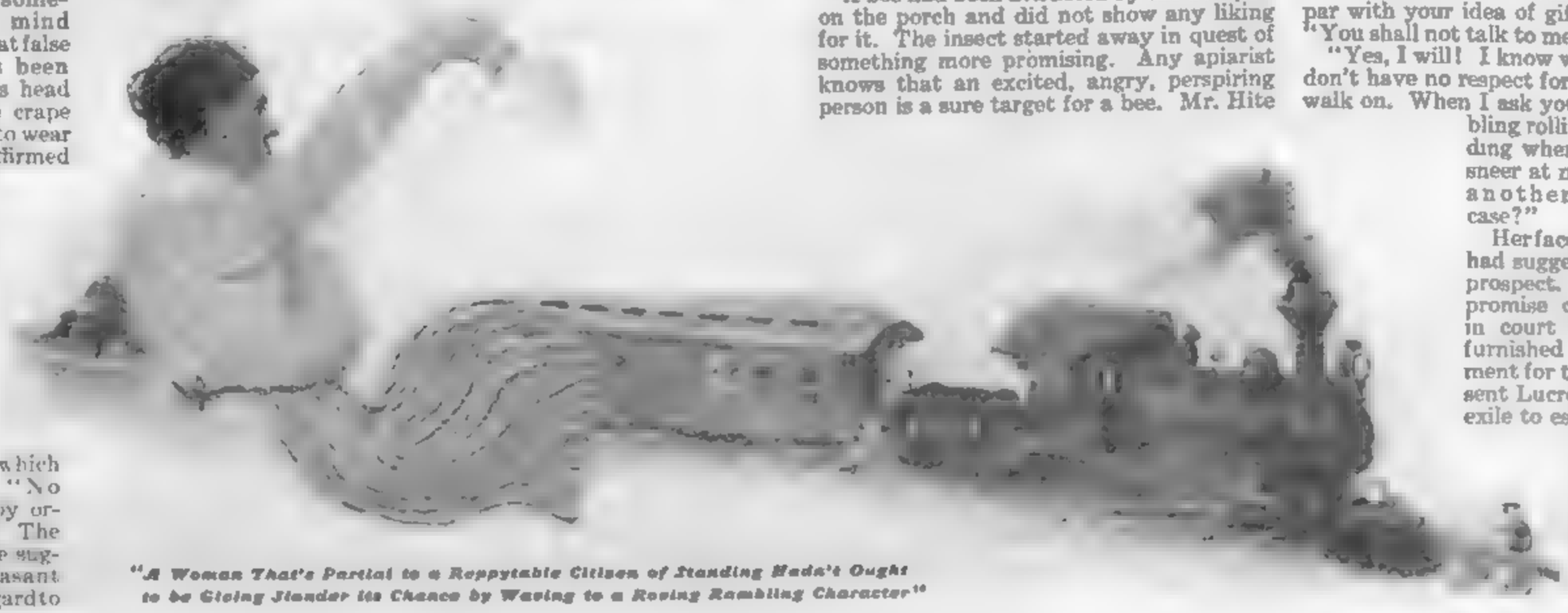

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Appetite
Digestion

CHEW IT
AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRAPPED IN
UNITED

Three
Flavors

(Continued from Page 134)

"Do you dare to threaten me in that fashion?"

"Yes'm, I do. That shows how desperate I am."

She walked up and down the porch, showing more agitation than he had ever seen before in the mien of Nancy Dawson. Then she went into the house and shut the door.

Mr. Hite stood in his tracks and fondled the swelling on the back of his neck and pondered. After about ten minutes of meditation, during which wrath cooled, second thought counseled him and memory suggested that Bill Norton did not come off any too well in that suit which he brought against the Widow Fogg, Mr. Hite went up and pulled the porcelain bell knob. He was obliged to ring again and again before Mrs. Dawson rewarded his persistency by flinging open the door.

"Nancy, I ought to have taken your advice about going away till my feelings got quieted down. I guess it was a regular case of blind staggers in my case."

"Well, go away now!" was her uncompromising suggestion.

"I'm willing to come back halfway in this thing. If I'm handled right I shan't go off and be desperate."

It was a warning. Mrs. Dawson's troubled expression indicated that certain considerations were having effect in her own case.

"We don't want to fly off in no tangent and make a lot of trouble for ourselves," suggested Mr. Hite. "I'm sorry that I spoke out—I'll say that."

"You must prove that you are sorry."

"Don't I look it?"

Mrs. Dawson indulged her feelings with a bit of sarcasm:

"You always look sorry—for something. I've never seen you look cheerful yet."

"I don't go round hiding cussedness under an everlasting haw-haw. Tell me how to prove that I'm sorry."

"Think up your own way of doing so. If you show enough earnestness you may be able to convince me."

"But won't you give off your orders?"

"Yes, I will. Go away at once and show me that you have wit enough to plan some way of making me know that you're really sorry."

She shut the door.

Mr. Hite reflected that he could obey the part of her orders relative to going away. He climbed into his buggy with quite a display of nimble haste. But while he drove down the road he admitted with despair that he could not think of any positive way of making her sure that he was sorry. His puzzled thoughts dwelt on that word.

Brother-in-law Jordan had walked his horses slowly up Zion's Hill. When he saw the suitor coming back the volunteer adviser swung his wagon across the middle of the road once more and Mr. Hite was compelled to halt.

"Who come off high line in the set-to?" inquired Mr. Jordan bluntly.

"None of your business!" barked Mr. Hite. "Pull out and let me past!"

Mr. Jordan dropped his reins and placidly gnawed off a mouthful of tobacco.

"If that's all the thanks a friend gets for posting you on what you needed to know it's only about what a friend might expect in snap-and-bark times like these and I ain't going to complain. And I s'pose you'll tell me that you don't need any advice."

"You're only looking for a chance to stick your nose into my private business."

"You were larruping away from me a little spell ago, all torched up. You're still too mad to be sensible. I can figger well enough that you were a blamed sight madder just now when you talked with Nancy Dawson. You hain't got no human notion of how to handle wimmen. Getting mad don't get you nowhere or nothing, Ev. Not in the case of a woman like her, who is independent and all for running her own business. That kind of a woman likes to run the man's business too. It's a good notion to let 'em think they're running it—not really let 'em run it, only think they're doing so." He crossed his legs and leaned back. "Now, Ev, let me be a friend in this. Did you get anywhere?"

Mr. Hite gulped back what he really wanted to say. He shook his head. A new mood—a melancholy one in which fears were mingled with suspicions—had seized upon him.

"She prob'ly told you to go off and cool down and then prove to her that you ain't the kind that'll try to make home happy with a club after marriage," probed Mr. Jordan, a neighbor who knew the style of the Widow Dawson very well and had guessed sagely as to what the shortness of the interview signified.

Mr. Hite's solemn eyes opened and he mutely showed respect for Jordan's newly revealed abilities as an analyst of woman.

"Some wimmen is clinging vines," pursued Expert Jordan, "and relish the clinging, whilst others want to stand up straight and be clung to. There's nothing that gets to that last kind like a man being in a peck of trouble and depending on 'em to be got out of it. I hain't got to tell you what the Widder Dawson's class is. She wouldn't marry an angel, because an angel hain't got no 'outs' for her to get busy with. Now I don't see what she ever took up with you for. I'm being frank with you like a real friend ought to be. She couldn't save you from licker, because you don't touch the stuff. She says prob'ly: 'I'll make Ev Hite see some rays of light in the encircling gloom, as the hymn has it, and glory in doing so.'"

Mr. Jordan pulled down the corners of his mouth, knotted his eyebrows and opened doleful eyes.

"If I should come home looking like this—like you do now—my woman would let out two whoops and a howl and send for the doctor whilst trying first-aid home remedies. But you can't look any more sorry, put on all the extra frills you can manage."

That was the problem with which Mr. Hite had been struggling on his way down the hill, but he had his own notions about proffers of help in this perfidious world.

"I don't propose to set here any longer and be made fun of."

However, the expert was insistent and brutally frank.

"It's come to where you've got to show the widder her duty—show her good and hard—or else she won't take note that anything special is the trouble with you more'n usual. You might go up and rave round in her dooryard and shoot yourself through the flap of your ear or leave a note with your coat and vest on the shore of Toosic Pond or ——".

Mr. Hite urged Suse into the ditch, whirled past the obstructing truck wagon on two wheels of the buggy and escaped.

But he promptly pulled the mare down to a walk and set his elbows on his knees and pondered.

That tongue of Jordan's had nearly driven him out of his wits, but in what Jordan had said there was an idea.

"Something has got to be done to show her," admitted the probationer, "and there ain't no time to be lost."

When he came to the gate with the No-Trespass sign he opened it and led the mare inside and hitched her behind some bushes. While he was busy at this chore he spied a crowbar driven into the ground. A length of clothesline trailed away on the turf from the bar to the frazzled end. Being well posted on the delinquencies of the members of his back-pasture herd he knew that Britchy Bess, an especially unruly cow, had broken the tether which confined her upon her lawful premises.

Just then, however, Mr. Hite's thoughts were wholly taken up by female fractiousness in another quarter. He cut the length of the clothesline from the bar, coiled the rope on his arm and started on foot by way of a lane to the Dawson farm. The slurs of Jordan still pricked.

"I don't give the old fool credit for having more'n half wit, and he didn't know what he was talking about. But a thinking man like I am can take even a crazy hint and make something sensible out of it in the way of a plan. I've got to be convincing."

In order to be convincing Mr. Hite halted behind the Dawson barn, recklessly dented in his hard hat and unbuttoned the front of his celluloid collar and allowed the ends to stick up like horns past his ears. This play-acting with the collar not only expressed great wildness of despair, according to Mr. Hite's thoughtful view, but incidentally the pressure on the swelling bee sting was relieved. Then he noosed the rope round his neck and took the slack in his hand. He trudged slowly to the porch with despondent slouch in his gait and arrived in the presence of Mrs. Dawson, who was placidly making stitches in a fabric stretched over a hoop. She viewed the skewed ensemble presented before her and leaped to her feet with an air of concern that pleased Mr. Hite very much. He decided that he was on the right tack.

"Mercy!" She ejaculated that word several times.

"Use your eyes! Look at me as I am and form your judgment," counseled Mr. Hite dolefully.

"Evander, I never liked the way that mare has acted. I have told you to be careful she didn't run away with you."

"That ain't it. I'd like to see the hoss that could run away with me!" said Mr. Hite, pricked in his professional pride. But he promptly smoothed the temper out of his tone and demeanor. "Use your eyes, why don't you?"

"Are you hurt?"

"I'm hurt more than words can tell."

He put his hand on his breast.

"Get up here and sit down just as quick as you can!" She turned away and shouted excitedly: "Hannah!"

"Condemn it, I don't want no hired girl mixed into this! This is private betwixt us two," countermanded the lover. "You told me to go away and get into another state of mind. I've done it. And it's a state of mind that scares me. I don't know how high it was that Haman was hung, because I haven't kept up on scripture as close as I ought to. But if I ain't soothed and comforted I'll be found in the top of the highest tree in this town and the blame will be placed where it belongs."

Hannah arrived at that moment, displaying a state of excitement that fitted the occasion. But it was at once plain that her mental upheaval was in no way concerned with the affairs of Mr. Hite. She did not even glance in the direction of that distressed gentleman.

"I have drove her off three times to-day, but now she has gone and done it, Mis' Dawson. It's awful—it's terrible!"

Here was fresh distress of so vivid a nature that it outclassed the solemn woe with which Mr. Hite had been bewildering the mistress of the mansion.

"For goodness' sake, what has happened?"

"Them blueberry pies—the pies you made and set out to cool on the but'ry winder ledge! She has et 'em—every soop, sliver and scrimptom of 'em!"

Mr. Hite was immediately and properly incensed. The widow had turned her back on him; she was plumping questions at the hired girl. A mere matter of contemptible blueberry pies, eaten somehow by some unknown, was killing a dramatic situation right at its climax.

"Look here, Nancy," he raged, "you're seeing me at the end of my rope, ready to die if you don't say the word to save me from myself, and you're letting that girl take up the time with her yap about blueberry pies. This is a crisis, I tell you!"

But the agitated Hannah was handling a crisis of her own. Suddenly she jabbed a denunciatory forefinger:

"And there she is!"

The head of a white-faced Hereford cow was projected round the corner of the house. That is to say, the face was white by natural coloring, but blue stains were smeared from muzzle to eyes, an indigo-blue tongue was blandly and contentedly thrusting from one nostril to the other, licking off the remnants of the feast. The bovine countenance expressed complete satisfaction over a good job well done. That expression was calculated to put extra fire into a housewife's natural exasperation.

"Evander Hite, it's that breachy cow of yours!" declared Mrs. Dawson, getting her voice after a gasp.

Mr. Hite had recognized his property. He dropped the end of the coiled rope on the ground.

"She has been pestering us nigh to death and I have told you about it before. She has rampaged in my garden and ——"

"I had her hitched up special," he protested.

"Does that look as if you had that old scoop-mouthed, splay-footed pest of a thief hitched up? She has eaten my pies!"

"I'm here on something more important than blueberry pies!"

She came to the porch rail and leaned over it, her face white with wrath.

"It's plain enough to me what you're here for—leading that old cow onto my premises with that rope!"

"This rope ——" He was flapping his hand against the noose on his neck.

But Mrs. Dawson was not in a reasoning mood. Her housewife's sensibilities had been wounded in a vital spot.

"The two of you—that cow and you—stand here convicting each other. Keep your tongue still! I went and picked those blueberries in the hot sun and frizzled myself over a blazing stove so as to get those pies ready for the Beulah Band's supper this evening. It's my promised share of the vittles and now I'm dished, dolloped and disgraced, because they're depending on me. And you go and deliberately lead that cow up here ——"

"What do you think I'm wearing this rope for?" His ire matched hers. "I'm going to climb a tree, I tell you!"

"If you've got that rope to pull the tree up after you—and will only do it—it'll be good reddance. But first, you use it to tow that old cow back onto your own land where you brought her from. I tell you to go and go quick!"

"I won't go till I'm understood!"

Setting her teeth hard the Widow Dawson, controlled wholly by blazing wrath that took into account nothing except this intolerable case of trespassing, picked up the brass warming pan from the floor of the porch.

"Hannah, you go and fill this with hot water. Evander Hite, if you are in front of my porch when she comes back I'll scald you from top to toe—and it's got a long handle to save me from getting too near to you."

That proposed enormity in the employment of a recent gift took away Mr. Hite's breath and a lot of his courage.

"And look at that old devouring locust of Egypt with horns—look at what she is doing now!" railed the widow with added passion. The rover was showing that the repast of blueberry pies had inclined her taste to other delicacies in the way of provender. She was nibbling off the blooming tops of Mrs. Dawson's flower bed.

"Hannah, bring my shotgun!" called the mistress.

Mr. Hite's thoughts were flaming, but he possessed the truly rural sense of duty in the matter of taking care of a vagrant cow. He removed the noose from his neck and after a short chase arrived at the depth of an anticlimax by noosing the cow.

"Mr. Hite, if you say one more word to me in my present state of mind I shall not answer for the consequences!"

He was cowed by her decisiveness. He walked away, tugging on the rope. The points of his collar stuck up in grotesque imitation of the horns of the animal that plodded at his heels. But he halted suddenly.

There was the clank of iron on iron and Bomazeen came into sight on the curve at the foot of the hill. Bomazeen began to phrase a series of dulcet "coo-coos" and "hoo-hoos."

First turning her gaze in the direction of Mr. Hite as if to make sure of his attention, Mrs. Dawson boldly waved that something which was stretched on the hoop.

"That old pyoodle of a Jordan claiming to me that he understands wimmen!" he growled. "The hell he does—or anybody else!"

That evening after supper Mr. Hite sat in the window of his stable office and studied the problem that his heart affairs presented.

He directed baleful gaze across at Mr. Boomer, who was smoking an after-supper pipe on the veranda of the tavern. The magnate of the Cobbossee and Quebec railway system was rocking on the hind legs of a chair, discussing various topics and waking the echoes with his laughter. Mr. Hite was keen on all details—in his critical mood. He noted that Mr. Boomer was dolled up in a new suit of clothes, and while Mr. Hite was eying the rig-out jealously a clerk went across from Barrow's Gents' Furnishing Emporium and handed to Mr. Boomer a freshly cleaned straw hat, which the owner set on his head with a jaunty uptilt. Then he rose, buttoned his coat and surveyed himself as he was reflected in a store window near the hotel porch.

"I don't see how a critter with a pod like he's got can bear to take a second look at his figger, much less act as if he was proud of it," averred the hostler, who was in Mr. Hite's class of slab-sidedness. "And if I was a woman," continued the hostler, averting his eyes from Mr. Hite's side glance of ireful inquiry, "I'd just as soon have Bull Rip foghorn in the parlor as him with that laugh of his."

"What parlor?"

"Any parlor."

It was evident that Mr. Boomer had been waiting for that hat. He started away, but was hailed by Druggist Thombs, who was having considerable trouble in cranking his road beetle and was in need of the

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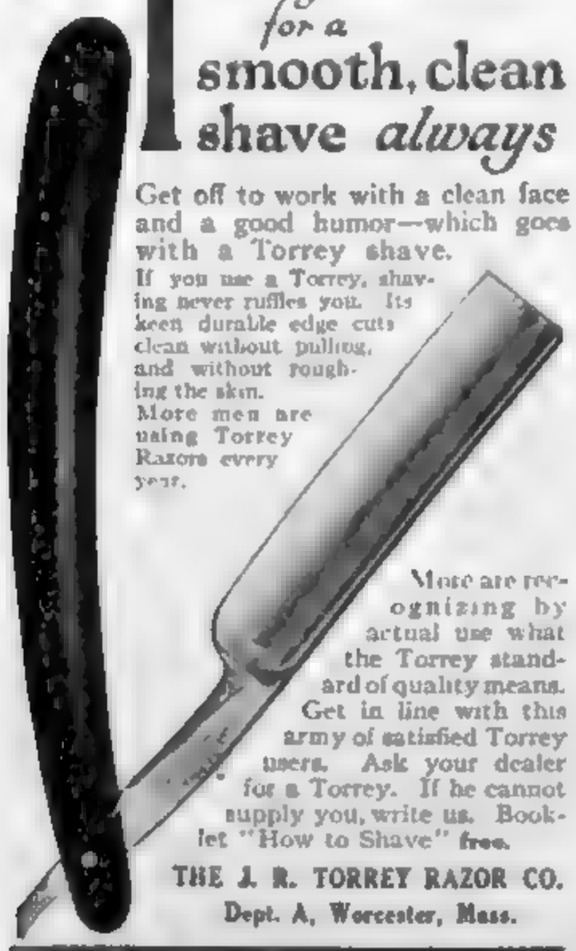

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advice that was undoubtedly concealed in the system of a regular engineer.

"Want a ride?" inquired Thombs.

"Thank you kindly, but I've got a flivver of my own that's nearer my size. Have to keep old Bomazeen limbered up," declared Mr. Boomer humorously—for all to hear. "She relishes the evening air."

"I've heard of ingines being used for 'most everything," said the Iago at Mr. Hite's elbow, "but it's crowding the mourners to use one to go courting with. And by the mourners I mean the stockholders in our railroad. He don't own that road no more'n I do!"

"He's only being tolerated and tolled on till we can do something sensible," returned Mr. Hite, gritting his teeth. "And it's getting time to do it."

"If he's let run loose much longer he'll be having the cheek to call a meeting and have money voted to build him an ingine hitching post at the foot of Zion's Hill," prodded the malicious hostler.

"That's about enough of that kind of talk!"

The hostler retired into the bowels of the stable. When he was at a safe distance he flung back his reply:

"You're sure right, gov'nor! Talk don't get ye nowhere in a thing like this is getting to be."

The derisive barks of Bomazeen began and died away in the distance.

Mr. Hite pulled his hat down over his buzzing head, picked up his yellow gloves and strode into the stable.

"You hitch Wobbly Will into the road cart. I'm going—well, it don't make a damblasted bit of difference where I'm going! And you keep your yawp still!"

He cocked his ear and demanded to know what the hostler was muttering, while that sullen serf buckled the harness.

"I ain't muttering. I'm singing."

"Singing what?" Mr. Hite had decided to start in with detraction at home and follow it up through the community.

"Ditty I heard from a drummer about a red light on the track for Boomer—I mean Boozer Brown. But it hain't got nothing to do with your private business," the hostler hastened to say.

"I haven't got no more private business left," snarled Mr. Hite. "Seeing that it has been strung out into general public business, with 'em singing songs about it! We'll proceed to find out if some loose ends of that business can't be snugged up."

He snapped his whip close to the hostler's ear and drove away.

When he passed the tavern veranda the gentlemen of the Cobbossee Amalgamated Order of Ball-Bearing Tongues, assembled in regular conference, bestowed on him a united grin that torched up resolution in Mr. Hite's case more effectively than three cheers would have availed in stirring a person of different temperament.

In his implacability he felt a strange thrill of exaltation too. This must be love, after all. Mr. Hite had heard about love and its moods and longings and extravagances and vagaries and jealousies and had never put stock in any such nonsense. He had paid court to Nancy Dawson in the approved, smug, taken-for-granted, two-calls-a-week fashion—and had never felt his heart flutter.

"I'm in love," Mr. Hite told himself while he urged on Wobbly Will. "I've been in love right along without waking up to how much I'm in love. It don't stand to reason that a woman of her caliber is going to take up with a met-by-chancer like he is, but if some slip-up somehow should give him his chance to grab onto that stand o' buildings and that farm, which by good rights just nat'rally belongs with my land at the foot of the hill, and then he should stand back and give me one of them jackass haw-haws of his I'd drop dead. I could never live in this town after it happened. And if being stirred up like I am right now, when I think of it, ain't love, then it's—but tumbelt it, it is love!"

He saw that Cascade Hall was all lighted up and he remembered what Mrs. Dawson had said about the supper of the Bemahs. Immediately his mind was easier. That's where she was—having a good time with the women.

Boomer had titivated himself up and had gone on a wild-goose chase if he intended to call on Mrs. Dawson.

Mr. Hite left his horse standing in the road and went to the door of Cascade Hall, his whip under his arm. With the confidence of the accredited suitor he purred the request that somebody would please ask Mrs. Dawson to step out for a minute. He was informed that Mrs. Dawson was not there; that she had sent down her hired man to say that she was not feeling well and had had some kind of a dreadful setback with her part of the supper treat—and the hired man had brought a freezer of ice cream from Gibbs' store.

Mr. Hite drove away from Cascade Hall. If that informing Beulah had hit him a smart tunk with a rolling-pin he would have felt happier and less dizzy. At home! A plot! Right then Mr. Hite would have given credence to almost any kind of calumny—even to a vindictive suggestion that his own Hereford cow had been a traitorous party to that plot somehow; at any rate the matter of those pies was mixed up in Mrs. Dawson's excuse.

He led Wobbly Will inside the gate that bore the no-trespass sign. The twilight was deepening and the shadows in the lane shielded Mr. Hite. Unashamed, he set about stalking his lady and her guest, for now jealousy was frankly asserting what destination the trigged-up Mr. Boomer had in mind.

And then jealousy was outvoiced by Mr. Boomer himself. There was no chance for guesswork when anybody came within half a mile of that gentleman. Mr. Boomer was with the Widow Dawson—her laughter was tinkling while his clanged.

Mr. Hite crept through the orchard shadows. He did not surprise a tête-à-tête on the porch. A lantern showed the two at a rock heap beyond the small-fruits patch.

Mr. Boomer was on top of the rock heap and the Widow Dawson was holding up the lantern and laughing while her guest posed in mock heroic attitudes. With palm held edgewise at his forehead he was "Aleck the great looking for more worlds to conquer," so he announced. With arms folded and the straw hat pulled somberly low he was "Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was also a great many notables according to his promulgation of identities—all the aforesaid notables, of course, looking extremely like Twombley Boomer until labeled by his word of mouth.

"I do like fun!" gasped the Widow Dawson.

"It's fun that makes the world go round," he agreed. "Some say it's love that does it—but fun has got to be mixed in with love."

When she heartily agreed with that dictum the concealed Mr. Hite gritted his teeth.

"And the next tableau will represent—I don't know exactly what it does represent, because I haven't had time as yet to go over into a graveyard that I can see from the cab window and find out, but it represents"—Mr. Boomer snuggled the straw hat into the hook of his elbow and struck a posture—"that old John Henry Somebody that has been set up to scare the robins and the chickadees of this town."

Mrs. Dawson did not laugh.

"Well, I guess it isn't very good manners to joke about a graveyard," said Mr. Boomer, accepting the silent rebuke. "Sometimes when I get to going it I don't know when to stop."

Mr. Hite by that time had a rock in each hand, though he despondently realized that he was too far away to hope to make a bull's-eye.

"I'll be tending to that matter I climbed up here to look into," stated the impersonator *in propria persona*.

"But be careful—please do," pleaded the widow with real solicitude. "It's awful stuff if it gets onto your hands."

"In your service, dear lady, I ain't afraid to tackle raging lions, much less this stuff—if it's what I think it is." He got down on his knees and pawed into a growth that masked the rocks. "And I find it is that stuff—it's poison ivy."

"Don't touch it any more!"

He backed slowly down the rocks and joined her.

"I don't say those bees will make salads out of that ivy if it's too handy by, or use the leaves for petticoats, but we'd better be on the safe side and move the hive into the orchard—and I hope you won't think that I have just made an excuse of the thing to come up here this evening," he said, plainly fearing that the widow might have apiarian knowledge that would discount his zeal. "Just as well be on the safe side," he insisted.

"You nigh take my breath away—you are so kind and obliging."

"As I have said to you before, I hope you don't think it was cheeky in me to give you the bees—or the dog. But the first time I looked up here and saw what a fine place you had I said to myself that I'd like to add a little something. It's my nature to be neighborly—can't help it. Never have had a home of my own to tend out on and so I have to indulge my feelings by doing neighborly kindnesses to those who have a home."

Mr. Hite, hearing this, was an infuriated skeptic. There was no such sort of disinterestedness in the world, and he muttered profane remarks to that effect and wondered what the matter was with the Widow Dawson's intellect. She was thanking Mr. Boomer demurely and saying that she understood the neighborly feeling exactly, because that was the way she tried to get along with folks.

She went ahead with the lantern and Mr. Boomer followed with the hive, carrying it, stand and all. They passed close to Mr. Hite and he put his hand on his swollen neck with the air of one who was not entirely sure whether bees of the Italian variety did or did not send out night skirmishers. However, another of Mr. Boomer's gifts was serving on the night shift. The bulldog pranced up to Mr. Hite and sniffed at the calf of his leg and growled. Mr. Hite growled back, expressing the venom of his emotions with such ferocity that the dog recognized his own language of threat and was intimidated. He ran away and sought safety in the circle of the lantern's radiance.

On account of the danger of alarm by the dog Mr. Hite did not follow immediately when the party returned to the house. Finally he ventured on a tour of inspection, spurred by Mr. Boomer's very audible reiteration of what a good time he was having. There was also the tinkle of ice against glass.

Mr. Hite from his post behind some lilac bushes saw Mr. Boomer sitting on the porch in the Sheraton chair. He was sipping from a tumbler of raspberry shrub and was trying to make friends with Mrs. Dawson's big cat. The cat was not reciprocating and would not budge from its perch on the rail.

"I want the entire family to like me," confessed Mr. Boomer when his overtures to "nice kitty" had got him nothing except a cold stare. "You say the cat isn't afraid of the dog?"

"Oh, no! They play together."

"Then that isn't why she stays up there on the rail, eh? My sakes! I'm afraid I'm in wrong. Come, kitty!"

The cat jumped down to the ground and strolled off across the yard.

"She seems to have it in for me all right. A case of a nose out of joint because I introduced another pet into the family. Well, I'll be very nice to her just the same—patience wins out, and being nice to the sex counts in the long run."

The cat walked behind the lilac bushes and rubbed against Mr. Hite's familiar leg.

"I know what you'd say to me if you could talk," he muttered. "You see into his character just the same as I do. There ain't no shrewder animal than a cat is. There sits a woman who is being gulled by gabble. You know it and I know it. And the longer he sits on that piazzy—if he's allowed to stay here in this town, if he stays here, if his business keeps him here ——"

Mr. Hite's mutterings were cautiously subdued, they kept growing fainter and then they died into silence. He was pondering. His address to the cat had set his mind upon a special line of procedure in the solving of the problem that confronted him.

The immediate and pressing idea was to get that man off the widow's porch—away from her—at once. Boomer's complacency, sitting there in that Sheraton chair, sipping raspberry shrub and beaming on a hostess who seemed to be enjoying the situation, made Mr. Hite feel as if a whole hive of Italian bees had been emptied into his soul.

He slunk away from the lilac bushes, made a detour to avoid all risk of observation from the porch and started down Zion's Hill. An emergency scheme had budded—now it burst into fuller bloom. In the way of fruit it promised everything. Mr. Hite spanked his fist down into his palm and thereby clinched his determination to go the limit. He steeled himself by reflecting on Cobbossee's grins, Boomer's airs, the Widow Dawson's folly and fickleness.

When he arrived at the railroad track he addressed a few words to Bomazeen, curling his lip and shaking his fist.

(Continued on Page 140)

Wadsworth Cases

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Factories: Dayton, Ky.

(Continued from Page 138)

"About all you have ever done for this town, you snorting whelp, is to saddle stockholders with debts and knock me out of the good business I had hauling sample trunks and drummers from the Junction and back. Public spirit and good o' the town, hey? Well, let 'em grin after this—if they feel like it! Let your old fat wallopus hoof it! It'll give him something else to laugh at—maybe! As for you"—Mr. Hite had climbed into the cab—"you have kyoodled your last haw-haw for me and your last coo-coo for her!"

Mr. Hite was no expert as an engineer. But he pulled off the yellow gloves and went to work. He knew that a hot blaze would make steam and that an open throttle would allow the steam to make the wheels go round. He raked open the top of the banked coal in the fire box, unscrewed the caps of cans and poured in all the oil he could find, waited till the gauge needle promised action and then released the brake and yanked open the throttle.

He jumped off and let Bomazeen go it!

Where Bomazeen would fetch up was a secondary consideration, so far as Mr. Hite was concerned.

As a matter of fact, he did not devote any thought to that question until he was hidden in a gully near the track. He had been wholly absorbed in pondering on affairs more closely related to his personal peace of mind.

A little flare of momentary worry when the yappings of Bomazeen's exhaust were dying away in the distance was promptly extinguished by the flood of pure joy that poured over Mr. Hite's soul when he saw Mr. Boomer come pounding down Zion's Hill under the light of the stars and begin a stern chase, hat in hand and coat on his arm.

"Leg it, you old Percheron!" counseled Mr. Hite in a whisper. "You've had your mind took off'n one subject at any rate. And I guess it ain't much of a mind, seeing that you're setting out afoot to catch a railroad engine."

He climbed out of the gully and started off in the direction of his pasture.

"I ain't going to think about it. I ain't going to worry. Let other folks tend to their own troubles. This is the first thing I have found to take relish in for a good while and I ain't going to spoil the taste of it."

Mr. Hite chewed gustfully on that revenge on his way back to the village and until he went to sleep. He ruminated in the morning, but the piquant flavor was missing. He was afflicted with a melancholy disposition that naturally harbored forebodings. After breakfast he gazed out of his stable office window on the first stirrings of morning life in Cobbossee and wondered what sort of a devil had got into him when the night shielded and rage prompted and opportunity offered.

He did not exult when he saw Mr. Boomer arrive at the tavern, his bulk filling up the rear seat and sagging down the springs of a beach wagon in which a farmer served as charioteer. Mr. Boomer's laugh was stilled, his jowls sagged, he crawled down out of the wagon with grunts of pain and hobbled into the tavern, his collar and necktie in one hand and his new coat dragging listlessly from the other.

The farmer drove into the livery stable and told the hostler, so Mr. Hite's sharply cocked ear gathered, to "bait the critter and don't take off the harness. Orders is to be ready to start off again."

The hostler promptly began to ask questions, but the farmer turned his back on the subaltern and sauntered into headquarters. He picked up a bit of wood on the way and whittled and made casual inquiries about what Mr. Hite had for horse-kind and whether that gentleman would consider taking "shift." The farmer explained that the heft of the season's work was over and he thought he might like to trade into something a little trappier with which to visit the fall fairs.

Mr. Hite, avid for news, hoping to get information by shutting off that line of talk, stated curtly that he had nothing for swap stock on hand.

Then the farmer started a series of questions about other horse prospects in town, seeking advice from an expert.

Mr. Hite was obliged to control an impulse to grab this news container and tip him upside down and rattle out of him the knowledge he naturally must hold, considering that he had brought Boomer back to town.

"Ain't you taking no more interest in hosses?" demanded the farmer at last, realizing that this man of the wandering gaze and snappy retorts was not listening.

"No! Teaming business is too slack since they've been running an extra train to the Junction every time a drummer sticks up a finger."

But that provocative opening for comment on the most recent developments in the affairs of the C. & Q. R. R. produced no reaction. The farmer yawned.

"I d'know but I'll take a little nap on your l'unge there whilst I'm waiting for orders. I was routed out early this morning."

He sprawled on the couch where the hostler was accustomed to wait for belated buggy riders.

"What's the special news down the line?" faltered Mr. Hite.

"Nothing. It's a dead time o' year—August is."

"Didn't I see Boomer getting out of your wagon?" Mr. Hite had arrived at the limit of endurance.

"Ye-ap!" The farmer yawned again. He closed his eyes.

"How comes it he's riding round in a wagon instead of on that engine he's so much in love with?"

The farmer pulled one hand from under his head and tapped his forefinger on his brow. He winked.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Hite, his impatience heating up his tone more than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Oh, I forgot that he's a gent you've been booming up as a good town asset. I ain't saying anything against him. But it's what happens to a lot of folks when they get too much bound up in a thing."

"What happens?"

"They go daffy!" Mr. Hite's wild stare demanded so much that the farmer raised himself on his elbow and displayed more interest. "Now that I'm reminded how as you're considerably took up with him I'll tell you. He came into my yard about sunup and got me to the door and said he had mislaid his ingine."

"What kind of talk is that?" stammered the inquisitor.

"I don't know as he said it just that way, but that was the gist of it. Anyway, a man who comes round with his eyes sticking out and claims that he has lost a whole ingine round the neighborhood somewheres, and is lugging a lighted lantern that he borrowed and hasn't noticed that it has come daylight and says he has walked twice over the railroad, hunting all nooks and corners and is so plumb beat out that he can't walk a step farther and is willing to pay a dollar an hour to ride and keep hunting—well, he needs to be humored, whatever it may be is the matter with him. So I'm humoring him and asking no foolish questions. With me orders is orders at a dollar an hour. On the other hand, maybe he ain't crazy." Once more the farmer winked at Mr. Hite. "Judging from his looks he ain't up this way for his health, and if he ain't crazy then he's a wise one."

"An engine couldn't get lost," mumbled Mr. Hite.

"I ain't figgering whether it can or not—not when I'm paid a dollar an hour, no questions asked. I'll say this: Him and me has been in my hitch everywhere we could go with a wagon. Then we took the hand car and went from one end of the line to t'other, and that ingine ain't in the ditch and it didn't hit the bumper at the end of the road and it ain't in the roundhouse and it ain't in the top of any tree, and whilst I think he's crazy if he's sure he lost it, on t'other hand the public has got to stand by and expect almost any kind of skindinkulum in these times when it's a case of handling railroads. As far as I'm concerned, orders is orders and my time and pay is going on."

The farmer laced his fingers under his head, cocked one leg over the other and went to sleep in a jiffy.

And in a jiffy he was awake again.

Landlord Twiss appeared on the tavern veranda and began to beat on his meal gong with all his might and main. It was not the breakfast call—he had announced breakfast by his usual tattoo a long time before. When Mr. Twiss started down the middle of the street, pounding the gong and bellowing "Oh, yea!" Mr. Hite's first startled idea was that the landlord had lost his mind. The farmer offered an opinion to that effect, seeming to entertain pessimistic ideas as to sanity in Cobbossee on that day.

But Mr. Twiss halted in the square, kept up his din until he had collected a crowd and explained to the listeners that Twombly Boomer requested all stock holders of the C. & Q. and citizens in general to listen to some remarks that would be made from the hotel porch.

"I'm passing the word as an accommodation for him, hoping for a good attendance, one and all. Come as soon as you can." He led the parade back up the street, beating time.

Mr. Boomer, when he stepped out on the porch, had put off his finery, was back in his overalls and had an air of being down to business in earnest.

He twitched the sleeves of his jumper as a magician does when he assures his audience that he will perform without the use of cuffs. It may be that Mr. Boomer wished to impress upon his auditors that he was concealing none of his usual humor up his sleeve.

"Gents in general, what I'm going to tell you wasn't due to be spilled just yet. But seeing that the most of the business has been tended to as was planned and only a few tags to be tied up and nothing will be hurt by coming out with the facts I'll say that what is meant by all the land buying that has been going on round Bomazeen Falls up yonder is that The Consolidated Paper & Pulp Co. is proposing to develop the power and build a big mill and will take over this railroad and extend it up to the Falls by the old charter. It wasn't anything that would stand brass-band tactics and that's the reason why the railroad part of the plan has been soft-pedaled along, as you might say."

"That's the way the big schemers always operate when they grab—muffle their feet and tiptoe in and sneak away before anybody wakes up," complained somebody in the crowd.

Mr. Boomer pulled his cap down over one eye and wagged a forefinger in the direction of the detractor.

"I take it that the gent is a stockholder in the C. & Q."

"Yessir, I am! And I ——"

"Don't holler till you're stung! My crowd is too big a concern to start in by cheating folks where the plan is to settle and develop. That ain't a good business idea. I'm only one of their understrappers. I'm an honest working man who has been sent here to do what I was told to do, and I'm for the plain folks, like I have found here in this town—and good folks, the most of 'em are. I know this much about the big plans—that it's square business to play a shrewd game with rival operators and to bluff off the speculators who try for a holdup. And that's enough on that point. On this other point—about giving out the news—I can say I telegraphed to headquarters this morning, asking for permission to spring the thing—and I got that permission. And I can say that my folks propose to back the bonds of this road and buy all the common stock at par, figuring that the good will of the town is needed, along with a ready-made charter that will hold off the stick-up chaps."

"Well, that sounds good," admitted one of the throng.

Landlord Twiss banged the gong.

"I propose ——"

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Boomer. "I ain't in any frame of mind to listen to three cheers right now. I can't ever use your three cheers in my business—and my bosses can't hear 'em in New York. I've told you what my folks are ready to do. Now let me tell you what some dod-hammered son of a hump-backed Hosea amongst your folks has done! He has stolen Bomazeen!"

Mr. Boomer's listeners grinned tolerantly. He seemed to be getting back into that humorous mood which was more natural in his case.

"What's the joke?" inquired a stockholder. "Give us the rest of it. We're feeling like laughing to-day."

"You'd best not do any laughing right now where I can see you and hear you—the way I'm feeling," returned Mr. Boomer with a savageness that astonished them. "I haven't had a wink of sleep all night. I have been up and down the line every way except in a flying machine—and, I tell you, that locomotive is gone! Now you'll kindly sidetrack snickers and give that fact the right o' way."

They were impressed by the temper he was showing.

"Where did you leave it laying round, as you might say?" asked another stockholder.

From all parts of the crowd popped questions—where did he see it last, what time did he miss it, where was he when it was stolen, whom did he suspect.

He pulled off his cap, crumpled it in his hand and shook his fist and irefully bawled them into silence.

"I ain't here as chairman of an old maids' quilting bee! I've called you together to get action. The charter calls for trains to be run over this road and the mails carried. I'm only an engineer and I ain't a lawyer and I haven't got time to hunt up the law about that charter. All I know is that the charter calls for trains to be run, or else some kind of a land-pirate game can be played here and will grease the rails on the whole proposition. Is anybody at this point calling for a joke or wanting to laugh?"

His flaming gaze assured him that nobody was hankering for humor.

"We have got to get busy and find two things—that locomotive and the ham-skivered Jethro who has stole it! And the whole of you ain't too many! This town has got a job cut out for it and you'd better go to it!"

He marched off the veranda and stood in the middle of the street and gave the impression of a man who was fervidly eager to go somewhere but could not make up his mind which way to go. His indecision held the citizens of Cobbossee in their tracks.

"It's what has come from his ranting and roving round all times o' day and night, up and down the line, till he didn't know where he was half the time," confided a stockholder to a neighbor.

"Have you telegraphed to headquarters how you have lost your engine?" a venturesome citizen asked Mr. Boomer.

Mr. Boomer's tone and manner in a hot retort that it was nobody's business was confession aplenty that he was prudently holding back on that subject.

He trudged across the street to the livery stable, having seen the farmer standing in the door.

"All aboard!" commanded the employer, and climbed into the beach wagon, squatting the rear springs nearly to the axle. While he waited for the farmer to buckle the headstall on the horse he exchanged stares with Mr. Hite, whose thin form sliced the sunlight that streamed through the stable office door. The stares were mutually unamiable and continued for some moments.

"Anything on your mind?" demanded Mr. Boomer sharply.

Mr. Hite stated that there was not, trying to hide a guilty conscience behind acerbity.

"Well, there ought to be if you've got any public spirit in a time like this. Ain't you going to hitch up and do your trick hunting for that locomotive? Ain't you a stockholder?"

"I ain't fool enough to invest money in a railroad that was started to hurt my business."

"It's too bad you're not more interested in hunting. There are some culverts so small that they could use a knitting needle like you to good advantage."

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

"Yes," declared Mr. Boomer with alacrity. "But I can't tend to it right now in good shape. Being pressed for time, I'll simply say that I don't like you! A special reason is I don't like your looks, I don't like what you have been saying behind my back and there are probably a lot of other reasons that will occur to me later. Now, farmer, drive on—by way of the Candyhook road. I remember now about that pipe I mislaid."

"If your mind was on your business the way it ought to be you'd probably remember where you mislaid that engine," sneered Mr. Hite.

"I'm going right where I can put my hands on the pipe—we'll see about the engine later."

Mr. Boomer showed more cheerfulness and waved a derisive farewell when he was hauled away.

Mr. Hite pulled down from a hook his linen duster and told the hostler to hitch up Suse—and hurry about it. After the duster was on the boss searched his pockets, spatted himself on breast and hips, looked on the floor and on his desk and in other ways indicated that he was hunting for something. But when he noted that the mare was harnessed he abandoned the search, jumped into the buggy and drove away. He raced past the Boomer conveyance on the slope of Zion's Hill.

(Concluded on Page 143)

HAVE you, like others, made "The Great Discovery" that lighting has *more* to do with the appearance and comfort of your home than the rugs, the draperies and the furniture?

Many home makers have learned that good lighting not only saves eyesight but has a distinct decorative use as well. If you want to freshen up your home for the Fall and Winter, and do it economically, change your lighting first and *then* see if anything else is needed.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
25 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

THE new tipless *white* MAZDA lamp—when tried in one socket—has a way of getting into all the other sockets in the house. The lamp is better looking, and its softly diffused light is pleasant to the eye. *It touches with beauty every object it falls upon!*

NATIONAL MAZDA

EACH of the labels below represents a Division of the National Lamp Works equipped to give a complete lighting service.

$500.00 in Prizes

Write a Cracker Jack Jingle

"The More You Eat
The More You Want"

Boys and Girls of America—Try Your Skill At Writing Rhymes That Will Make Folks Hungry For

Cracker Jack

America's Famous Food Confection

You have surely eaten **Cracker Jack.** It is the ***original*** popcorn confection, the favorite of two generations. Made of fresh popcorn, roasted peanuts and delicious molasses candy, it is both a food and a satisfying confection!

Christmas Prize Money

The **Cracker Jack** boy is a jolly fellow and **Cracker Jack** is a jolly subject to write about. Read the two jingles printed on this page. That will give you an idea of what we want—catchy rhymes that tell a story about how good **Cracker Jack** really is.

Make your jingles brief—none more than four lines in length. Twenty-six worth-while cash prizes will be given, as follows:

For the best jingle - -	$200
Second prize - - - -	100
Third prize - - - -	50
Fourth prize - - - -	25
Fifth prize - - - -	15
Sixth prize - - - -	10
Next twenty prizes - -	5

The contest will close Saturday, November 29, 1919, and prizes will be sent to reach the winners before Christmas.

Points to Remember

There are no hard and fast rules to be observed in this Jingle Writing Contest. You don't have to be an experienced writer. Just express yourself in a natural way. As in everything else worth while, the boy or girl who puts thought in this work stands the best chance of producing a prize-winning jingle.

Bear these points in mind:

1. The contest is open to every boy and girl in America, 18 years of age or under.
2. Write only on one side of the paper with your name and complete address at the bottom.
3. Replies received after 5 p. m. on November 29, 1919, will not be considered.
4. The three judges of the contest will be: Mae Tinee, Moving Picture Editor, Chicago Tribune; Miss Ernestine Pearce, Jingle Writer, Chicago; Mr. E. A. Wegner, Sec'y, Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein.
5. Every contestant, whether a prize-winner or not, will receive a copy of the famous Cracker Jack Riddle Book.

Address all jingles to the

Contest Department
RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN
Peoria and Harrison Sts. Chicago, Illinois

From Popcorn fields of waving green
The popcorn comes to our popping machine,
From there it emerges in snowy perfection,
And is made into CRACKER JACK, the Famous Confection.

There's one confection pleases all,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small;
The young, the old, the white, the black,
All find good cheer in CRACKER JACK.

The Wax-Sealed Package—Which We Originated—Keeps Contents Crisp and Wholesome.

(Concluded from Page 140)

He found Mrs. Dawson in her flower garden.

"I have come up here to give you a piece of news about that fly-by-night who has run to wreck and ruin that railroad property you're so much interested in. He has gone to work and lost his engine."

"You're a bit late with the news, Evander. I sent the hired man down to the village early to find out for me. But it is not Mr. Boomer's fault that Bomazeen is missing."

"How do you know it isn't?"

"Because Mr. Boomer was sitting on my porch making a neighborly call when the engine started puffing away."

"Are you backing him up?"

"Judging from the rest of the news my hired man brought me from the village, Mr. Boomer is very well backed without my help."

"I know now what he told you on the sly that day when the Cobbossee & Quebec was sold," affirmed Mr. Hite. "And it has been a plot and a frame-up on innocent parties all the way through."

She marched close and faced him.

"You take a good look at me," she commanded, remembering Mr. Boomer's manner on the occasion that had been mentioned. "Do I look honest?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Hite, struggling with his own sense of guilt.

"I'll tell you that Mr. Boomer has never mentioned to me any of the facts he has given out this morning—and that's all I intend to tell you."

She went up and sat on her porch and he followed her there and posted himself in the Sheraton chair.

"I don't care to entertain callers this morning, sir."

"Seeing that I'm setting on my own chair, I ain't trespassing quite so much as I might be—and considering how you got wrought up over a trespassing case yesterday, I'll say that I stand ready to pay all bills of that cow's contracting. But that's another matter. I serve notice on you that I'm here looking out for my interests and I propose to hang round."

"Yesterday I told you to go away and ——"

"Yes, that was yesterday—and I went," stated Mr. Hite, ominously calm.

"To-day I tell you to go away and stay away!"

"To-day is to-day—and I won't do it!"

"I'll compel you to do so!"

He leaned back in the chair and crossed his legs.

"Looks like the first chapter of a Norton-Fogg story Number Two. Go ahead!"

Once more her pallor signaled the terror that such a threat stirred in Mrs. Dawson. She twisted her fingers together and stared out into vacancy and the dreadful panorama of those scenes in court was unrolled before her. She had been a witness in the case and her ears now echoed the sneering queries of the lawyers and the tumultuous laughter of the listeners—mirth that the sheriff's gavel could not subdue.

Mr. Hite kept still, fully aware that her memories were more effective than any of his words.

When Mr. Boomer was hauled into the yard and viewed the tableau he displayed no jealousy when he saw Mr. Hite on the porch. On the contrary, Mr. Boomer beamed blandly, passed the time o' day and inquired if Mrs. Dawson had seen his pipe that he had left on the porch rail.

"I—I took it inside," she said, having much difficulty in recovering from something that closely resembled a trance in which fright predominated. "I'll get it for you." She went into the house.

The particularly ugly scowl with which Mr. Hite then favored the caller was inspired by the thought that the Sheraton chair had been left to itself overnight on the porch—and Boomer's pipe had been given sanctuary.

Mr. Boomer remained in the wagon, whose front tilted up still more when the farmer obeyed orders and descended to receive the pipe.

"Chickens always come home to roost," observed Boomer amiably.

"I'm getting ready to start a few suits in this town—and I'd just as soon add on a suit against you for slander," shouted Mr. Hite, perceiving sly accusation in Boomer's remark.

"I'm not referring to you," apologized the other, preserving his wide smile. "You're no chicken. But that thought just came to me, and I'm pressed for time and I reckoned you might be willing to take a peek into Mrs. Dawson's hen pen and see whether Bomazeen didn't come up here last night and crawl in there after she got tired waiting down at the foot of the hill. Just a thought, that's all, figgering that if you're going to hang round here ——"

"I shall hang round here!"

"If you ain't willing to leave the porch and take a peek, keep your ear out. If you hear her saying 'coo-coo!' anywhere round the premises coax her up to you and trot her on your knee till I get back. I'll be back." He put much significance into that promise.

Mrs. Dawson did not send the pipe by the farmer—she carried it to the wagon and gave it into the hands of Mr. Boomer and he took off his cap and thanked her. He pulled out a pouch and began to stuff tobacco into the pipe bowl.

"I saw your hired man in the crowd when I was making my little speech and I don't have to repeat, I reckon!"

"It's wonderful news, sir."

But she did not display the joy that he was looking for in all C. & Q. stockholders that morning. He wrinkled his forehead and glanced from her plain distress to the uncompromising visage of Mr. Hite.

"I hope you ain't specially worried about that engine that has gone to playing hide and coop, Mrs. Dawson. I'll run a regular train over this road to-day, even if I have to gear Thombs' old Lazy Lulu on top of the C. &. Q. hand car."

"I'm not worrying about the railroad."

He put the match to his pipe.

"Don't worry about anything"—puff, puff—he counseled while he puffed. "I'll be back! Lick up old Dollar-an-Hour, farmer!"

The farmer did not obey immediately. He was watching the approach of a man on horseback who was waving his arms and who began to shout when he was some distance away.

"They said I was li'ble to find you here," declared the messenger in a tone that carried as far as Bomazeen's whistle toots had previously winged in a declaration of the Boomer interest in the Dawson premises. "I guess they've found her!"

"You guess!" snapped back the general manager of the C. & Q.

"Well, she's in a funny place—if she's there. The crowd down our way that you routed out at sunup has been out hunting—and they cal'late she's there. They ain't going to disturb the remains, as you might say, till you get there."

"It sounds like being called to a coroner's inquest," Mr. Boomer said to the agitated widow, "but don't worry. I'll be back."

He rode out of the yard with pipe smoke streaming behind in a fair imitation of Bomazeen's best efforts on an upgrade.

"And I'll be right here when he gets back," Mr. Hite informed Mrs. Dawson when the lady walked across the porch on her way to the seclusion of her domicile. He blinked when she banged the door, but he settled himself in the Sheraton chair and was unmistakably determined to stick it out.

A few hours later Mrs. Dawson emerged from her house, hurrying. But it was not on account of any interest in Mr. Hite.

Far away a mellow "coo-coo!" was sounding. She went and stood in the middle of her yard so that no vines or porch pilasters could interfere with her hearing. There was no doubt about it—Bomazeen was coming! It puffed into view round the curve and stopped at the foot of Zion's Hill and indulged in an orgy of that harsh whistle laughter that had beforetime raked the nerves of Mr. Hite. Fully as odious was Mr. Boomer's laughter when he came hustling over the brow of the hill. The general-everything of the Cobbossee and Quebec was not hiding his hilarity or making any secret of his news.

"What do you think?" he panted. "She must have been dancing all so free and gay when she went down that Watch Hill grade. Jumped the switch of the old spur, run the length of that track and dove head first into the wall of the pit where they used to get out ballast gravel. That's all!"

"But how ——" gasped the Widow Dawson.

"Just a minute!" He stood in front of her and got his breath. "Being pretty much of a stranger in these parts, I don't know when the scenery has been shifted, you understand. I'd never have located her in a dog's age. The side of that gravel pit had been washed out and when she butted into the hole a big flap of turf with grass and bushes dropped behind her. I had looked into that gravel pit four times. It needed a native to know that the landscape had been transmogrified. Plenty of shovels, willing hands, a tackle and falls and all the oxen in the neighborhood—and there she is without a dent, chipper and gay and pleasant to be thrown amongst. The afternoon mail will go on schedule time."

He stepped back from Mrs. Dawson and put his hands on his hips. He did not lower his voice—in fact he made sure that Mr. Hite was listening.

"And tending on that mail makes me skimped on time for talking. But, my dear lady, I've got an eye for thinga—how they stand. The first time we met we got along splendid by not wasting words. Will you kindly look at me?"

She did look—timorously.

"It worked fine once! I'm going to try it again! Will you marry me?"

Mr. Hite leaped over the rail of the porch and started toward them, cracking his fists together.

"Pay no attention to him!" adjured Mr. Boomer.

"But I must."

Her demeanor and tone expressed much fright and anguish. The wooer perceived that this affair was not the simple matter he had hoped it would be.

"Have you promised to marry him?"

"You renegade imitation of old Mount Pisgy, of course she has!" clamored Mr. Hite, walking round the "mountain" at a safe distance.

"Hite, I wouldn't take your word on whether this is to-day or next Sunday! Mrs. Dawson, what say?"

"I have given him no promise."

"Then how about marrying me?"

"I cannot—not as things stand," she wailed. Mr. Boomer was taken aback for a moment.

"If she throws me over," declared Mr. Hite, "there'll be a breach-of-promise suit that will put the Norton-Fogg case so far ——"

"Say no more!" bellowed Mr. Boomer. His face cleared. "So that's it! I have heard the full story of that thing, along with the rest of the scandal in this town. Well, I never was intending to mix up private business with the railroad situation so much. I didn't have the notion to rub it in in your case, Hite. I'm no hand to go after revenge. Quiet and smooth, that's my motto, but ——"

Mr. Boomer slapped his hand on his hip pocket. Mr. Hite leaped away. The rival's quick movement signified the menace of gun play.

"But," pursued Mr. Boomer, tugging out the yellow gauntlet gloves, "here's 'Exhibit A,' as the lawyers say—and they all saw me pick 'em up from the floor of the engine cab, and it rests with you whether I'll claim 'em for mine or show the stockholders your name indelibled on the lining. They'll have a merry time with you, Hite, them stockholders will, on a day like this! Now this goes—and you look close at me when I say it—you be in the village attending to your business when I get there or ——" he patted the gloves significantly and stuck them back into his pocket. "I'm racing a steam engine against your hoss, I'll admit, but I've got to foot it down the hill and that ought to be handicap enough for a sporting proposition."

Conscience whipped and conviction goaded Mr. Hite. The conviction assured his natural forebodings that ebullition of feelings in Cobbossee citizens on such a gala day would not stop short of tar and feathers. He went away.

"Well," declared Mr. Boomer with an assurance that the flustered widow did not rebuke, "seeing that he has got the mitten from you, he won't be needing the gloves."

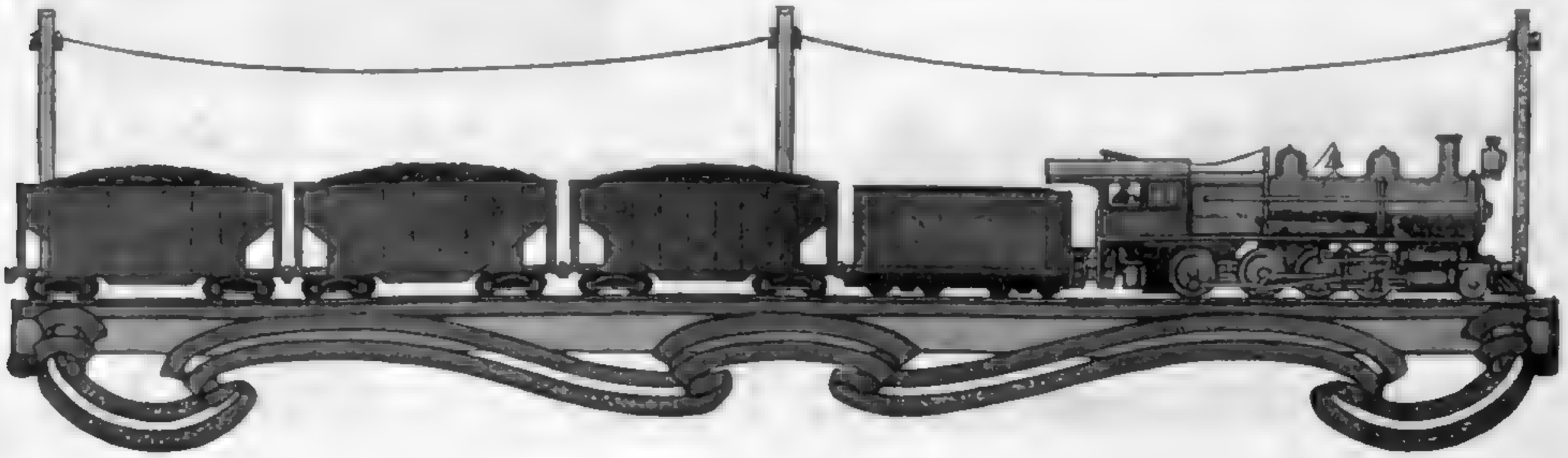
He pulled out his big watch.

"This is like sitting down to eat the biggest and best Christmas dinner that was ever spread before you and then being shot out through the window by a bomb going off under your chair." He drew Mrs. Dawson toward him and gave her a hearty smack. "But I'll grab one morsel at any rate—and keep the rest warm, Nancy! Keep it warm! I'll be back!"

He rushed away with such haste that he left her standing in a posture of utter amazement, her mouth opened to give full right of way to words that would not come.

Mrs. Dawson looked down at her cat, who was solemnly alternating her gaze between the mistress and the broad back that was disappearing over the brow of the hill.

"It was dreadful sudden, Kit!" confessed the mistress. "But if women who have been dozing along and not half knowing their own minds don't relish being swept off their feet at the right time by the right man, then I miss my guess." She expressed her content by a happy sigh. "And you're going to like him—you can't help it."



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Thus the *Victor Sulpene Process* was developed and improved year by year. This process endows the purest Ceylon and Para rubber with supreme enduring qualities and fully conserves its native resiliency.

It is this unswerving purpose to build well and better and better, that brings many reports of Mileage Service such as this from L. N. Lang of New Orleans, La. He says: "I have for the past 18 months used VICTOR TIRES exclusively with great success; and up to the present time I have never had occasion to ask for an adjustment, for the reason that each tire has always exceeded the mileage of five thousand miles guarantee."

MILEAGE SATISFACTION alone has steadily built up the list of friends of Victors who have used the entire output year after year.

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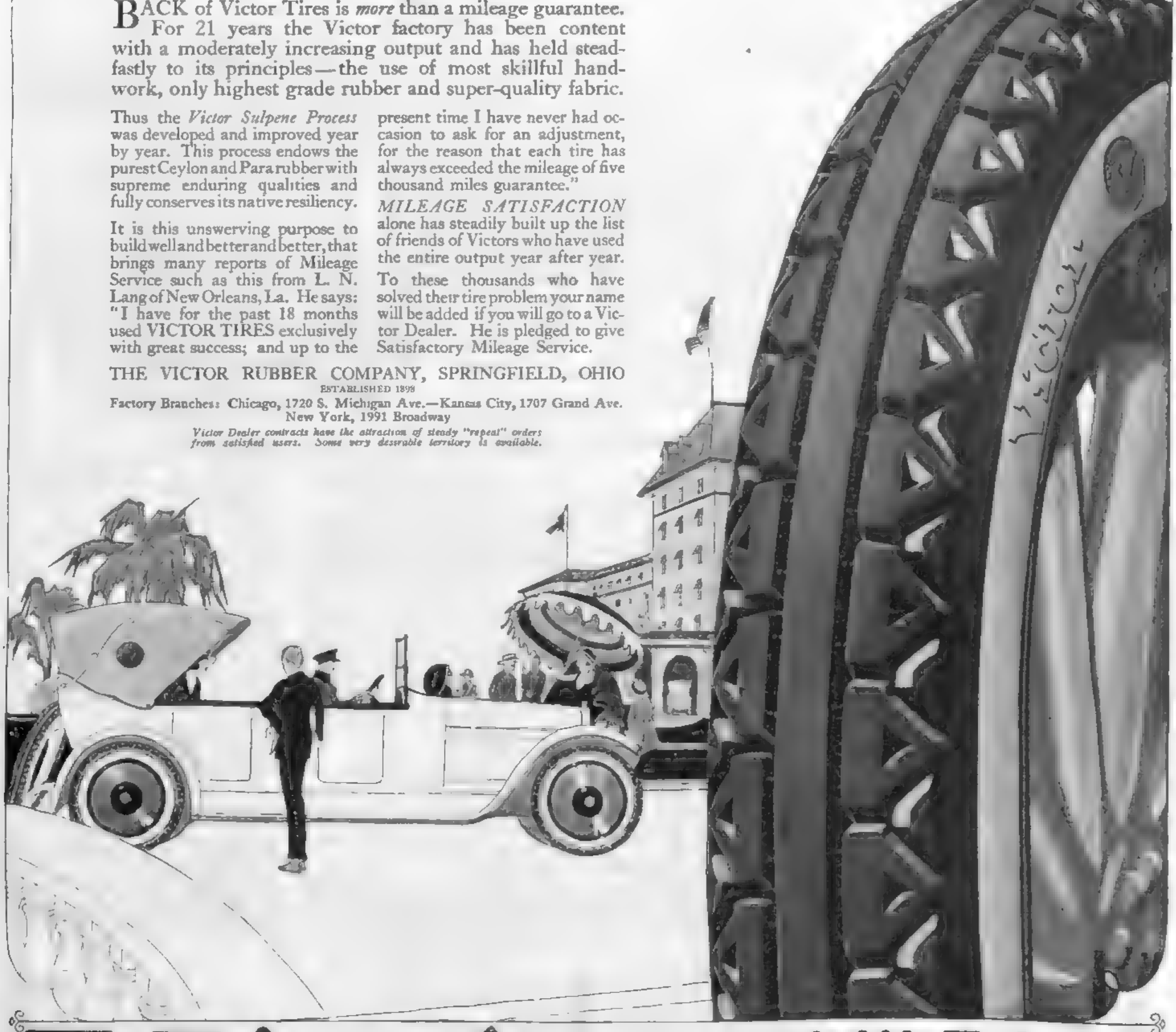

Victor
FABRIC AND CORD TIRES

MILEAGE HOGS

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 17)

Japanese Government seemed to take a less sentimental and more practical view of the situation.

They seemed to reason approximately in this way: Russia evidently needs an ice-free port; she has been all the time on the lookout for such a port on the coast of Korea, where we can never allow her to establish herself, as that would mean a perpetual menace to our safety; now she has secured an ice-free port far nearer to and far more accessible from her own Siberian possessions, and we may therefore hope that henceforth she will abandon her aggressive plans in Korea.

I had barely had time to dispatch my letter to the admiral, in which I incidentally called his attention, as far as I can now remember, to some of the proceedings of our own naval authorities on the Korean coast that were far more likely to get us into trouble with the Japanese—a prediction which, by the way, was destined to be verified in the following year—when I received an authentic confirmation of the views I had attributed to the Japanese Government.

In the course of one of my usual weekly interviews with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Nissi spoke with great warmth of his earnest desire to bring about a complete and truly friendly understanding with Russia. He said that hitherto the only bone of contention had been Korea, evidently on account of our need of an ice-free port, the acquisition of which seemed to have been the aim of our aggressive policy in that country, and that now, since we had acquired such a port in Manchuria, Korea need no longer be a stumblingblock on the road to a friendly understanding and a cause of friction between two countries whose interests did not come in conflict anywhere else.

Finally he asked me how it would do if we concluded an agreement on some such basis as a reciprocal engagement to refrain from any interference with each other's policy, Russia's in Manchuria and Japan's in Korea.

I replied at once that I entirely agreed with him, and that if what he had said was to be considered as a formal proposal I would thank him to let me have it in writing, and I would gladly transmit it by cable to St. Petersburg and do the best I could to press its acceptance on my government.

"Very well," said he, "I will submit the matter to the cabinet this very afternoon, and you shall have our proposal in writing this evening."

Baron Nissi kept his word, and in the evening I received the promised proposal in writing, accompanied by a personal letter in Russian, of which language the baron had a perfect command, having completed his studies at the University of St. Petersburg. In this letter he expressed the fervent hope that the Japanese proposal would be favorably received by our government, and his conviction that its acceptance would eliminate all possible causes of friction between Russia and Japan. The official proposal was in the shape of a brief *note verbale*, in which the Japanese Government declared its willingness to consider Manchuria with its littoral as being entirely outside the sphere of Japanese interests, provided the Russian Government was prepared to make the same declaration in regard to Korea.

The originals of both these documents—the *note verbale*, as well as Baron Nissi's personal letter to me—were, of course, duly forwarded to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg. At the same time I transmitted to Count Mouravieff by cable the full text of the Japanese proposal, warmly advocating its immediate and unreserved acceptance as the best means of safeguarding our interests in the Far East. The reply suffered the usual rather prolonged delay, which, however, in this case was plainly justified by the importance of the decision to be taken, which implied the necessity of decidedly and definitely breaking with our vacillating and, after all, really aimless policy in regard to Korea, in which we had been muddling along with no other result than that we had succeeded in straining our relations with Japan almost to the breaking point.

But when the reply finally came, in the shape of a cipher telegram from Count Mouravieff, its purport proved bitterly disappointing to me no less than to Baron Nissi. Its exact wording I cannot now remember, but its precise meaning was that the Russian Government took note with great satisfaction of the Japanese Government's declaration that it considered Manchuria with its littoral as being entirely outside the sphere of Japanese interests, but that it could not make a similar declaration in regard to Korea. I must say again that I greatly regret not to be able to reproduce here the complete and exact text of all these documents, copies of which I have no longer in my possession, and I can only ask the indulgent reader to take my word for it that all I have related here about this unfortunately resultless negotiation is substantially true. When I read to Baron Nissi the text of Count Mouravieff's reply he merely smiled sarcastically and said regretfully that it was plain that nothing further could be said or done about it, and the matter was allowed to drop.

The idea of such an understanding was, however, not quite abandoned by the Japanese Government. It was taken up two years later by some Japanese statesmen under circumstances to which I shall have to refer later, and finally by myself on the very eve of our rupture with Japan, as a last forlorn hope of preventing the outbreak of a war which I felt sure would end in disaster to us.

In the meantime it was felt by both governments that something had to be done in order to allay the growing excitement of popular opinion in Japan in regard to Korean affairs, and I was empowered to begin negotiations with the Japanese Government on the subject, which resulted, in April, 1898, in the conclusion of a rather lame and pointless convention, in historical textbooks known as the Rosen-Nissi or Nissi-Rosen convention. It stated in substance that both countries recognized the sovereignty and entire independence of Korea, and pledged themselves not to interfere in her internal affairs, Russia agreeing not to interfere with the development of the commercial and industrial relations between Japan and Korea, and both countries agreeing not to send advisers to Korea without the consent of the other party to the convention.

As regards this agreement, I have just come across an interesting statement in Count Hayashi's—at the time Minister to Russia—secret memoirs, that he had telegraphed to Tokio, "suggesting that a clause might be inserted in the proposed agreement to the effect that Russia and Japan should mutually agree to take over the military and financial advisership respectively." He seems to have apprehended that it would have been difficult to obtain from Russia the withdrawal of her military mission, whereas, in his opinion, it would have been much easier to insist on the withdrawal of our financial adviser and the substitution for him of a financial representative of Japan.

Such as it was, however, the convention served its purpose of allaying popular feeling for a while, but, as the reader will see a little further on, not for a long while. In our government circles a more optimistic view of the situation seemed to prevail. At any rate, early in the summer they thought it proper to instruct the Grand Duke Cyril—first cousin of the emperor, and next in order of succession to the throne after the emperor's brother and the yet unborn Czarevitch—who was serving as sublieutenant on one of our Pacific squadron's vessels, to proceed to Tokio on an official visit to the Japanese court. When I learned of it, as far as I can remember, not directly from the Foreign Department but from the admiral in command of the squadron, the negotiations with the Japanese court having evidently been conducted through the medium of the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, I suggested by telegraph to Count Mouravieff that the grand duke's visit had better be postponed for some months, considering that the state of popular feeling in Japan was still such that the Japanese Government, though naturally reluctant to decline the intended visit, might feel embarrassed to undertake the

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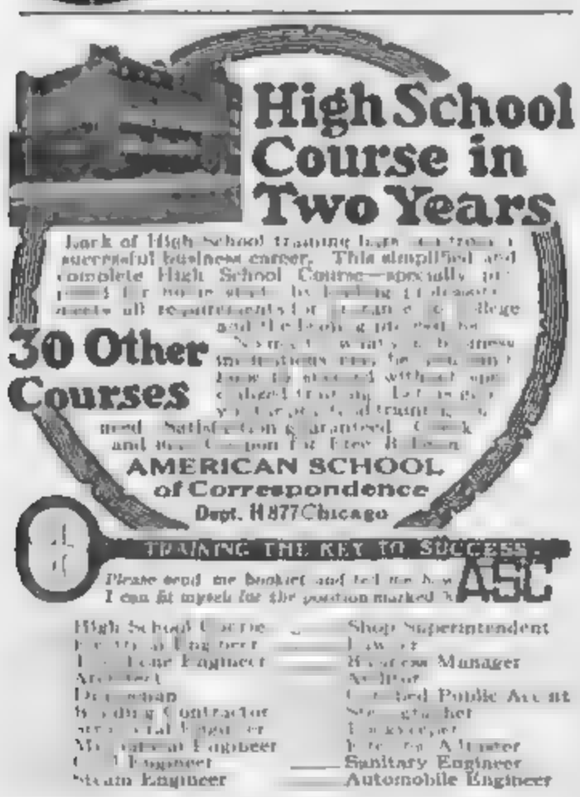

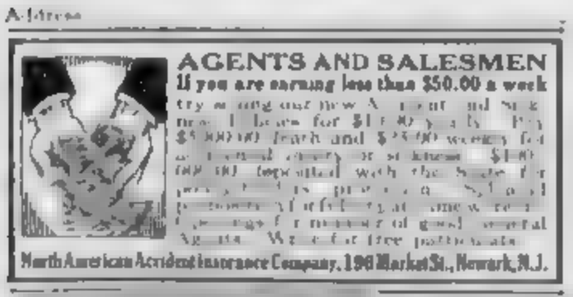
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responsibility for the grand duke's safety, remembering the attempt on the life of the Emperor Nicholas when as Czarevitch he visited Japan, an attempt which in spite of all the precautions taken to insure his safety could not be prevented.

No attention, however, was paid to my suggestion, and a couple of weeks later the cruiser Russia with the grand duke on board arrived at Yokohama. His standard was hoisted at noon and greeted with thundering salute from all the men-of-war, and from the fort at Kanagawa.

Prince Arisugawa, the head of the princely house which stands next to the throne in the line of succession, had been appointed to welcome the grand duke and to do the honors of the country to him during his stay. The prince awaited the grand duke's arrival in the admiralty building at Yokohama, where he was to land. A guard of honor was drawn up in the grounds of the admiralty, and school children lined up the short drive to the railroad station where a special train was in waiting to carry the royal party to the capital. The small palace by the seashore, kept in reserve for the accommodation of royal and other distinguished visitors to the court, was prepared for the grand duke's reception, and Prince Arisugawa having seen him to his apartments withdrew for a while and returned to take him to the Imperial Palace, where he was received by Their Majesties, the emperor and empress.

The royal party drove to the palace in a state carriage surrounded by an escort of cavalry through a part of the town distant from the populous quarters, and the crowds of sightseers were not large but their attitude was not unfriendly as far as I could judge. However, precautions on a vast scale had visibly been taken in order to insure as far as possible the royal guest's safety, and I dare say the responsible authorities' anxiety on that account was greatly relieved when after four or five days' sojourn unmarred by any untoward incident the grand duke took his departure and rejoined his ship at Yokohama.

During His Imperial Highness' stay in Tokio the usual round of official functions took place—a state banquet at the palace; dinners at the palaces of some of the princes and at the legation; and so on. The young grand duke—I think he was in his twenty-first year—tall and slender, very handsome, a model of supreme distinction in his manners and bearing, produced everywhere the best impression. Even my diplomatic colleagues, who had to come down from their various summer residences on the mountains into the sweltering heat of Tokio, and to put on their naphthalene-perfumed uniforms in order to present their respects to His Imperial Highness, were unanimous in singing his praises. On the day of his arrival, before we went to the palace to have his audience with His Majesty, I had a long conversation with him for the purpose of acquainting him fully with the political situation, its significant gravity and the great importance for us of the maintenance of the friendliest possible relations with Japan. The grand duke listened to me with the greatest attention and interest, took in the situation at once and conformed his behavior to it with unerring tact and winning graciousness. In short, the grand duke's visit, to which I had been looking forward with some apprehension, turned out to be a complete and socially very marked success. So much so that on taking leave of him Prince Arisugawa made him promise that on the next visit of his ship to Yokohama he would come to spend some days with him and the princess quite privately at their palace at Tokio, a pointedly intimate kind of hospitality such as had never yet been extended to any royal visitor by any member of the imperial family.

On the part of the Japanese court and Government everything was done to emphasize their desire to cultivate the friendliest possible relations with Russia. This much could hardly have been said of our proceedings in Korea subsequent to the conclusion of the so-called Rosen-Nissi convention. Our military and financial advisers were indeed withdrawn from Seoul, and even this was done in a way which Count Hayashi in his secret memoirs characterizes as "clumsy," attributing, however, this clumsiness mainly to the behavior of our diplomatic representative at Seoul.

It appears—so the story goes as told by Count Hayashi, whose truthfulness can hardly be doubted—that this young diplomat, who, as I believe I have mentioned already, belonged to the forward school of diplomacy, had become exceedingly insistent in some demand he was pressing upon the Korean Government and had threatened, in case of any further reluctance to comply with his demand, to withdraw both the military and financial advisers. Whereupon the Korean Ministry, experts in the game of playing on the rivalries between Russian and Japanese diplomacies—the same game as their Balkan prototypes were in the habit of practicing in regard to Russia and Austria-Hungary—naturally applied to the Japanese representative for advice in the embarrassing plight in which they found themselves. The latter slyly asked them whether they were really very anxious to retain the services of these Russian advisers, and, upon their fervid protestations that such was by no means the case, advised them quietly to refuse compliance and let the Russian representative fulfill his threat.

Judging from the account of this transaction as given by Count Hayashi we lost in the eyes of the Japanese what little credit would have been due to us in case of a prompt and graceful compliance with the spirit of the recently concluded convention. On the other hand there was no cessation of the activities of our naval authorities on the coasts of Korea, which were the cause of constantly growing irritation until matters were finally brought to a crisis which came very near causing at least a rupture of diplomatic relations and resulted in my sudden recall and appointment to an insignificant post in Europe.

XVIII

IT SO happened, sometime in the late autumn of the year 1899, as far as I can remember, that a young naval officer belonging to one of our men-of-war, and, I believe, even to the flagship of Admiral Hildebrand—who became known in the Far East as Admiral Firebrand—had gone on shore at Fusan and got into some trouble in a tea house in the Japanese concession. The police having been called in by the proprietress of the establishment, he, being in civilian clothes and apparently unable to speak Japanese, was arrested and taken to the Japanese police station. After some detention, when his character as naval officer was duly established, he was taken back to his ship with some kind of apologies. These were the bare facts as I learned later.

In the meantime I was surprised by the receipt of a cipher telegram from Count Mouravieff, in which he in very peremptory terms ordered me to demand immediate reparation for the outrage committed on a Russian naval officer who had been arrested at Fusan by the Japanese police, and to insist on the immediate punishment of the guilty officials—or words to that effect. I went immediately to see the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Aoki, who had replaced Baron Nissi when the Ito ministry resigned and Viscount Katsura came in as Prime Minister. He was a level-headed, experienced diplomat of moderate views, and well disposed toward Russia.

He showed great concern when I read to him the text of Count Mouravieff's telegram, whose peremptory tone visibly shocked him. He said that my communication was the first he had ever had about this affair, that he would immediately order the necessary investigation to be proceeded with, but that until a report on the results of such investigation had reached him he could not enter into any engagements as to reparation and punishment of the guilty parties, if anybody's guilt could really be established in a case which might have been a mere misunderstanding. I reported at once by telegraph to Count Mouravieff the substance of Viscount Aoki's reply.

The next morning I received from Admiral Hildebrand a long telegram, half in the extremely simple cipher of the Navy Department, which anybody could easily decipher, half in plain Russian and couched in very violent and objectionable terms, which could not but be most offensive to the Japanese Government. I had this telegram, as addressed to me by the admiral, put into the Foreign Department's cipher, and had it forwarded to Count Mouravieff along with another telegram in which I called his attention to the desirability of our naval authorities' observing due reserve and discretion in their activities on the Korean coast.

A day later I received a telegram from Count Mouravieff in which he informed me that the emperor had been graciously pleased to appoint me his Minister to Munich, and that I was to request the usual agreement to the appointment of Mr. Iswolsky, hitherto Minister at Munich, as my successor. This unsolicited appointment to a post of very much less political importance, without an opportunity having been given me to decline, was, of course, meant in a punitive sense as a reproof for my supposed want of energy; and I could easily guess the source from which it must have originated. My personal discomfiture, however, was capable of being interpreted in quite another sense, and that is what actually appeared to have been the case.

Having immediately replied to Count Mouravieff expressing my gratitude for the appointment I had been honored with and announcing my impending departure for Europe by next week's steamer I addressed a brief note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Viscount Aoki, informing him of my transfer to another post and requesting the Japanese Government's agreement to the appointment of my successor. The same evening I received from him a private and very cordial letter of regret, evidently written under the impression that my sudden transfer, though coupled with the appointment of a successor and therefore not having the character of a demonstrative withdrawal of a diplomatic representative of ministerial rank, might mean something more than a mere change of persons at the head of our legation.

The following day the news of what was supposed to be my recall leaked out in financial circles, where it was probably interpreted as an ominous symptom of strained relations between the two governments, and caused a mild panic on the stock exchange. The result of it all was that a few days later Viscount Aoki informed me that the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg had had a satisfactory interview with Count Mouravieff on the subject of the Fusan incident, and that it had been agreed to let the matter drop. In the meantime I had received a telegram from the Minister of Foreign Affairs informing me that my successor would reach Tokio in about six months and ordering me to await there his arrival.

Later on, when I had arrived at St. Petersburg, I learned at the Foreign Office that the communication of the text of Admiral Hildebrand's telegram to me had opened their eyes as to the real cause of all the trouble and convinced them of the groundlessness of the naval authorities' complaints in regard to my failure to have supported their claims with sufficient vigor, and that this communication had been received after the telegram announcing my transfer to Munich had already been dispatched. This time the danger of a rupture with Japan had luckily blown over, mainly, I suppose, because the Japanese Government were not yet sufficiently prepared for it as they were five years later.

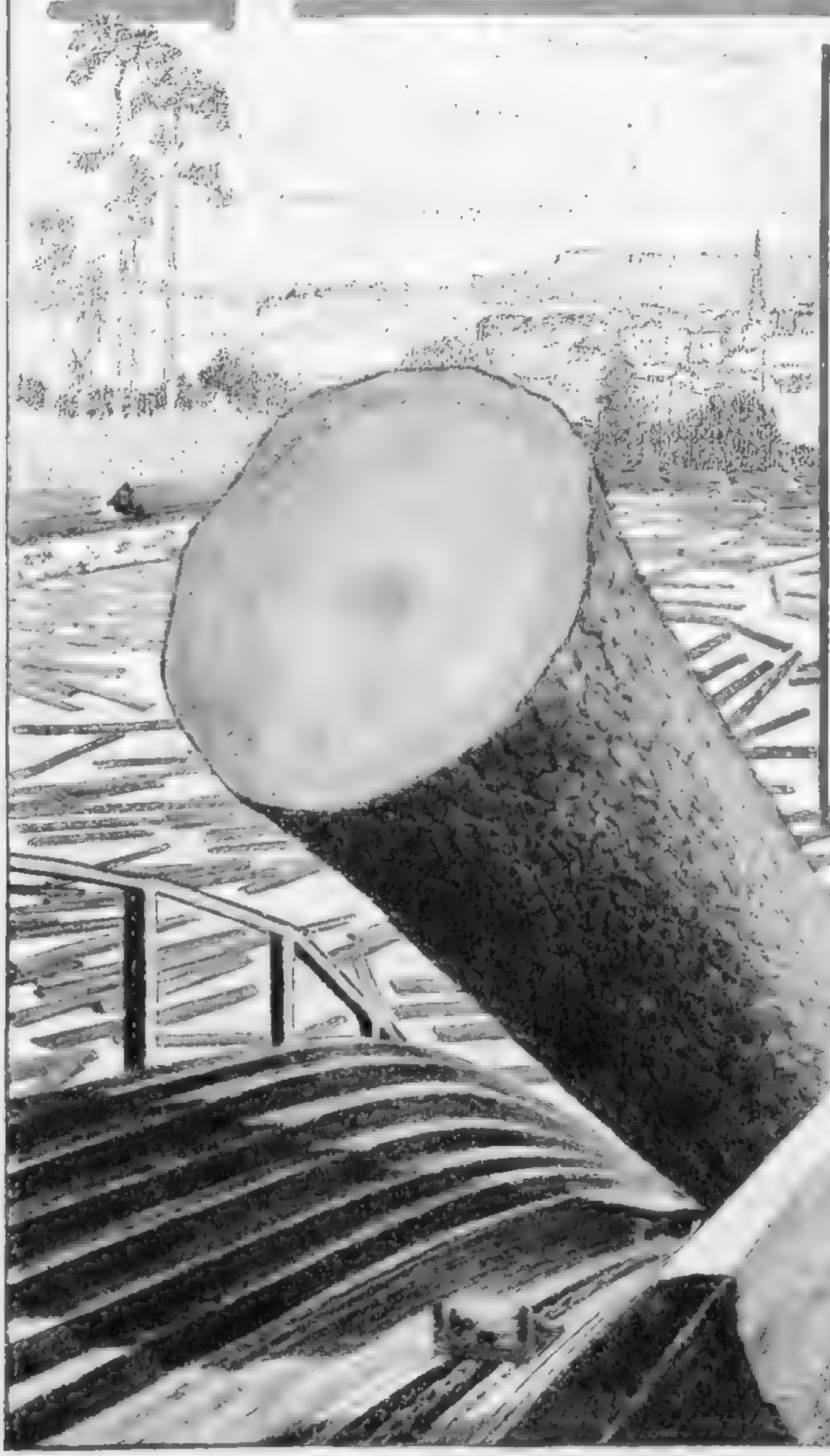
I would not have dilated at such length on an apparently rather unimportant incident were it not that it illustrates the extreme delicacy of the situation which should have enjoined on us the necessity of handling our relations with Japan with the greatest care and circumspection, and of not suffering our agents or other subordinate authorities to endanger these relations by high-handed disregard of Japanese susceptibilities.

We have seen how much discouragement the Japanese Government had experienced at our hands in their endeavors to come to a friendly understanding with Russia. We have seen how, in spite of the deep wound inflicted on their national pride by our having deprived Japan of the chief fruit of her victory over China, merely to end by appropriating it to ourselves, they did not hesitate a moment to approach us with a formal offer of such an understanding. And we shall see later on how, in spite of its having been disdainfully declined by us, the idea of the possibility of such an understanding was never entirely abandoned by some of their leading statesmen up to the very last moment before the final rupture. It stands to reason, of course, that any particular sympathy for Russia had nothing whatever to do with an attitude the explanation of which has to be looked for in the general situation created by the events of the recent past and in the chief aim which Japanese policy was steadily keeping in view.

This aim was the establishment of a protectorate over, and ultimately the conquest and annexation of Korea. But leaving aside vanquished and helpless

(Continued on Page 149)

LongBell



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Ever sink your teeth in one of those *Touraine* Chocolate Almond Bars Boy *Howdy!!*

The very recollection of that combination of crispy French chocolate and fresh toasted almonds is enough to make your mouth water.

A friend of mine says, "The trouble with the ordinary chocolate almond bar is that it keeps you waiting too long between almonds."

Touraine is different.

It is chock-full of almonds.

The chocolate is made the French way.

It is put up in a Yellow Package.

When you see all these unknown makes of almond bars, do you know what grade of chocolate and how many almonds you are going to get for your good money?

I've been in the chocolate business all my life. My friends kept telling me, "Duane, make almond bars, they're selling by the million." All I said was "Wait."

My idea was this: if ever I make an almond bar I'll make it different.

Now the finest way to make a thing different is to make a thing *better.*

I won't make just another almond bar to *sell.* I'll make it to *eat* and then I *know* it will sell.

So I went over to France to find out for myself the real French way of making that rich, crispy chocolate—the kind that doesn't make you thirsty—I found out all right.

But the hardest job I ever tackled (it took over two years to turn the trick) was to perfect my automatic chocolate mixer, thermo, moulder and cooler, all-in-one.

With it, it cost me less money to put 50% more of the best grade of almonds in my Touraine Bars than it does the fellow who S-L-O-W-L-Y counts out every almond.

The process belongs to me.

Today, I'm making 1,000,000 Touraine Bars every day—2,000,000 soon.

Eat a Touraine sometime and you will be glad to remember

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*
THE TOURAINE COMPANY
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(To be Continued)

P. S.—The next installment will tell you how I sent around the world to find an almond; how I made almond bars to eat; ate them myself; tried them on my friends, till I found just the right combination—French chocolate, chock-full of almonds.

MADE THE REAL *french* WAY

Touraine

CHOCK-FULL OF ALMONDS

(Continued from Page 146)

China, the realization of this aim was bound to encounter opposition from both Russia and Great Britain, and therefore could not be approached without a previous friendly understanding with either the one or the other of these two Powers. An understanding with Russia must have appeared preferable, because even if a foothold on the continent could be obtained it would have remained a precarious one in the face of a hostile Russia, whose apparently enormous potential power had not yet been put to the test. But then, an attempt at bringing about such an understanding had just failed, and the possible success of a renewed one would have appeared doubtful in view of the aggressive policy in Korea which Russia seemed to be unwilling to abandon.

The other alternative—an understanding with Great Britain—was favored by some of the statesmen of the younger generation, and was energetically and persistently advocated by Count Hayashi, who had been transferred from the post of St. Petersburg to that of London. The question only was whether in order to cause Great Britain to renounce her policy of favoring the independence of Korea for the sake of an understanding or an alliance with Japan the latter had to offer any inducement that could begin to compare in importance with the advantages Russia would have been able and could have afforded to grant as price of an alliance with Great Britain which would have reduced Japan to impotence in the Far East.

Doubts and even apprehensions in this regard seem to have suggested themselves to Count Hayashi himself. They do as much honor to his sagacity and grasp of the political situation as their groundlessness testifies to the absence of these same qualities in the functionaries who in succession stood at the head of our Ministry of Foreign Affairs. They were, besides, the more justified as, since the outbreak of the Boer War—when Great Britain found herself isolated, confronted by a world of blind hostility—it would have been of infinitely greater advantage to her to break the phalanx of her Continental enemies by an understanding or an alliance with Russia than to seek the at best shadowy benefits of an alliance with Japan; just as it would have been the part of wisdom for Russia to seize this opportunity for seeking to terminate once for all her age-long rivalry with Great Britain by a definite friendly understanding, and for trying by this means to forestall the formation of a political combination than which none could have been more undesirable from the point of view of her interests in the Far East.

Nothing daunted by such doubts or apprehensions Count Hayashi held on to his idea and was at last authorized to begin negotiations with the British Government for the conclusion of a formal treaty of alliance. His overtures, tentatively presented at first as merely personal views regarding the possible future development of Anglo-Japanese relations, met at once with a responsive reception at the hands of Lord Lansdowne, a proof of the astuteness and clear insight with which he had gauged the political situation in Europe. After somewhat prolonged negotiations, during which at first even a participation of Germany in the future combination seems to have been for a while contemplated and soon entirely eliminated, Count Hayashi signed, in November, 1901, the treaty of alliance with Great Britain which was published in February, 1902, and has ever since remained the pivot of Japan's foreign policy.

This result was, however, not reached without a fruitless attempt having been made at the same time to bring about an understanding with Russia, the Marquis Ito having been sent to this end, with a confidential mission to St. Petersburg. How it could have come about that such a step should have been taken at the very moment when the conclusion of the treaty of alliance with Great Britain was already a nearly accomplished fact is a question surrounded with considerable obscurity. It certainly disclosed the existence of divided counsels within the inner circle of the Japanese Government, and laid that government open to the reproach of at least attempted double-dealing. However, the failure of the Marquis Ito's mission undoubtedly extricated the Japanese Government from a situation which its success would have rendered exceedingly awkward. At the same time it exonerated our Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was then Count Lamsdorff, from the blame that would have justly attached to him for having again, like his predecessor, Count Mouravieff, rejected the offer of an understanding on the perfectly acceptable basis of a free hand for Russia in Manchuria and a free hand for Japan in Korea.

I hope it will be distinctly understood that in discoursing at such length on the motives and considerations that might have guided the policy of the Japanese Government I lay no claim to having been at the time in the possession of any exclusive knowledge as to the intentions of that government, nor, much less, as to those of the British Government, in regard to the negotiations that were then on foot. To begin with, the deliberations of the Japanese Government, as well as these negotiations, were naturally carried on under the veil of profound secrecy, and they related, moreover, mainly to a time between my departure from Japan in July, 1900, and my return in April, 1903, on my reappointment as Minister at Tokio—that is to say, to a time when, occupying such posts as Munich and Athens, I was far removed from the sphere of Far Eastern interests and had no sufficient means and opportunities of keeping myself thoroughly posted as to the course of events and political conditions in that part of the world. All I knew and was entirely convinced of was that by our obstinacy in clinging to our aimlessly vacillating but substantially aggressive policy in Korea, and in disdainfully declining every offer of a friendly understanding, we were deliberately pushing Japan into the arms of Great Britain and in this way actively cooperating in the realization of a political combination obviously opposed to Russian interests; in other words, that we were with simple-minded purblindness playing the game of our future adversary, a policy—if it could be dignified by that name—to the dangers and unavoidable consequences of which I had not failed to call attention in the above-mentioned memorandum presented to Count Mouravieff in March, 1897, before my departure for Japan. All those who are more deeply interested in the genesis of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the negotiations which led up to its consummation I can best refer to the English translation of the Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, edited by A. M. Pooley, and published in 1915, where they will find much more detailed information than it was possible for me to reproduce from the same source on the preceding pages.

It might not come amiss at this point, in connection with the brilliant success achieved by Japanese diplomacy in having effected an alliance with Great Britain in spite of that Power's traditional policy of avoidance of similar entanglements, to attempt to analyze the conditions that have made it possible for a nation that barely half a century ago had been not only a totally negligible but even hardly known quantity to rise, in spite of racial equality even now being denied her, to the proud position of one of the five surviving Great Powers who have undertaken to rule the destinies of mankind. It stands to reason that superiority of statesmanship, however real and incontestable, could not alone account for such a phenomenon. Nor could it be attributed to a peculiarly lucky concourse of fortuitous circumstances. Granted the really exceptionally high quality of Japanese statesmanship there must have existed certain particularly favorable conditions which allowed that statesmanship the necessary scope for a full and effective development of its inherent potentialities.

The first of these favorable conditions, I think, was this—that the Japanese people, with their very ancient and highly refined culture, were the last comers to join the community of civilized Western nations. Their advent on the stage of terrestrial world politics was like the arrival of inhabitants of another planet gifted with acute powers of observation, unhampered by hereditary prejudices or preconceived ideas, unmoved by sentiments of traditional rivalry or inveterate hatred born of centuries of strife and struggle for supremacy, with no inherited friendships or enmities to indulge or cultivate; in short, with nothing to obscure the clearness of their vision or to affect the soundness of their judgment.

Another and no less important advantage resulted from the constitution of the state and the organization of the government, to which I have already had occasion to refer in one of the preceding chapters of these

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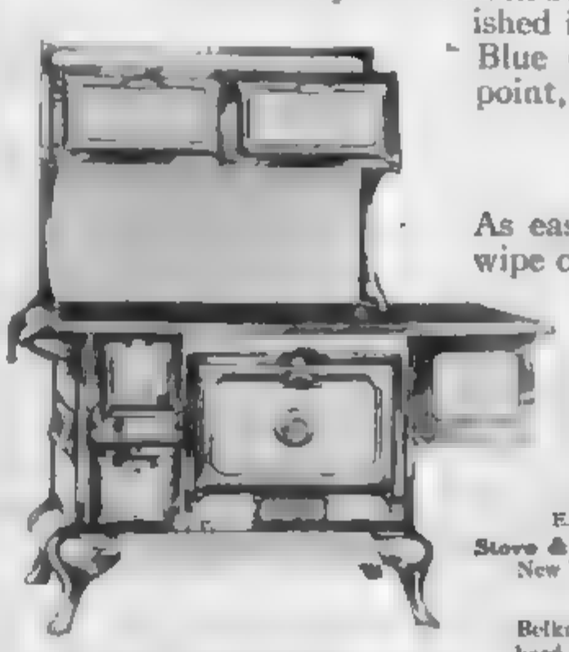

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And what a crank he was on bats. He'd spend hours hefting and testing, looking for a new stick. "Half the trick in lining 'em out is getting hold of the right bat," he'd say.

Jim is still in the game, but he's playing in the Industrial World Series this time. Today he's Foreman Crowe of the Chaplin-Fulton Manufacturing Company's plant at Pittsburgh, makers of Vigilant Feed Water Regulators.

Jim is coaching his men in the fine points of putting the finish on the 11-inch Regulator Valve Castings, just as you see him in the picture above. And he's still fussy about his tools.

"What do you know about my new bat?" he yelled above the roar of the factory. "They call it Speed-grits and it sure is a bird!"

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"With Speed-grits Metalite Discs, our new bat, it's all clean-up hits for ours!" He pointed to the big 48-inch abrasive discs spinning at 800 R. P. M. and grinding down several castings at once to a smooth finish with amazing speed.

"We're leading the league now," concluded Jim with that winning grin of his. "With Speed-grits we're batting out a finished casting every thirty seconds; some boost for the team's average, I'll say."

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reminiscences. Above the frequently changing personnel of the ostensible parliamentary government the real and permanent supreme power and the ultimate decision in all matters of serious importance rested with the so-called Genro, or Elder Statesmen; that is to say, with a very small group of exceedingly able statesmen who had been the original creators of modern Japan and the very few eminent personages they would choose themselves to fill vacancies from time to time occurring in the composition of their body. This small but all-powerful and closely united group of statesmen of wide and matured experience was entirely independent and free to shape the policies of the country, quite irrespectively of the changing currents of popular feelings or passions, in accordance solely with the dictates of reason and the permanent interests of the state.

It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the advantage these conditions gave the leading statesmen of Japan in their dealings with statesmen not so fortunately situated. It was these conditions that rendered it possible for Japan to pursue with unvarying consistency a line of policy laid down in strict conformity with aims always practically attainable and carefully adjusted to the real needs and available resources of the country, a policy which in the end has raised her to a proud eminence far beyond the most ambitious dreams of the bold reformers who broke down the barriers of her age-long isolation.

But after this long digression it is time to resume the course of my narrative. The end of the year 1899, which had seen the outbreak of the Boer War, witnessed also the beginning of very serious troubles in China in connection with the so-called Boxer movement, whose ominous growth during the first four months of the new year, 1900, seems to have been treated with some levity until, after the murder of the German minister, a Japanese official and some others, it culminated in the siege and investment of the legation quarter at Peking, which began, if I am not mistaken, on or about the twentieth of June, and lasted until Peking was taken by the allied troops some time about the middle of August. Of the events following upon the Boxer rising, our participation in the Peking campaign, the occupation of Manchuria, and so on, I shall have to treat in one of the following chapters of my narrative in connection with my preparations for my return to Tokio on my reappointment as Minister to Japan nine months before the outbreak of the war.

At about the time when the siege of the legation quarter at Peking began we left the legation at Tokio and moved into the Grand Hotel at Yokohama in expectation of the arrival of my successor, Mr. Iswolsky, who with his family was coming by way of Siberia. Twenty-five years before, on my first landing on the shores of Japan, which impressed me then as something like fairyland, I had taken up my quarters in this hotel until I was asked to move into my chief's bungalow on what they call The Bluff. The hotel had since then been greatly improved and enlarged, and I had always kept a tender spot in my heart for the inn that had first given me shelter in Japan.

Having got rid of the cares of office, and my wife of her social duties at the capital, we both enjoyed our restfully quiet life spending our days reclining on comfortable deck chairs on the broad veranda overlooking the beautiful bay animated by the coming and going of steamers and by the presence of some men-of-war of various nationalities. Many people used to come to take their meals at the hotel, which was reputed to have an excellent chef. One day I noticed in the dining room having their luncheon a group of Japanese gentlemen, and among them no less a personage than Prince Tokugawa, who had been the last of the shoguns and had voluntarily given up his throne to the mikado. There he was—he who had been surrounded with almost divine worship and had been considered by foreign sovereigns as an equal, as the all-powerful temporal emperor of Japan—the mikado being supposed to have been merely the spiritual emperor—there he was in a gray business suit, his bowler hat left in the cloakroom, eating his curry and rice with evident perfect contentment. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It must be remembered, however, that from the very moment that Prince Tokugawa had succeeded, in 1866, to the deceased Shogun Iemochi as fifteenth and last shogun, he had revealed himself as an ardent advocate of progress. He it was who on receipt of a memorial from one of the feudatories urging him to restore the administration to the emperor in order that the nation might be united, called together the other feudatories and informed them of his resolve to adopt the advice of the memorialist, and on the following day, October 14, 1867, tendered to the emperor his resignation, which was formally accepted on the fifteenth of December of the same year. This latter date, therefore, should properly be considered as marking the birth of new Japan, as well as the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Mutsuhito, who was then in his fifteenth year and who was destined to see, before he died, in 1912, his country recognized as one of the Great Powers of the world.

Prince Tokugawa's resignation deserves certainly to rank among the most memorable events in the history of the world as a voluntary sacrifice of supreme power by a ruler in the interests of his nation. Some of his adherents, however, continued for some time the struggle against the new régime. Among them was Admiral Enomoto, the commander of the late shogun's fleet, who is said to have attempted to establish a republic in the island of Yezo, whither he had retired with the warships under his command. Three or four years later I met the same Admiral Enomoto as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the emperor at St. Petersburg. He later became Minister of Education and Minister of the Navy, and was raised to the dignity of viscount and member of the House of Peers.

The career of this prominent adherent of the defunct régime exemplifies the spirit in which the great reform was carried out by the new government and was loyally accepted by its former opponents. If one stops to reflect that this reform meant a social upheaval of unequaled magnitude and completeness, the total abolition of feudalism, which had been for centuries the armature of the social fabric and the spirit of which had profoundly affected the mentality of the nation, one cannot help marveling at the comparatively painless ease with which this great change was achieved. In a sense it was a truly democratic revolution. Though the revolt against the shogunate was patronized by two of the greatest and most powerful feudatories, the princes of Satsuma and Choshiu, the feudal chiefs themselves had very little to do with the consummation of the great change which was conceived and accomplished chiefly by their vassals, samurai of inferior grade. According to Brinkley's History of the Japanese People, the men who conceived and realized the great revolution "numbered fifty-five in all, and of those only thirteen were aristocrats—namely, five feudal barons and eight court nobles, and the average age of these fifty-five did not exceed thirty years." It was, then, a small group of very young men who not only conceived and achieved the revolution but who undertook to build up an entirely new social fabric on new principles, which entailed a breaking loose from deep-rooted traditions of a hallowed past.

Their success in the accomplishment of the Herculean task so boldly undertaken was complete, perhaps even complete beyond their own expectations. Moreover, their success was obtained without the country ever having been brought even near a state of temporary chaos, which so easily might have marked the brusque transition from an old established to an entirely new order of things. Beyond their unswerving conviction of the necessity of the assimilation of Western civilization and their unshakable faith in the future of their country they had nothing to rely on but the circumstance that the human material they had to deal with was possessed of a very ancient and very highly developed culture, and also of an ardent patriotism bred by centuries of seclusion from the outer world in a self-sufficient compact nation of absolute racial homogeneity. These qualities rendered the minds of the Japanese people not only open to the comprehension of the superiority of Western material civilization but also eager for its assimilation as soon as it was realized that such assimilation was needed in order to hold their own against foreign nations, contact with whom could no longer be avoided.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

Powdered Milk in the Bakery

IN modern homes, baking day is almost a thing of the past. Many women consider it a waste of time and effort to bake when they can get such good bread, rolls, cakes, and pies at the baker's.

Quality bakers use milk in most of their products. Milk-bread is the bread that is in greatest demand. It is the kind with the thin, tender, brown crust and the fine texture.

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When the water is replaced, Klim is natural, fresh, sweet milk.

Klim in the Home

stands for quality and convenience. Time does not count with Klim until you add the water. At that moment it is fresh milk, as pure, as fresh, and as wholesome as the best grades of certified milk.

Restore to liquid form only as much as you need, and there is no waste—none left to sour or be thrown away.

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NOTE: This offer and coupon not good after December 15th.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. 9

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It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

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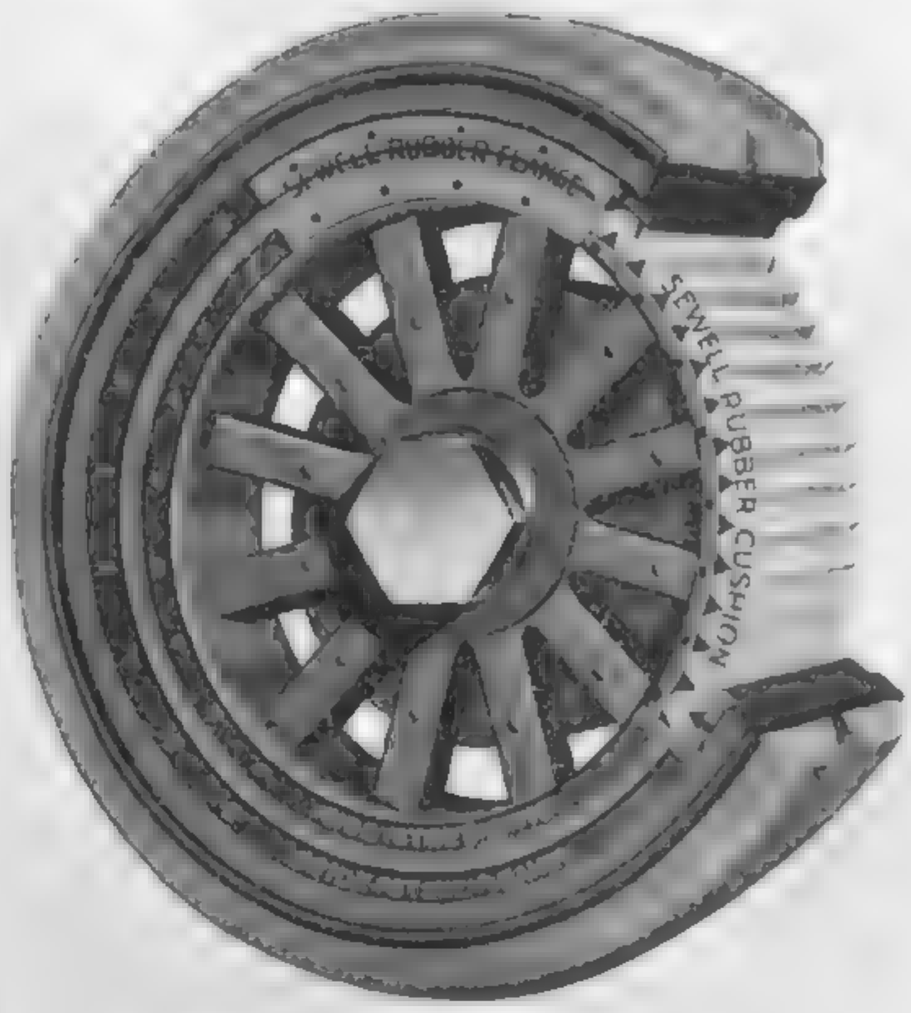
The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel



Sewell Cushion Wheels are furnished for Motor Trucks of from one ton to seven tons capacity

Six Years Without a Penny Repair Cost The Record of This Set of Sewell Cushion Wheels

This five-ton, duplex moving van was equipped with Sewell Cushion Wheels in June, 1913. It is more than a huge truck. It is a double-capacity Van, a house on wheels. It carries a crew of three men. For more than six years this Van has been used for interurban hauls. It has hauled all sorts of loads over all sorts of roads, broken pavements, frozen clay, summer and winter—between sixty and seventy thousand miles—during these six years.

And not one of these Four Sewell Wheels has lost a minute or cost a penny for Repair. Moreover, a recent careful test showed that the rubber in these four wheels had lost none of its Resiliency. These four wheels are still good for many thousands of miles.

It is the Sewell Principle, the Resiliency Built in the Wheel, the Distribution of Weight and Road Shocks over forty percent of the wheel, the Sewell Rubber Cushion that have for six years preserved the mechanism and life of this huge Van; that have made possible this extraordinary record for efficiency and economy.

This instance is merely one of hundreds of instances. For eleven years we have been designing, manufacturing and perfecting this Wheel of Rubber within a Wheel, to secure the all-essential Resiliency which gives truck and tires these added years of efficiency.

In 135 American cities 850 firms are re-ordering Sewell Wheels because they are duplicating the record of this five-ton moving van, equipped with Sewell Cushion Wheels.

Such is the national endorsement of the Sewell Principle—

"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel"

For Eleven Years We Have Been Building resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels

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Sewell Wheel Book to Truck Owners on Request

LIFE AMONG US LANDED PROPRIETORS

(Continued from Page 7)

for the present, and put some other place where they won't be forever getting in his way. Only there doesn't seem to be any other suitable place to keep them in unless we build a shed especially for that purpose. Isn't it curious that sometimes on a hundred-acre farm there should be so little spare room? I should hate to go to the added expense of building that shed, and so, as I was saying just now, if you should happen upon anyone who could use those baskets and that box please don't forget to tell them about my offer."

To the best of my ability I have here quoted the lady verbatim; but if unintentionally I have permitted any erroneous quotations to creep into her remarks they will be corrected before these lines reach the reader's eye, because the next time she and Scott come over—they are neighbors of ours out here in Westchester—I mean to ask her to read copy on them. They drop in on us quite frequently and we talk furnishings, and Scott sits by and smokes and occasionally utters low mocking sounds under his breath, for as yet he has not been entirely won over to antiques. There are times when I fear that Scott, though a most worthy person in all other regards, is hopelessly provincial. Well, I was a trifle provincial myself before I took the cure.

Perhaps I should say that sometimes we talk furnishings with Mistress Maude, but more often we talk farming problems, with particular reference to our own successes and the failures of our friends in the same sphere of endeavor. Indeed, farming is the commonest topic of conversation in our vicinity. Because, like us, nearly all our friends in this part of the country were formerly flat dwellers and because, like us, all of them have done a lot of experimenting in the line of intensified impractical agriculture since they moved to the country.

The Troubles of a Beekeeper

We seek to profit by one another's mistakes, and we do—that is, we profit by them to the extent of gloating over them. Then we go and make a few glaring mistakes on our own account, and when the word of it spreads through the neighborhood, seemingly on the wings of the wind, it is their turn to gloat. We have a regular Gloat Club with an open membership and no dues. If an amateur tiller of the soil and his wife drop in on us on a fine spring evening to announce that yesterday they had their first mess of green peas, whereas our pea vines are still in the blossoming state; or if in midsummer they come for the express purpose of informing us that they have been eating roasting ears for a week—they knowing full well that our early corn has suffered a backset—we compliment them with honeyed words, and outwardly our manner may bespeak a spirit of friendly congratulation, but in our souls all is bitterness.

After they have left one catches oneself saying to one's helpmeet: "Well, the Joneses are nice people in a good many respects. Jones would loan you the last cent he had on earth if you were in trouble and needed it, and in most regards Mrs. Jones is about as fine a little woman as you'd meet in a day's ride. But dog-gone it, I wish they didn't brag so much!" Then one of us opportunely recalls that last year their potatoes developed a slow and mysterious wasting disease resembling malignant tetter, which carried off the entire crop in its infancy, whereas we harvested a cellarful of wonderful praties free from skin blemishes of whatever sort; and warmed by that delectable recollection we cheer up a bit. And if our strawberries turn out well or our apple trees bear heavily or our cow has twin calves, both of the gentler sex, we lose no time in going about the countryside to spread the tidings, leaving in our wake saddened firesides and hearts all abrim with the concentrated essence of envy.

Practically all of our little group specialize. We go in for some line that is absolutely guaranteed to be profitable until the expense becomes too great for a person of limited means any longer to bear up under. Then we drop that and specialize in another line, also recommended as being highly lucrative, for so long as we can afford it; and then we tackle something else again. It is a never-ending round of new experiences, because no matter how disastrously one's most recent experiment has turned out the agricultural weeklies are constantly holding forth the advantages of a field as yet new and untried and morally insured to be one that will yield large and nourishing dividends. It is my sober conviction that the most inspired fiction writers in America—the men with the most buoyant imaginations—are the regular contributors to our standard agricultural journals. And next to them the most gifted romancers are the fellows who sell bulbs and seeds. They are not fabulists exactly, because fables have morals and frequently these persons have none, but they are inspired fancifiers, I'll tell the world.

Each succeeding season finds each family among us embarking upon some new and fascinating venture. For instance, I have one friend who this year went in for bees—Italian bees, I think he said they were, though why he should have been prejudiced against the native-born variety I cannot understand. He used to drop in at our place to borrow a little cooking soda—he was constantly running out of cooking soda at his house owing to using so much of it on his face and hands and his neck for poulticing purposes—and tell us what charming creatures bees were and how much honey he expected to lay by this fall. From what he said we gathered that the half had never been told by Maeterlinck about the engaging personal habits and captivating tribal customs of bees; bees we gathered were, as a race, perhaps a trifle quick-tempered and hot-headed, or if not exactly hot-headed at least hot elsewhere, but ever ready to forgive and forget and, once the heat of passion had passed, to let bygones be bygones. A bee, it seemed from his accounts, was one creature that always stood ready to meet you halfway.

He finally gave up bee culture though, not because his enthusiasm had waned, for it did not, but for professional reasons solely. He is a distinguished actor and when he got the leading rôle in a new play it broke in on his study of the part to be dropping the manuscript every few minutes and grabbing up a tin dish and running out in an endeavor, by the power of music, to induce a flock of swarming bees to rehive themselves, or whatever it is bees are supposed to do when favored with a pie-pan solo. It seemed his bees had a perfect mania for swarming. The least little thing would set them off. There must have been too much artistic temperament about the premises for such emotional and flighty creatures as bees appear to be.

Going In for Chintzes

Then there was another reason: After the play went on he found it interfered with his giving the best that was in him to his art if he had to go on for a performance all humpy in spots; also he discovered that grease paint had the effect of irritating a sting rather than soothing it. I understand that next year he figures on going in for silkworms, or possibly he contemplates buying a few mated chinch bugs and raising his own chintz curtains on the premises. I won't be certain which it is. The other afternoon he came over and offered to give me his last remaining hive of bees. Indeed, he almost pressed them on me.

I declined though. I told him to unload his little playmates on some stranger; that I valued his friendship and hoped to keep it; the more especially, as I now confessed to him, since I had lately thought that if literature ever petered out I might take up the drama as a congenial mode of livelihood, and in such case would naturally benefit through the good offices of a friend who was already in the business and doing well at it. Not, however, that I felt any doubt regarding my ultimate success. I do not mean by this that I have seriously considered playwriting as a regular profession. Once I did seriously consider it, but nobody else did, and especially the critics didn't. Remembering what happened to the only dramatic offering I ever wrote, I long ago made up my mind that if ever I wrote another play—which, please heaven, I shall not—I would call it Solomon Grundy, whether I had a character of that name in it

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or not. You may recall what happened to the original Solomon Grundy—how he was born on a Monday, began to fail on Thursday, passed away on Saturday of the same week and was laid to eternal rest on Sunday. So even though I never do another play I have the name picked out and ready and waiting.

No, my next venture into the realm of Thespis, should necessity direct my steps thither, would land me directly upon the histrionic boards. Ever since I began to fill out noticeably I have nourished this ambition secretly. As I look at it, a pleasing plumpness of outline should be no handicap but on the contrary rather a help. My sex of course is against my undertaking to play The Two Orphans, otherwise I should feel no doubt of my ability to play both of them, and if they had a little sister I shouldn't be afraid to take her on too. But I do rather fancy myself in the title rôles of The Corsican Brothers. If I could show some enterprising manager how he might pay out one salary and save another, surely the idea would appeal to him; and some of these days should the editor of this magazine lose that fine discriminating ability to choose what is best in American letters I may give the idea a try. So having this contingency in mind I gently but firmly told my friend to take his bees elsewhere. I told him I had no intention of looking a gift bee in the mouth.

Why Buttercup Changed Her Name

We have another neighbor who has gone in rather extensively for blooded stock with the intention ultimately of producing butter and milk for the city market. During practically all his active life he has been a successful theatrical manager, which naturally qualifies him for the cow business. He is doing very well at it too. So long as he continues to enjoy successful theatrical seasons he feels that he will be able to go on with cows. Being a shrewd and far-seeing business man he has it all figured out that a minimum of three substantial enduring hits every autumn will justify him in maintaining his herd at its present proportions, whereas with four shows on Broadway all playing to capacity he might even increase it to the extent of investing in a few more head of registered thoroughbred stock.

From him I have gleaned much regarding cows. Before, the life of a cow fancier had been to me as a closed book. Generally speaking, cows, so far as my personal knowledge of them went, were divided roughly into regular cows running true to sex, and the other kind of cows, which were invariably referred to with a deep blush by old-fashioned maiden ladies. True enough, we owned cows during the earlier stages of our rural life; in fact we own one now, a mild-eyed creature originally christened Buttercup but called by us Sahara because of her prevalent habits. But gentle bone-dry Sahara is just a plain ordinary cow of undistinguished ancestry. In the preceding generations of her line scandal after scandal must have occurred; were she a bagpipe solo instead of a cow scarcely could she have in her more mixed strains than she has. We acquired her at a bargain in an auction sale; she is a bargain to anyone desiring a cow of settled and steady habits, regular at her meals, always with an unfailing appetite and having a deep far-reaching voice. There is also an expectation that some future day we may also derive from her milk. However, this contingency rests, as one might say, upon the laps of the gods.

The point I am getting at though is that Sahara, whatever else of merit she may possess in the matters of a kind disposition and a willingness to eat whatever is put before her, is after all but a mere common country-bred cow; whereas the cows whose society my wealthy neighbor cultivates are the pedigreed aristocrats of their breed, and for buying and selling purposes are valued accordingly. Why, from the way the proprietors of registered cows brag about their ancient lineage and their blue-blooded forbears you might think they were all from South Carolina or Massachusetts—the cows, I mean, not necessarily the proprietors.

So it is with the man of whom I have been speaking. Having become a breeder of fancy stock he now appraises a cow not for what she can do on her own intrinsic merits but for the size of her family tree, provided she brings with her the documents to prove it. So far as cows are concerned he has become a confirmed ancestor worshiper. I am sure he would rather own a quarter interest in a collateral descendant of old Prince Bullcon the First of the royal family of the Island of Guernsey, even though the present bearer of the name were but an indifferent milker and of unsettled habits, than to be the sole possessor of some untitled but versatile cow giving malted milk and whipped cream. Such vagaries I cannot fathom. In a democratic country like this, or at least in a country which used to be democratic, it seems to me we should value a cow not for what her grandparents may have been; not for the names emblazoned on her genealogical record, but for what she herself is.

The other Sunday we drove over to his place ostensibly to pay a neighborly call but really to plant distress in his fireside circle by incidentally mentioning that our young grapevines were bearing magnificently.

You see, a member of the Glout Club is expected to work at his trade Sundays as well as weekdays; and besides we had heard that his arbors, with the coming of the autumn, had seemed a bit puny. So the opportunity was too good to be lost and we went over.

After I had driven the harpoon into his soul and watched it sink into him up to the barbs he took me out to see the latest improvements he had made in his cow barn and to call upon the newest addition to his herd. These times you can bed a hired hand down almost anywhere but if you go in for blooded stock you must surround them with the luxuries to which they have been accustomed, else they are apt to go into a decline. He invited my inspection of the porcelain-walled stalls and the patent feeding devices and the sanitary fixtures which abounded on every hand, and to his recently installed cream separator. In my youth the only cream separator commonly in vogue was the type of drooping mustache worn by the average deputy sheriff, and anyhow, with it, cream separating was merely incidental, the real purposes of the mustache being to be ornamental and impressive and subtly to convey a proper respect for the majesty of the law. Often a town marshal wore one too. But the modern separator is a product of science and not a gift of Nature skillfully elaborated by the art of the barber. It costs a heap of money and it operates by machinery and no really stylish dairy farm is complete without it.

And She Couldn't Even Sew

When I had viewed these wonders he led me to a glorified pasture lot and presented me to the occupant—a smallish cow of a prevalent henna tone. Except that she had rather slender legs and a permanent wave between the horns she seemed to my uninitiated eyes much the same as any other cow of the Jersey persuasion. I realized, however, that she must be very high-church. My friend, I knew, would harbor no nonconformist cows on his place, and besides, she distinctly had the high-church manner, a thing which is indefinable in terms of speech but unmistakably to be recognized wherever found. Otherwise, though, I could observe nothing about her calculated to excite the casual passer-by. But my friend was all enthusiasm.

"Now," he said proudly, "what do you think of that for a perfect specimen?"

"Well," I said, "anybody could tell that she's had a lot of refining influences coming into her life. She's no doubt cultured and ladylike to a degree; and she has the fashionable complexion of the hour and she's all marcelled up and everything, but excepting for these adornments has she any special accomplishments that are calculated to give her class?"

"Class!" he repeated. "Class, did you say? Say, listen! That cow has all the class there is. She's less than two years old and she cost me a cool fifteen hundred cash—and cheap at the figure, at that."

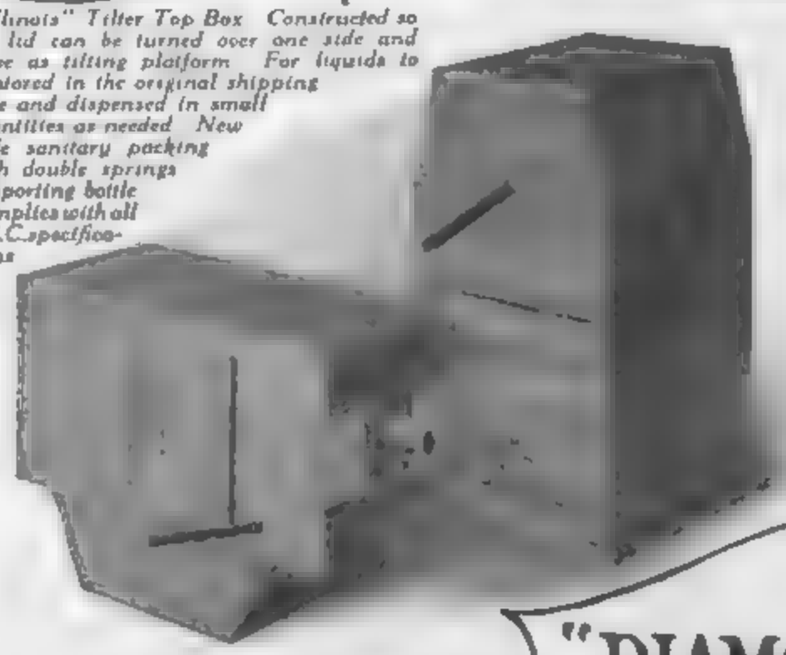
"Fifteen hundred," I murmured dazedly. "What does she give?"

"Why, she gives milk of course," he explained. "What else would she be giving?"

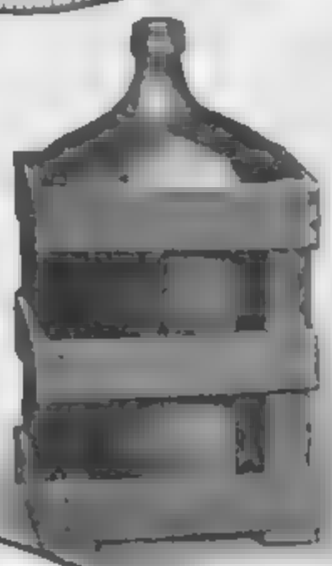
"Well," I said, "I should think that at that price she should at least give music lessons. Perhaps she does plain sewing?"

"Say," he demanded, "what do you expect for fifteen hundred dollars? Fifteen hundred is a perfectly ridiculous price to pay for a cow with a pedigree such as this cow has. She's registered back I don't know how far. It's the regal breeding you

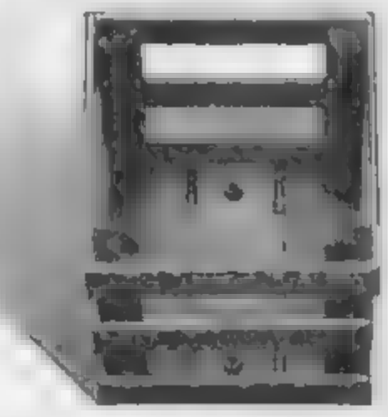
(Continued on Page 157)



"Illinois" Tilter Top Box Constructed so the lid can be turned over one side and serve as tilting platform For liquids to be stored in the original shipping case and dispensed in small quantities as needed New style sanitary packing with double springs supporting bottle Complies with all I.C.C. specifications



Rubber Cushion City Delivery Crate Made shoulder and full height.



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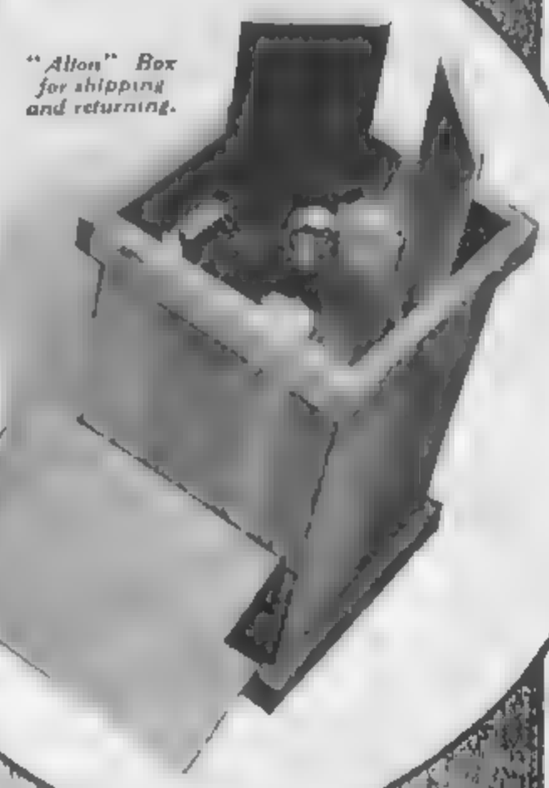
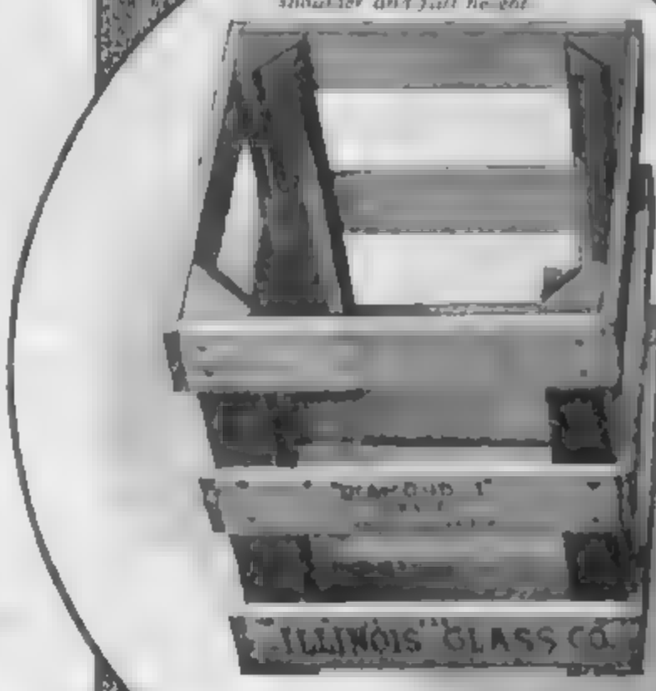


"Alton" Box for shipping and returning.



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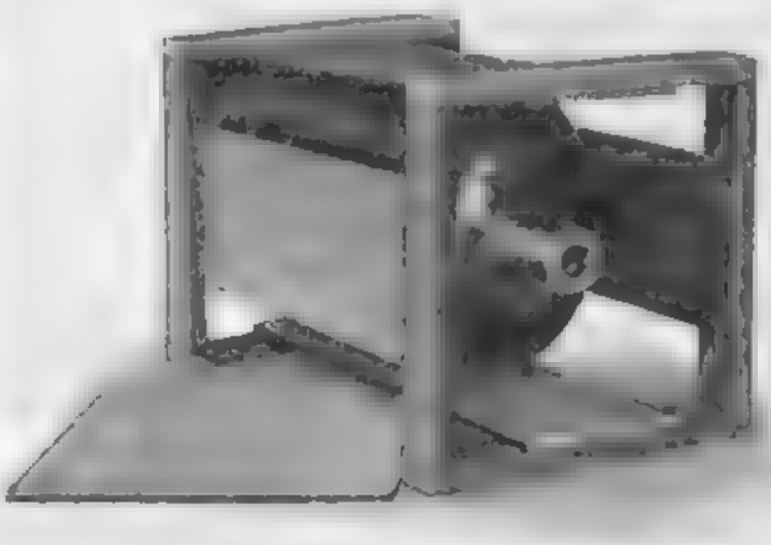

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ONE glance—and in a twinkling all facts are before you. The RAND visible card system of office equipment not only cuts down time and effort spent in "hand-digging" for records, but paves the way for bigger business with less overhead.

In Credit Departments—it permits prompter service to the waiting customer and saves labor, worry and losses.

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The weight of the material used, the sturdy construction, the practicability of each device—in all these things RAND equipment excels.

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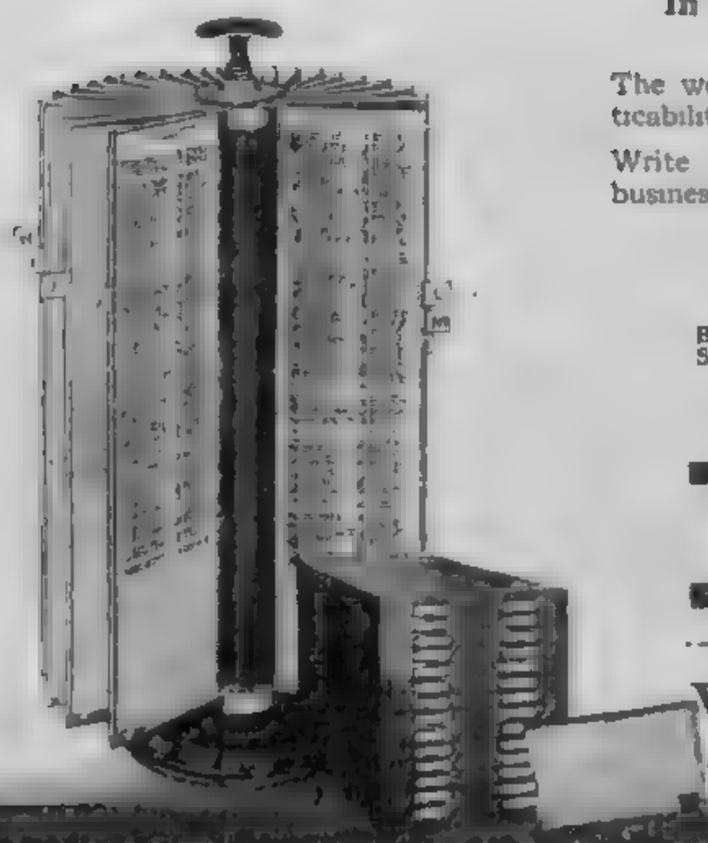

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RAND

VISIBLE BUSINESS-CONTROL

VISIBLE CONTROL OF CREDITS · PRODUCTION · PERSONNEL · STOCK · SALES PROMOTION

(Continued from Page 154)

pay for when you get an animal like this—not the animal herself."

But I refused to be swept off my feet. Before this I had associated with royalty. I once met a lineal descendant of William the Conqueror; he told me so himself. Being a descendant was apparently the only profession he had, and I judged this cow was in much the same line of business.

"Well," I replied, "all I can say is that I wouldn't care if her ancestors came over on the Mayflower—if she belonged to me she'd have to show me something in the line of special endeavor. She'd have to have talents or we'd part company pretty pronto, I'm telling you."

"It is evident you do not understand anything about blooded stock," he said. "The grandmother of this cow was insured for fifteen thousand dollars, and her great-grandfather, King Bulbul, was worth a fortune. The owner was offered fifty thousand for him—and refused it."

In my surprise I could only mutter over and over again the name of William Tell's brother. A great many people do not know that William Tell ever had a brother. His first name was Wat.

After that my friend gave me up as one hopelessly sunken in ignorance, and by a mutual yet unspoken consent we turned the subject to the actors' strike, which was then in full blast. But at intervals ever since I have been thinking of what he told me. To my way of thinking there is something wrong with the economic system of a country which saddles an income tax on an unmarried man with an income of more than two thousand dollars a year and if he be married sinks the ax into all he makes above three thousand, leaving him the interest deduction on the extra one thousand, amounting, I believe, to about twelve dollars and a half, for the support of his wife, on the theory that under the present scale of living any reasonably prudent man can suitably maintain a wife on twelve fifty a year—I repeat, there is something radically wrong with a government which does this to the wage earner and yet passes right on by a cow that carries fifteen thousand in life insurance and a bull worth fifty thousand in his own right. It amounts to class privilege, I maintain. It's almost enough to make a man vote the Republican ticket, and I may yet do it, too, sometime when there aren't any Democrats running, just to show how I feel about it.

Yet others of our acquaintances in the amateur-farming group have taken up fruit growing or pigeons or even Belgian hares. Belgian hares have been highly recommended to us as being very prolific. You start in with one pair of domestic-minded Belgian hares and presently countless thousands of little Belgian heirs and heiresses are gladdening the landscape. From what I can hear the average Belgian hare has almost as many aunts and uncles and cousins as a microbe has. They pay well too. You can sell a Belgian hare to almost anybody who has never tried to eat one. But as we have only about sixty acres and part of that in woodland, we have felt that there was scarcely room enough for us to go in for Belgian hares without sacrificing space which we may require for ourselves.

The Cussedness of Hogs

Mainly our experiments have been confined to hogs and poultry. I will not claim that we have been entirely successful in these directions. The trouble seems to be that our pigs are so tremendously opposed to race suicide and that our hens are so firmly committed to it. Now offhand you might think an adult animal of the swine family that completely gave herself over to the idea of multiplying and replenishing the earth with her species would be an asset to any farm, but in my own experience I have found that such is not always the case. Into the world a brood of little pinky-white squealers are ushered. They grow apace, devouring with avidity the most expensive brands of pig food that the grocer has in stock; and then, just when your mind is filled with delectable visions of hams in the smokehouse and flitches of bacon in the cellar and tierces of lard in the cold-storage room and spare ribs and cracklings and homemade sausage and pork tenderloins on the table—why, your prospects deliberately go and catch the hog cholera and are shortly no more. They have a perfect mania for it. They'll travel miles out of their way to catch it; they'll sit up until all hours of night in the hope of catching it. Hogs will swim the Mississippi River—and it full of ice—to get where hog cholera is. Our hogs have been observed in the act of standing in the pen with their snouts in the air, sniffing in unison until they attracted the germs of it right out of the air. It is very disheartening to be counting on bacon worth eighty cents a pound only to find that all you have on your hands is a series of hurried hog interments.

In their own sphere of life turkeys are as suicidally minded as hogs are. I speak with authority here because we tried raising turkeys too. For a young turkey to get its feet good and wet spells doom for the turkey, and accordingly it practically devotes its life to getting its feet wet. If it cannot escape from the pen into the damp grass immediately following a rain it will in its desperation take other measures with a view to catching its death of cold. One of the most distressing spectacles to be witnessed in all Nature is a half-grown feeble-minded turkey obsessed with the maniacal idea that it was born a puddle duck, running round and round a coop trying to find a damp spot to stand on; it is a pitiful sight and yet exasperating. In order to be sure of getting its feet wet an infant turkey has been known to jump down an artesian well. This is not mere idle rumor; it is a scientific fact well authenticated. If somebody would only invent a style of overshoe that might be worn in comfort by an adolescent turkey without making the turkey feel distraught or self-conscious, that person would confer a boon upon the entire turkey race and at the same time be in a fair way to reap a fortune for himself. I know that a few months back if such an article had been in the market I would gladly have taken fifty pairs, assorted misses' and children's sizes.

Plymouth Rock Loafers

As for hens, I confess that at times I have felt like altogether abandoning my belief in the good faith and honest intentions of hens. Naturally one thinks of hens in connection with fresh-laid eggs, but my experience has been that the hen does not follow this line of reasoning. She prefers to go off on a different bent. She figures she was created to adorn society, not to gladden the breakfast platter of man. Or at any rate I would state that this has been the obsession customarily harbored by the hens which we have owned and which we persistently continue, in the face of disappointment oft-compounded, to go on owning.

We started out by buying, at a perfectly scandalous outlay, a collection of blooded hens of the white Plymouth Rock variety. We had been told that the sun never set on a setting white Plymouth Rock hen; that a white Plymouth Rock hen which had had the right sort of influences in her life and the right sort of hereditary instincts to guide her in her maturer career would inevitably dedicate her entire being to producing eggs. And we believed it until the hens we had purchased themselves offered proof to the absolute contrary.

It was enough almost to break one's heart to see a great broad-beamed, full-busted husky hen promenading round the chicken run, eating her head off, gadding with her sister idlers, wasting the precious golden hours of daylight in idle social pursuits and at intervals saying to herself: "Lay an egg? Well, I guess not! Why should I entail a strain on my nervous system and deny myself the pleasures of the gay life for the sake of these people? If they were able to pay four dollars for me, sight unseen, they are sufficiently affluent to buy their own eggs. Am I right? I'll say I am!"

You could look at her expression and tell what she was thinking. And then when you went and made the rounds of the empty and untenanted nests you knew that you had correctly fathomed the workings of her mind.

We tried every known argument on those hens in an effort to make them see the error of their ways and the advantages of eggs. We administered to them meat scraps and fresh carrots and rutabagas and sifted gravel and ground-up oyster shells; the only result was to make them finicky and particular regarding their diet. No longer were they satisfied with the things we ate ourselves; no, they must have special dishes; they wished to be pampered like invalids. We bought for them large quantities of costly chick feed—compounds guaranteed to start the most confirmed spinster hen to laying her head off.

So far as I might observe this, too, was of no avail. The more confirmed imbibers of

Can You Make the Same Soup Twice?

THAT'S hard to do, you know. Materials vary, recipes are not exact. But the Van Camp chefs will make the same soup a thousand times alike.

Most Van Camp Soups are based on famous French recipes. A chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens.

Here culinary experts, college trained, spend months in their perfection. They test blend after blend—sometimes hundreds of them—until they get the supreme quality and flavor.

Then every detail of the process is set down in a formula. It sometimes covers pages. Standards are fixed for every ingredient. Thus a Van Camp Soup is always like the model soup adopted.

Always Alike

A Van Camp Soup has forever the same delightful flavor.

The New-Day Way

This is the new way in soup making. Scientific cooks perfect them, then able chefs in model kitchens follow their directions.

There is no other way to make a perfect soup. The finest hotels can't serve soups like these unless they buy Van Camp's.

Learn what they mean to your table. They come to you ready-prepared. They cost no more than ordinary soups. And when you serve Van Camp's you are serving the utmost in a soup.

VAN CAMP'S Soups 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
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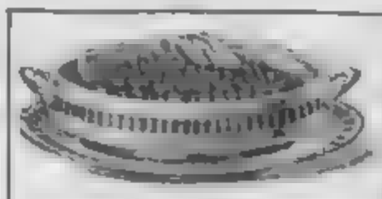

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Baked so they easily digest, and with a sauce of distinctive zest and tang

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A famous Italian recipe prepared in this scientific way

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Made of nuts so blended as to give a new, delightful flavor.

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TEMCO TOOLS are time and money savers for quick drilling in metal or wood tapping, sharpening tools and valve grinding. They can be carried to any part of your shop—are light weight, easy to handle, and ideal for working in hard-to-get-at-corners. They are low in first cost, inexpensive to operate, and multiply your efficiency.

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The Temco Electric Motor Co., Leipsic, Ohio, U. S. A.

the special dishes merely developed lumpy dropsical figures and sat about in shady spots and brooded in a moody way as though they had heavy loads on their minds. We killed one of them as a sacrifice to scientific investigation and cut her open, and lo, she was burdened inside with half-developed yolks—a case, one might say, of mislaid eggs.

In desperation I even thought of invoking the power of mental suggestion on them. Possibly it might help to hang up a picture of a lady sturgeon in the henhouse? Or would it avail to shoo them into a group and read aloud to them the "begat" chapter in the Old Testament?

While I was considering these expedients someone suggested that probably the trouble lay in the fact that our fowls either were too highly bred or were too closely related and perhaps an infusion of new blood was what was needed. So now we went to the other extreme and added to our flock a collection of ordinary scrub hens, mixed as to breed and homely as to their outward appearance, but declared—by their former owner—to be passionately addicted to the pursuit of laying eggs. Conceding that this was true, the fact remained that immediately they passed into our possession they became slackers and nonproducers. I imagine the mistake we made was in permitting them to associate with the frivolous white débutantes we already owned; undoubtedly those confirmed bachelor maids put queer ideas into their heads, causing them to believe there was no nourishment in achieving eggs to be served up with a comparative stranger's fried ham.

On the theory that they might require exercise to stimulate their creative faculties we let them range through the meadows. Some among them promptly deserted the grassy leas to ravage our garden; others made hidden nests in the edges of the thickets, where the hawks and the weasels and the skunks and the crows might fatten on the fruits of their misdirected industry. So we cooped them up again in their run, whereupon they developed rheumatism and sore eyes and a perverted craving for eating one another's tail feathers. At present our chicken yard is nothing more nor less than a hen sanitarium. But we do not despair of ultimate success with our hens. We may have to cross them with the Potomac shad but we mean to persevere until victory has perched upon our roosts. As Rupert Hughes remarked when, after writing a long list of plays which died a-borning, he eventually produced a riotous hit of hits: "Well, I'm only human—I couldn't fail every time."

I should have said that there is one fad to which all our Westchester County colony of amateur farmers are addicted. Some may pursue one agricultural hobby and some another, but almost without exception the members of our little community are confirmed hired-help fanciers. You meet a neighbor and he tells you that after a disastrous experience with Polled Polacks he is now about to try the White Face Cockneys; they have been highly recommended to him. And next month when you encounter him again he is experimenting with Italian road builders or Scotch gardeners or Swedish stable hands or Afro-American tree trimmers or what not.

One member of our group after a prolonged season of alternating hopes and disappointments during which he first hired and then for good and sufficient reasons fired representatives of nearly all the commonervarieties—plainandcolored,domestic and imported, strays, culls and mavericks—decided to try his luck in the city at one of the employment agencies specializing in domestic servitors for country places. He procured the address of such an establishment and repaired thither—simply attired in his everyday clothes. As soon as he entered the place he realized that he was in the wrong pew; here, plainly, was a shop to which repaired the proprietors of ostentatious estates rather than the modest owners of farms, among whom he numbered himself. He tried to back out, making himself as inconspicuous as possible in so doing, but at that before he succeeded in escaping he had two good jobs offered to him—one as assistant groom in a racing stable over on Long Island and one as general handyman at a yacht club up in Connecticut. He is convinced now that the rich are so hard pressed for servants that they'll hire almost anybody without requiring references.

None of us will ever be rich; we're all convinced of that, the cost of impractical farming being what it is, but by the same token none of us would give up the pleasures of a landed proprietor's lot—the word "landed" being here used to imply one baited, hooked and caught; i.e., a landed sucker—for the life of a flat dweller again. It's a great life if a fellow doesn't weaken—and we'll never weaken.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER

(Continued from Page 15)

Hungrily Cousens ran through pamphlet after pamphlet—particularly those on history and English and philosophy. These were not to him mere courses of study; they were invitations to join the group of thinking men who see life steady and see it whole. They were opportunities for a man to link himself up with the past, to interpret the present and reach forward toward the future. Without an intelligent conception of what had gone before, a man to-day was no more than a grubworm boring aimlessly in the unilluminated earth, feeding on mud, with all the glories of the real world lying concealed above him. That was all he had been doing—feeding on mud that the world called money. And four short years would have given him all this—would have taken him out of the earth and given him wings. Then he could have grubbed safely, because it would have been a mere incident.

"To think the boy has thrown away such a chance as this!" said Cousens.

Claire had been watching him.

"He was not ready for it, Jim," she answered. "You yourself were not ready for it at his age."

"No," he admitted. "And when you are ready then it's too late."

Her cheeks flushed with a new idea.

"Too late?" she repeated as though questioning herself.

Then she took his arm.

"Let's walk round the Yard again," she said.

Reluctantly he left. She led him back to Holworthy. Before the old brick building she stopped and faced him.

"Jim," she said, "do you remember I told you that we had begun so young—so very young that it wasn't too late to begin all over again?"

"Yes, Claire."

"I didn't know myself then just what I meant, but I see it now. I saw it in there when you were going over those pamphlets."

"What?" he interrupted.

"Please let me run on till I'm through. You've saved about eight thousand dollars for Harriet and Jim, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And now they don't need it, so so why don't you use it yourself?"

"For what?"

"For what you intended it—for college. Only instead of on them, on yourself."

"Good Lord, Claire!" he gasped.

"You're only forty, Jim. And four years on this end of your life is no more than four years on the other. Let's go and see if there is any reason why you can't enter."

She took hold of his arm as though to start him at once, but he drew back.

"There's something queer about that," he protested.

More herself now, she laughed.

"There's nothing queer about it. We have the money and the children don't need us, so ——"

"What about you?"

"I," she faltered, "I—I might go on with my music."

"Now there's an idea worth while," he agreed enthusiastically. "Why can't you? You can start at the conservatory and ——"

"You can start here. We'll get a little flat somewhere."

"Just as we did before."

"The housework won't be anything at all for just two."

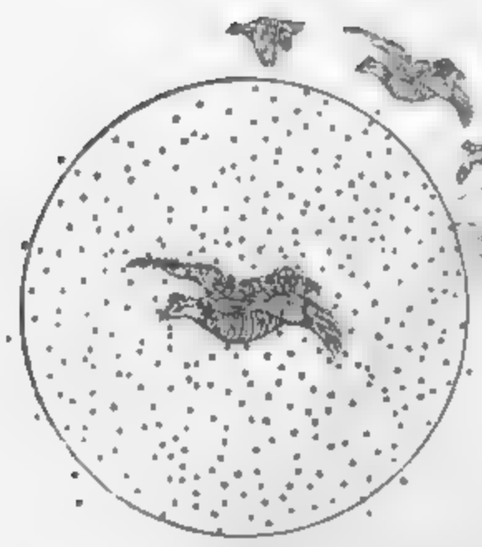
"We can bring on some of our things from New York."

"And—and, oh, Jim, will you?"

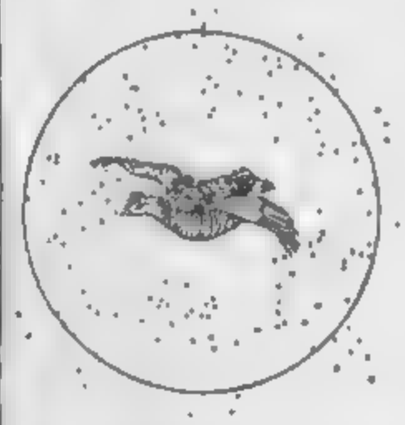
"What—what about the bank?"

"We don't need the bank any more. We've enough to take us through four years, and after that—you've always wanted to teach, Jim. Anyhow, we'll take a chance—after that."

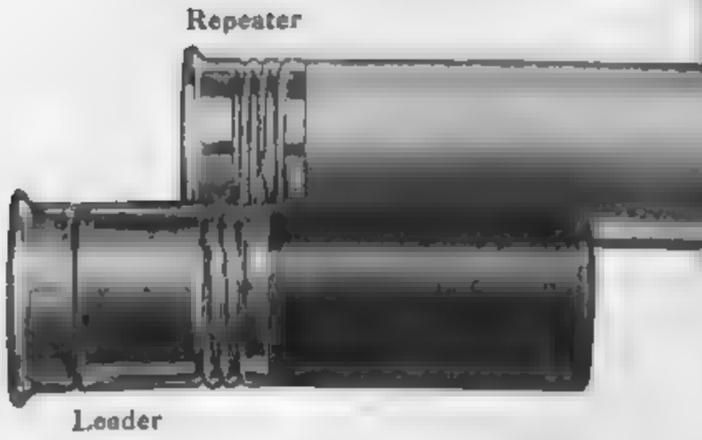
(Continued on Page 161)



The hard-hitting Winchester pattern is evenly distributed. No game gets through, and no game is mutilated.



A patchy pattern often means a miss, many times a cripple and sometimes badly mutilated game



GAME-GETTERS

THE steady game-getting qualities of Winchester Loaded Shells have made them the favorite shells of experienced shooters. Under all weather conditions they play true to form, shooting a strong, even spread of shot. The Winchester waterproofing process prevents them from swelling from dampness; special lubrication of the paper fibres prevents brittleness and splitting in dry weather.

The secret of the famous Winchester game-getting, even spread shot pattern is in the control of the gas blast from the exploding powder. This in turn depends upon the wadding in the shell.

The Winchester gas control system

The Winchester system of wadding and loading is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most effective control of the gas blast. The base wads of Winchester shells are constructed to give what is known as progressive combustion to the powder charge. The ignition spreads to the sides, in all directions, as well as forward.

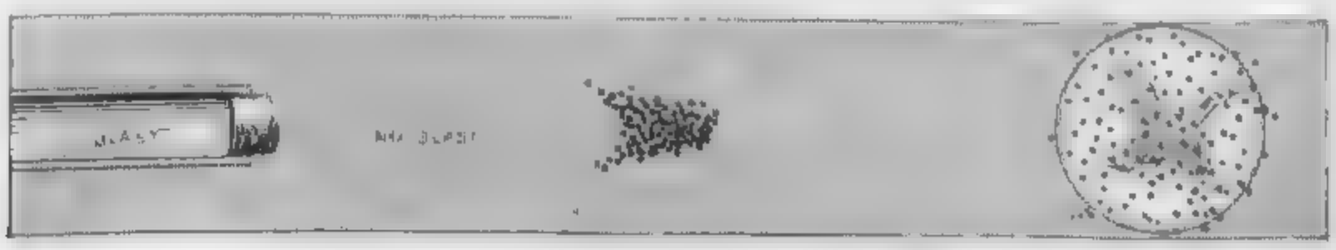
Under the heat and pressure of this rapid combustion, the tough, springy driving wad expands and fills the bore snugly, completely sealing in the gas behind. In being driven through the bore this wad offers just enough resistance to the gas blast to insure complete combustion of every grain of powder, so that the full energy of the whole powder charge is developed at the muzzle. Thus none of the shot charge leaves the gun until it is being driven by the maximum energy and velocity possible from the load.

At the muzzle, the expanded, snug fitting driving wad is slightly checked by the muzzle choke or constriction, while the shot cluster travels on unbroken by gas blast or wadding, making the hard-hitting uniform pattern for which Winchester shells are world famous.

Uniform shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are so balanced in construction as to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load. The broad fish-tail flash from the primer gives even and thorough ignition; the driving wads completely seal in the gas behind the shot; the stiffness of the crimp or turnover at the shell head is varied exactly according to different loads, great care being taken never to stiffen it to such a degree that it offers undue resistance to the powder explosion.

Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps, be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for black powder. Leading hardware and sporting goods dealers in every community carry Winchester Arms and Ammunition. They will be glad to assist you in determining the particular load best suited to your purpose. Upon request, we will send you, free of charge, our interesting booklet on Winchester Shotguns and Loaded Shells. **Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 528, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**



The Winchester system of wadding. The wadding expands evenly, sealing in the gas blast all the way to the muzzle, where the wadding is checked by the "choke" or constriction. The shot cluster travels on unbroken. Actual test target 320 pellets out of 431 or 74% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yards

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Where Marble is "Planed" Like Wood

A 16-inch "grinding drum," rotating 1,200 times a minute, "bites" off 3-32 of an inch of marble surface with less than a hundredth of an inch vibration.

Or a massive "rubbing bed," endlessly thrusting its 24,000-pound table and spindle and its 6,000 pounds of marble back and forth on ball bearings, stands up for months under terrific strain without break-down.

Here once more the ball bearing makes play out of work, reducing the uncompromising severity of stone-working to the simplicity and accuracy of a lumber mill.

And this picture of adverse conditions, where extremes of load and speed are conquered, is but one "close-up" of how ball bearings improve efficiency, durability and reliability in rotary or oscillating machinery.

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MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Ball Bearings

(Continued from Page 158)

"But you're a good sport!" he exclaimed from the bottom of his heart.

"We won't be taking so much of a chance as we took the first time."

"No," he grinned. "And we pulled out pretty well."

"So ——"

She took his arm and led him back toward the university. Once only he faltered. Then he said, "I—I suppose the boy will think we're crazy."

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps this is the best way of showing him we aren't."

III

JAMES COUSENS entered college that fall as a member in good standing of the freshman class in the place of his son Jimmy. When the latter first heard of the scheme he thought it indicated a nervous breakdown and was for taking the next train to Boston to the rescue. But both Harriet and Charles disagreed with him.

"It's what is called second youth," declared Harriet. "I've heard of it."

"I know, but dad is only forty. It's too early for him to begin to slop soup on his waistcoat."

"Not second childhood—second youth," Harriet corrected. "That's something quite different."

"But you can't tell how far it will go."

"I'll trust him, with ma there."

"She says she is beginning her music again. That's better than beginning cigarettes as a lot of women her age are doing."

"Well, they ought to come home for Christmas, anyway, and let us take a look at them. It sounds queer to me."

Jimmy let the matter drop for the time being, because he was very busy. Charles was showing a lot of life and bringing to the firm many new clients and it was Jimmy's business to handle them, once they came in. He was good at that and wise enough not to go any further. When it came to giving them advice he turned them over to Pettingill with his thirty years of experience.

However, Jimmy took the time to write his father a friendly letter of counsel. Among other things he said:

"I don't know how far you are planning to go, but if I were you I'd cut out football. I'm not saying you haven't got plenty of pep, but you want to remember your bones are more brittle than they used to be. Stick to Greek and Latin and if ever you get pinched for money, let me know."

Cousens did not accept the invitation of the freshman manager to every man of the class to come out and try for the team, but neither did he cut out football entirely. He bought two season tickets for the varsity games and with his wife never missed a game. And he enjoyed them. Before the Yale game he knew the name and weight and antecedent of every man on the team.

Nor did he neglect altogether active participation in athletics. He joined a gym class and took his setting-up exercises, followed by a cold shower, regularly, with the result that he found his muscles hardening, his appetite improving and the color coming back to his cheeks. At the end of three months he looked ten years younger.

Cousens found his academic tasks easy. His bank work had called for concentration and this stood him in good stead. Besides this, of course, he had both the eager desire to learn and the mental maturity to grasp, so that he mastered without effort his daily assignments and had time enough left to do a great deal of correlative reading, which placed him naturally far in advance of his younger classmates. This was nothing to boast about. He was not interested in comparing his standing with that of his fellows, but the ease with which he mastered his subjects kept him free from all the petty worries that disturbed them. He accomplished without effort better results than they reached after hard labor. It was all play for him—one long glorious holiday.

Cousens at first was rather shy about mixing with the younger men, except as he met them at lectures. He was afraid they might regard him as an intruder, or—what would be worse—look upon him as a sort of boy-scout leader. Actually he felt younger than when in college before, but he labored under no delusion; as a matter of fact he was more than twenty years older. He was perfectly willing to admit this. He did not intend to pose as anything else. He had a horror of being mistaken for a middle-aged man trying to act kittenish. And so though he met the boys it was man fashion, and though he took an interest in the class affairs it was with appreciation of the fact that their active management belonged to the newer generation. He learned a lot about that generation that he had not known.

The boys appreciated this attitude of his. At first they had been frankly suspicious of him. He looked to them like a proctor in disguise. But as time went on and they saw that though he did not participate in their horseplay—in fact generally disappeared whenever it began—neither did he attempt to spoil it or inflict counsel upon them, they began to accept him. In celebration of a certain memorable victory over Yale, Cousens found himself dragged into a snake dance beneath the goal posts. He had young Staniford on one arm and Hammond on the other. He lost his hat properly enough and kept on bareheaded to the Yard. Here in the excitement of the moment he joined with the others in yelling himself hoarse. He was a bit ashamed of it afterward and apologized to Claire for having deserted her so abruptly, but she only smiled.

"I doubt if I should ever have respected you again if you hadn't," she said.

He and Claire finished the celebration that night by going to the theater, and in town afterward they ran across young Staniford much the worse for wear. As a matter of fact he was on the point of being arrested for his insistence upon trying to exchange headgear with a none-too-good-natured cop. Claire and Jim took the young man in tow between them and persuaded him into a taxi. At the Yard Claire waited while Cousens escorted the lad to his room and helped him into bed. The incident was never mentioned again between Staniford and Cousens, but Staniford remembered it and knew Cousens knew he did. The boy began calling at the apartment on Sunday afternoons after this and brought others, until Claire eventually found herself holding something in the nature of a salon there. They liked the things she gave them to eat for one thing, and they liked to hear her play.

She was getting on wonderfully at the conservatory. With nothing else to occupy her mind while Jim was either at lectures or in the library she was putting in some five hours a day practicing. She was willing to begin at the beginning and took up her old elementary technical exercises with honest enthusiasm. Not that it was not also a good deal of a chore to go over the ground a second time, but she had the intelligence to appreciate now the object of the work. Of course, too, she was mature enough this time to correct conscientiously her faults as she went along, so that the practice counted twice. Her compensation came in seeing a steady and rapid improvement. Her original intention had been to take the full course, but at the end of the first six months she had covered the first year and was well into the second. This she accomplished without fatigue and in spite of the fact that with her husband her life began to take on countless new and varied outside interests. In addition to the sports she attended with Jim, concerts and the theater occupied two or three nights a week. Later her Sunday afternoon receptions became a regular engagement. This was in addition to her social calls.

Neither Cousens nor his wife had anticipated anything of the kind. They had come to Cambridge unannounced and knew no people in the academic circle, but it was not long before they began to receive invitations into that circle supposed to be super-exclusive. The older professors took an interest in Cousens as representing a novel experiment. Then they liked both his work and the man himself. As a result they invited him and his wife to their homes to get a closer knowledge of them.

The reward was mutual. Cousens and his wife found these new associations with highly trained minds a new spur to their ambitions, while the academic circle in their turn were able to learn much from the new point of view the Cousenses brought them. They represented a fresh approach to education.

The period up to the Christmas vacation passed like a month and Cousens might have stayed right on in Cambridge had it not been for a peremptory letter from Jim Junior.

"Dear Dad," he wrote: "If you don't make arrangements to come home for the holidays I'll have to make arrangements to come on to Cambridge. That will make it hard for everyone, because business is humming just now. Besides, it's your duty to

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The Koupet Top
TRADE MARK

Then your Ford is an *everyday* comfort and *all-weather* utility car. The Koupet Top shuts out the wind, dust, rain, snow, sleet, cold—shuts them all out tight. And yet, when you are breezing along in the pure, fresh, clean air—floods of it pour in through the perfect ventilating arrangements of The Koupet Top.

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Doors conveniently open with car doors, as *one*. Instead of "dropping" one-half of glass pane for ventilation, all glass in Koupet doors is split lengthwise, exposed edges ground; one piece sliding forward or rearward in a metal channel. Door panes open and shut easily, quickly. No bothersome catches.

The Koupet Top is built to *wear*—screwed, bolted and hinged together—sits firm, rides quietly.

Double-ventilating windshield—of plate glass, with exposed edge ground—is joined snug and close into front frame. Automatic stop lock hinges, hold upper and lower windshield panes at desired angle.

Ride through windy rain and driving sleet or snow—and see out in all directions—front, sides, and through full road vision glass in rear. Drip troughs keep the glass clear. Many other *first-quality* features—*all* quality throughout.

Like your Ford itself, The Koupet Top is a *very great value at a very moderate price.*

We have been 62 years in the vehicle building business. This wide experience together with the fact that we produce tops in great volume enables us to *build well* and to sell our output at the *lowest possible price*.

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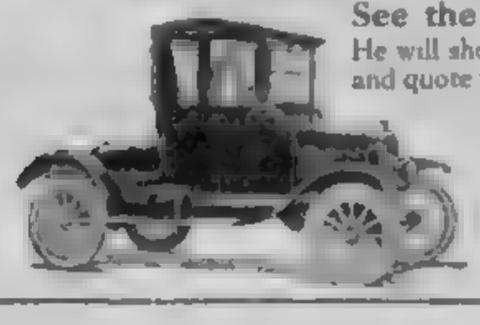

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come on. Parents owe some obligations to their children, especially when the children are working hard to send their parents through college.

"Honest, dad, I want to see you, and so does Harriet. I've missed you a lot, and Harriet—well, she has a secret she wants to whisper to mother. I'm inclosing a check for fifty dollars in case you're busted. If you don't come now you'll be so young at the end of your freshman year that we won't know you.

"P. S. Charles has arranged parties for every night. He says he knows what the college boys like."

IV

COUSENS finished his course in three years, but remained a fourth year for an A. M. and was graduated with his class. If anyone wants to know how brief a period of a man's life four years is, let him ask Cousens. To him it seemed over before it was fairly begun. As an undertaking in prospect such a venture may look formidable, but it can be done almost while a man is considering the difficulties. He was forty-four when he was graduated, but he was able to look forward to the future with more zest and confidence than any of his classmates. He stood on firm ground now.

Both Jimmy and Harriet came on to Class Day, and Cousens did everything right up chuck. He even insisted that Claire buy for the occasion a regular class-day gown—a dainty thing of white lawn—and a new hat. Harriet had always gone some in dress, but when she joined her mother on that eventful day the honors were even. Cousens himself blossomed forth in a nobby light-gray suit, a jaunty Panama and a red hatband.

"You sure look like the real thing," Jimmy complimented him.

They all took in the Stadium exercises, Cousens joining his class in the Yard and marching past his family, cheering each of the old buildings. Then they came back to half a dozen spreads to which Cousens had received invitations, and in the evening shuttled back and forth between the illuminated Yard and the senior dance at Memorial. It was a great day for them all, and even Jimmy Junior renewed his youth. He lost some of his New York wrinkles that evening and seemed almost like a boy again.

The children went back the next day, but Claire and her husband remained for commencement. She had received her diploma from the conservatory earlier in the month and Cousens had wanted to make a fuss about that, but she would not allow it.

"You are the big thing, Jimmy," she insisted. "I've just done this to fill in my time."

She had even refused to allow her name to be put on the program for the graduating concert, though invited to that place of honor, because she felt that such things belonged to the younger girls.

"They have their place to make in the world," she said. "I have made mine."

Cousens received his sheepskin—with honors in certain subjects—almost regretfully. It marked the end of as interesting a four years as it is ever the good fortune of a man to live. Regretfully, too, he shook hands with his classmates, knowing they were to be dispersed to the four ends of the earth. Regretfully again he and Claire broke up their little apartment in Cambridge and started back to New York.

But that was only a passing emotion. Cousens had not returned a week before he began to sense that instead of leaving behind he was bringing with him the best of his university. And he found, too, that there was more of Harvard right here than back in Cambridge. This gave him a new point of view on the city. He saw it in a bigger, broader way. He linked it up with the universe.

He even got a new slant on the business world. He went downtown and renewed his old friendships in the bank where he had worked so long. There had been many changes, but many of the former staff were there to greet him. They saw a brisker, younger, firmer man, while too often he saw men grown old beyond their years. The manager hinted that a place could be found for him there, but he shook his head. He was not sure of his plans yet.

He spent a good deal of time, too, in Jimmy's office. He was curious to see how the young man worked, and Jimmy seemed to like to have him round. The latter appeared to take a good deal of pride in his father. He used to introduce him as "My father—just out of college."

It was always taken as a joke until Jimmy explained that it was literally true.

The boy's business was growing, but as Cousens looked on it seemed to him that it was not growing in so big and broad a fashion as it should. The small trading accounts had increased steadily, so that from their commissions they were receiving a good income, but they had remained a brokerage house in the narrowest sense. They were not seeing big or interesting themselves in the slightest in the field of finance. They did not even have a seat on the Stock Exchange, but had remained content to execute their orders through another office. He thought he saw, too, a dangerous tendency to deal more and more with curb stocks.

However, Cousens kept quiet and merely looked on. He was amazed at his own widened point of view. He would have said offhand that his experience of the last four years must if anything have weakened his interest in the business world. It had been out of his consciousness altogether. It is a far cry from ancient Greece and Rome to Wall Street, and yet with that historic background to help he was for the first time realizing that this game was not merely a matter of petty bookkeeping or merely a sharp clash of wits based on covetousness, but in a bigger sense was one with the orderly progress of the world. He no longer saw it as one of the grubs. History was here in the making as much as it had once been in Rome and Greece.

As days went on Cousens found himself fascinated with it, but as days went on he found himself less and less content merely to watch it. And so when he received a second offer from Wentworth to return to the bank he showed it to the boy.

"I think I'll accept that, son," he said. "I'm tired of sitting on the side lines."

Jimmy Junior read the letter. The offer was for five thousand to act as head clerk. Jimmy read it twice and then glanced up at his father.

"You're going to what?" he demanded.

"I think I'll accept," repeated Cousens.

"You mean to say you're going back there and let yourself get pigeonholed again—after going through college?"

"Only this time they won't be able to pigeonhole me," smiled Cousens.

"I'll bet they won't!" snapped Jimmy rather ambiguously. "But look here! I thought you wanted to teach."

Cousens shook his head.

"I'm afraid I haven't had experience enough for that," he answered. "Besides—the old city looks pretty good to me now, Jimmy."

"Then," said Jimmy Junior—"then you sit down and write Wentworth that you can't accept his offer because you've got a better."

"What do you mean, son?"

"I mean that if you're worth that to him you're worth twice that to me. Look here, dad, I've been watching you since you've been hanging round here—watching you and listening to you."

"I've tried to keep my mouth shut," broke in Cousens.

"And you've done pretty well, but when you have spoken it was to the point. I know a lot about this business that you don't know, but what gets me is that you seem to know a lot about it that I don't know. Darned if I understand where you picked it up, but—well, you see the big things. I've talked this over with Charlie and he suggested we try to get you, but I said it couldn't be done. We need a man like you, dad. Pettingill is going to get out before long, but even if he stays we'll need you. We need someone big—someone with stuffing in him. So if you're going into the game at all this is right where you're going."

Cousens never considered himself an emotional man, but as the boy leaned toward him with his lean young face tense and uttered those words he had to gulp hard once or twice before he could answer. Then he said; "Jimmy, I hadn't thought of this. But if you need me and think I can help ——"

"Help!" broke in Jimmy. "You'll be the making of this firm. You're a member from to-day—at your own figure."

And all this is what lay back of an advertisement on the financial page of the New York daily papers which read as follows:

"We take pleasure in announcing that from to-day Mr. James Cousens, Sr., becomes a member of this firm.

"PETTINGILL, GRANDSON & COUSENS."

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When your branch manager needs stamps, there's a place in his town where he can get them. Stamps don't have to be ordered for him—they're there.

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AMID the smoldering embers of many a conflagration, there stands such a monument to fire prevention. Scarred and grimy, perhaps, but virtually undamaged.

And why?

Almost always the self-salvaged building has been defended by more than fire-proof walls—because roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing—which is so fire-resistant that it gives full protection, even when laid over inflammable roofing construction.

There is a terrible sameness in the history of all fires that spread. They start as inside blazes—and grow big—feeding on roofs that burn.

So select your roofing, no matter what the building, with a clear sense of the fire danger and with the knowledge that your roofing will endure against time and weather.

This is a specification that only Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing will fill—in the fullest sense.

There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for the protection of every type of building. Read the list below and decide now which one you will select to limit your fire hazard.

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INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs

CEMENTS

ROOFINGS

PACKINGS

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JOHNS—MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 26)

unfortunate than John Throckmorton, who but for Old Hell's Delight would have encountered little obstacle to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness.

III

ANOTHER interesting Kentuckian of this period was John Thompson Gray. He was a Harvard man—a wit, a scholar and, according to old Southern standards, a chevalier. Handsome and gifted, he had the disastrous misfortune just after leaving college to kill his friend in a duel—a mortal affair growing, as was usual in those days, out of a trivial cause; and this not only saddened his life but in its ambitious aims shadowed and defeated it. His university comrades had fully counted on his making a great career. Being a man of fortune he was able to live like a gentleman without public preferment, and this he did, except to his familiars, aloof and sensitive to the last.

William Preston, the whilom Minister to Spain and Confederate general, and David Yandell, the eminent surgeon, were his devoted friends, and a notable trio they made. Stoddard Johnston, Boyd Winchester and I—very much younger men—sat at their feet and immensely enjoyed their brilliant conversation.

Doctor Yandell was not only, as proclaimed by Doctor Gross and Doctor Sayre, the ablest surgeon of his day, but he was also a gentleman of varied experience and great social distinction. He had studied long in Paris and was the pal of John Howard Payne, the familiar friend of Lamartine, Dumas and Lemaitre. He knew Béranger, Hugo and Balzac. It would be hard to find three Kentuckians less provincial, more unaffected, scintillant and worldy wise than he and William Preston and John Thompson Gray.

Indeed the list of my acquaintances—many of them intimates, some of them friends—would be, if recounted, a long one, not mentioning the foreigners, embracing a diverse company, all the way from Chunkey Towles to Grover Cleveland; from Wake Holman to Pierpont Morgan; from John Chamberlin to Thomas Edison.

I once served as an honorary pallbearer of a professional gambler who was given a public funeral; a man who had been a gallant Confederate soldier; whom Nature intended for an artist and circumstance diverted into a sport; but who retained to the last the poetic fancy and the spirit of the gallant, leaving behind him, when he died, like a veritable cavalier, chiefly debts and friends.

He was not a bad sort in business, as the English say, nor in conviviality. But in fighting he was a terror. The goody-goody philosophy of the namby-pamby takes an extreme and unreal view of life. It flies to extremes. There are middle men. Travers used to describe one of these whom he did not wish particularly to emphasize as "a fairly clever son of a gun."

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-eighth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

LORENA

(Continued from Page 19)

sent word that she was very ill I could feel him twisting all through the windy hours when he should have slept, and he crawled out very early. I watched him scrubbing his eyes diligently from under a corner of my pillow, but I was sufficiently courteous to say nothing about that. He was my host at Joyce's that afternoon and the little Englishman, blinking and perturbed, asked for Miss Lorena.

"Well," Ethan blurted, "she's awful sick."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" said Joyce, and dropped a coffee cup. "I do 'ope you're jokin', Master Ethan."

"No, he isn't," I put in. "She is."

"Dear me," Joyce said, pulling his silly mustache. "Dear me! It's dreadful to hear that."

When Lorena was mending Joyce sent her quantities of jelly and cakes—which the younger Rosses consumed. I thought it very kind of him. He was truly a very kindly man, though he was a curio in our town and had no patience with the careless democracy which set the children of lordly farmers such as Ross and the offspring of tradesmen on the same bench in school. No amount of cordiality could induce him to be other than humble before Mr. Reid of the First National Bank, Ross, Judge Lowe and my father. He saved the word "sir" for their honor and scattered "master" and "miss" among their descendants. He had us graded, I think, on some scale of his native Surrey and held to it placidly in the face of our derisive awe.

On this scale the Rosses ranked very high and I was wise enough to notice that Lorena ranked the Rosses. She got from him a deference that even the imposing Mrs. Reid could not exact. My mother often spoke of it and it puzzled me as a vagary of grown-up conduct. Here was a man who was absolute master of a pastry shop, a monarch over a mass of candy, whom lads of eighteen and nineteen delighted to flatter for credit, flushing and stammering before a mere child, younger than myself. His colorless eyes lit and his shapeless mouth shook when he saw her.

"What can I 'ave the pleasure of findin' you, Miss Lorena?"

Why, I pondered, he had daughters as old as Lorena and one of them waited at parties, the more gorgeous parties in Poplar Street where some men wore evening dress!

Mother explained that in England caterers who served food to other people did not consider themselves gentlemen and that Mr. Joyce was doubtless pleased by Lorena's friendliness. Certainly he had no aspiration beyond catering. I think there was some design of a final return to England. His one pleasure was purely English in his method of effecting it. In the fall he would go out in faded corduroys and gaiters to the stubble fields and shoot. He was a very bad shot indeed, but he brought to the pastime a grand manner, copied, I fancy, from some squire seen in his boyhood, and he always kept his shotgun over the rear counter. This amused Lorena immensely. Even after her reformation she called him Joyce, seeing—she said—that he liked it.

Lorena's reformation was complete and thorough. She blossomed into an intellectual young person. Judge Lowe lent her volumes of poetry and she learned sections of Childe Harold and Lalla Rookh. In fact she learned all of Paradise and the Peri by heart and used to recite it after supper in the farmhouse sitting room. She could make Mrs. Ross cry, and in all justice she recited very well. I remember the swaying of her yellow braid and the really rapturous clasping of her hands when the Peri reached redemption.

Joy, joy, forever! My task is done,
The gates are passed and heaven is won.

Even Ethan's drawled allegation that she looked like a sick calf did not deter Lorena in these feats, and Ethan always forbore to criticize until all was over. Judge Lowe began to advise that she be sent to some Eastern school. This did not seem to allure Lorena, but when Ethan had teased his father into promising him college she commenced a campaign on her own account, a thing of subtle devices and cross intrigues into which she dragged my father, Judge Lowe and all the forces of higher education. She wanted to go to a girls' school near Philadelphia. The reviewing spirit of middle age shows me that Philadelphia is very convenient to Princeton, New Jersey. Ethan and I were going to Princeton, where Eddie Lowe, the judge's heir, was installed. I did not think of this at the time. The campaign ended early in September, 1888. Mrs. Ross shed tears and took Lorena to Toledo for frocks. Judge Lowe issued invitations for a farewell party and ordered an orchestra from Columbus.

This party, though intended as a demonstration of good will to all three of us, was a triumph for Lorena. I do not suppose she thought of her drive down Poplar Street seven years before on the tinware cart, when she drove to the judge's door, and I am sure no one reminded her, for Zerbetta held Lorena in great esteem. But that night she displayed herself as a woman, and a number of men who saw her almost daily suddenly treated her as an honored

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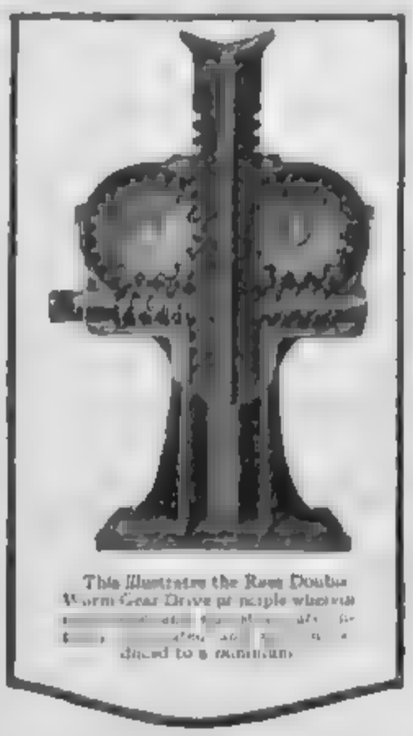

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novelty. She wore a white gown, a provincial version of whatever was current in Paris, and she had no jewels, but I am prepared to swear that she emitted sparkles of light.

"Lorena," said Ethan, "ain't lookin' so bad."

Neither was Ethan, wearing his first high collar, but this was Lorena's party and the gaze of the town concentrated itself on her flashing head and courted her brown eyes. There were jars of goldenrod set everywhere against the walnut splendor of the Lowe interior, and this comparison having started went majestically the rounds, while Mrs. Joyce in maid's black handed lemonade about. I recall thinking how plain this mute little woman seemed passing near Lorena, but Joyce in a striped waistcoat was very dignified at the door and in the dining room. Lorena had promised to have supper with me. We sat on a couch in the library, and Ethan, who was having a shy dull time, came to sit at her feet. He said that Zerbetta was kind of slow. Seeing that his only standard was Toledo, where he had been taken twice, I thought this daring.

"Don't be silly, Eth," said Lorena with cool patronage. "Joe's been to Boston and New York and he's having a nice time. How nice your hair is, Joe!"

"What's that Marney fellow doin' here?" he snapped.

"Why shouldn't he be here?" asked Lorena, smiling on Mr. Joyce, who came up in his most solemn fashion with a tray full of chicken-salad dishes.

"Why, he ain't lived in town but six months," Ethan declared, "an' he's an awfully poor dancer."

Lorena selected a plate from the tray and glanced at Marney, a harmless new clerk at the bank, who was leaning on a bookcase across the room.

"He doesn't dance much worse than you do, Eth, and he's very nice and very handsome. Are those French rolls, Joyce?"

"Yes, miss," said Joyce, and coughed. The tray shook a little. I thought he was scarlet from bending over her so long. Her hair almost brushed his spectacles.

"Handsome!" Ethan grumbled. "I don't see he's handsome. I don't think he's handsome at all. I think he's pretty darn ugly."

"He's very handsome," said Lorena positively, "and I like him very much. Much more than anyone else in town."

Ethan got up and strode away, taking his salad plate with him. Joyce walked off with the tray and finished his circuit of the room. I looked at Lorena with all the stupid bewilderment of eighteen facing a situation it does not comprehend. Marney was a rosy lad of twenty, a minor clerk in the First National. He had not a single surprising or interesting feature.

"Why," I said, "I don't see anything about Marney, Lorena!"

"Neither do I," she answered genially. "Mercy, Joe! One of your garters is coming down."

I slipped into the hall and was there astounded. Joyce had put his empty tray on a small table and was standing with his grayish head against the wall in a corner below the stairs. His hands were twisted inside his collar and his contorted face was hideous. He shook as if someone were lashing him.

"Golly," I gasped, "are you sick?"

It took him a moment to straighten and smile and I saw that he panted.

"I've a very tight collar, Master Joseph. No, I'm not ill, I thank you."

However, I found Ethan upstairs making himself sick with a black cigar and he stated that this was the slowest dullest town in the world, which did not at all prevent his weeping publicly when he said good-by to his family the next week.

All the way to Philadelphia Lorena behaved with a weary composure that amazed even Eddie Lowe, and she bade us farewell without a tear. I believe she was very homesick for a time, but her notes to me did not show it. Her written declaration was that her school was a nest of fascinations. I read these notes to Ethan, who said she was a stuck-up liar. They did not correspond, nor did we have the pleasure of escorting Lorena home at Christmas. She went west with a party of school friends headed the same way and was in full possession when we arrived. Our holidays had all the restful quality of a tornado. Lorena and her swains upset the Ross farmhouse to such an extent that Ethan came to stay with me.

"I wish to heaven," he told my mother, "that Lorena'd go deaf and dumb. I'm so blame tired of hearing about her old school!"

My father worried about Ethan. He thought the boy was jealous of Lorena's supremacy in her adoptive family. My mother merely laughed.

"The boy's simply fallen in love with her—that's all—and she knows it and she's teasing him. Don't bother. It will all end very nicely."

After which I was not surprised to find that the Rosses took the same view of the case and were much gratified. Ethan sulkily refused to go to dances, but being utterly tactless I strove to further his interest by taking her walking one afternoon. I told her how well he did at college—and she yawned. With enormous craft I set before her that the daughters of various Princeton professors took notice of him.

"It must be very slow at Princeton," said Lorena. "Take me to Joyce's, Joe. I think I want some caramels."

Ethan was in the little shop eating ice cream, though there was deep snow in the square gutters. He scowled at me and ignored Lorena. All the young people at the tables chuckled, and only Ethan's pride kept him seated. Lorena began to choose all sorts of candy, discussing its virtues with me in a loud and gay voice and smiling at Joyce. I leaned on the show case and thought what a stupid way of making one's bread it must be to keep a confectionery and what a dull man Joyce was, stumbling about and blinking over his chocolates and stammering whenever he tried to speak to Lorena almost as though he were a youngster in her train. I had decided to be a noted lawyer and this shopkeeper was fallen far in my esteem—possibly an allowance from a bachelor uncle in Boston had something to do with this disdain—and since Lorena was annoying me I felt that his servile stoop before her was quite childish. Just then Marney, who had been keeping Christmas with his mother in Buffalo, came in from the dusk.

"Joe," Lorena whispered, "what's his first name?"

"Edwin," I remembered.

Thereupon she swung, glanced at him over her muff, gave a joyful low laugh and exclaimed: "Why, Edwin! Where on earth have you been? I haven't seen you for ages. And you promised to write me and you haven't once."

Marney went red, came up to shake hands, and Lorena exhausted five minutes of babble before Ethan rose and fled. To me it was a very cruel exhibition. I seized the package of candy and hustled Lorena into the street.

"You oughtn't to treat Eth that way," I scolded. "It isn't fair."

"Why," said Lorena flatly, "I'm not doing anything to him."

"You oughtn't to carry on over other fellows in front of him," I insisted. "It'll be all over town you were flirting with Marney. Old Mrs. Joyce was looking pitchforks at you from the back counter."

"I don't think Mrs. Joyce likes me a lot," Lorena observed, halting under a gas lamp to crush a cream and throwing it away as the wrong tint of filling showed. "I think she thinks I'm an upstart. Joyce always sends me Christmas presents though. Funny little man! He looks like a turtle. Isn't his wife ugly?"

Lorena pursued Marney, who was plainly alarmed by the kindness, through the rest of the holidays, and I suppose Ethan was the only person in Zerbetta who was not amused, though I have sometimes wondered if he knew what troubled him. He was not an ideal comrade that winter term, and Lorena's letters to me gave him convulsions of disgust. She prattled about parties in Philadelphia and the dashing brothers of her friends. The word "divine" had been lately imported as the best form of female admiration and she used it freely. Merely as a grace note she tossed one fact in a scrawl dated sometime in March: "Only think, Joe, I find that Mrs. Bartell, who lives next door, is a second cousin of Edwin Marney's and I have written him to tell him. Her husband has a bank in Chestnut Street and it would be so nice if Edwin could come here to work."

I thought this was a lie, but when we came home for Easter I found it was the truth. Young Marney had begun to correspond with his cousin, who really was the wife of a fairly prominent private banker. As Marney was a well-bred youth he thanked Ethan after Easter Sunday service

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 166)

for Lorena's goodness to him. Lorena had not come home. She had been asked to spend the week with some friends in Germantown. The Rosses grieved, but Ethan rejoiced aloud. However, when we were eastbound again he observed that it wasn't fair to his family. His father and mother missed her, he said, and the kids.

We had hardly settled down to the serious work of baseball when Lorena wrote that Marney's cousin's husband had offered him a place in the Philadelphia bank.

"Which," she scribbled, "is very nice for me."

This jab drew a grunt from Ethan. If he brooded over it he was straightway cured by odd news from Zerbetta. My mother was the informant:

"Your father and I are worried about the Joyces. It seems they are quarreling, though I cannot imagine why. Mrs. Joyce is very unhappy for some reason and wants to sell the business and go back to England. The poor girls seem all upset. It is such a pity when people who have been married for twenty years behave in this way. I am so glad about Edwin Marney. I am sure he will have a much better chance of getting on in Philadelphia. He came to dinner last night and told us he is engaged to a girl in Buffalo, though they have not announced it, as she is very young."

"Ho!" said Ethan. "Engaged! Then what's he makin' love to Lorena for?"

"Oh, get out!" I sniffed. "Don't be a fool! She was only making a fuss over him to make you mad. She doesn't care any more about him than she does—well, about old Joyce. And he doesn't about her either. Just because you're cracked about her you think everybody else is too."

"I'm not!" he cried.

He spent a whole day denying his love, between lectures, but the next morning's mail drove it out of our heads for the time. My father wrote a hand of superb clarity:

"POPLAR STREET, Zerbetta, Ohio.
April 6, 1889.

"*My dear Son:* You will be sorry to hear that we have had a murder here, the first in many years, and that it was my misfortune to be a witness of it. I was buying your mother some candy in Joyce's last evening when Edwin Marney came in on his way to the train. He was going to get a sandwich and stood by me at the counter talking very hopefully about his new position in Philadelphia and how pleasant it was that Lorena Broome is there as he has no acquaintance in that city.

"Joyce stood listening to us, then walked quietly back to the end of the shop. Suddenly Mrs. Joyce shrieked in the kitchen. I turned round and there was Joyce coming up with his shotgun in his hands. He fired at Marney with both barrels. The poor boy fell on his face and died before Doctor Case could get over from his office.

"Joyce then walked over to the jail and gave himself up. I have seen him and so has Judge Lowe, but he will only say that he hated Marney and had meant to kill him for a long time. You can imagine the state we are all in."

Either my parents or Mrs. Ross gave us a daily bulletin and we became for the moment very important freshmen, as the New York papers took the matter as a gift. News was scarce that April, and Marney came of a good family and was engaged to the daughter of a politician. Judge Lowe had retired from the bench in 1888, so a strange circuit judge held the trial. Mrs. Joyce retained the best available lawyer, but in the face of Joyce's silence his oratory went for nothing. The confectioner was not handsome, young or wealthy. Judge Lowe wrote his son Eddie a fair summing up:

"He sat there looking as calm as a church pew. We tried to show that he must be insane, but there was no proof that he had ever done or said anything even erratic. Mrs. Joyce testified that he had been moody and unhappy recently and had complained of her appearance, which only made matters worse, poor woman, as all the lunkheads on the jury sniveled and thought how brutal he must be. And poor Marney's mother came to court and cried, naturally. As Mrs. Henry says, they are really going to hang Joyce in honor of Marney's mother. I suppose they might as well. Mrs. Joyce and the girls are living in Cypress. Tell Joe that his father made the poorest witness I ever saw."

Indeed my father suffered bitterly on the witness stand. The trial dragged itself on into May. Everyone in Zerbetta who had ever had the most trifling disagreement with Joyce wanted to be heard. Eddie Lowe, Ethan and I spent hours reading the reports in the Courier, our weekly paper. Eddie, who had a gruesome imagination, surmised a secret society for the slaughter of bank clerks. I contended that Joyce was insane, recalling his queer fit the night of Judge Lowe's party. Ethan one day offered a fantastic suggestion that sent us into roars.

"See here, I've got it! Joyce used to go up to Buffalo to buy candies and things, didn't he?" This was true. Eddie and I nodded. Ethan went on: "Well, he saw this girl Marney was stuck on and fell in love with her—sort of like Dante and what's her name—so he killed Marney, huh?"

This was so absurd that he finally laughed himself. Our minds could not pose the timid little man, immensely aged to us, as a lover after the Italian sort. I wrote Ethan's theory to Lorena, who responded that he must be going insane too.

"But I hate talking about it, as the poor old thing was always so nice to me. I see in the Courier that he is only forty-five. I thought he must be sixty, anyhow. I wish Ethan would write me. He is very silly about it."

"Huh!" said Ethan. "Why don't she write me? I've a heap better things to do than write her. Well, I guess old Joyce was crazy. I expect he had a mania, or whatever they call it, for killing folks, like the cook in that Wilkie Collins yarn. I guess he just picked Marney out like you would a stone to throw. Funny, that night Lorena was carryin' on with Marney in his store he stood an' looked at him like he wanted to bust his neck. Where's the Cicero, Joe?"

I think he wrote Lorena that day, but I know she did not answer him before we went home in early June, preceding her by a week.

The store on the square was closed, pending sale. Mrs. Joyce and the daughters were boarding in Cypress, ten miles away, until the day set for the execution. Ethan and I strolled past the little blue-brick jail behind the courthouse and peered into the walled yard. A tragic air seemed to weight the chestnut leaves, and old Martin O'Shea, the jailer, had acquired a horrid pomp. Small boys no longer made rude remarks behind his back. It was whispered that a professional hangman was coming from the state capital the night of the fourteenth—the hanging was to take place the minute of noon the fifteenth. My mother, worn out by ministrations to Mrs. Joyce, went to her relatives in Boston before the date and I was left with father in the gloom of our house on Poplar Street. Ethan had become quite openly lovesick and was no use to me as company. Father was little better. The whole wretched business oppresses him. I began to see gray in his hair and he refused to talk of Joyce.

"I've advised everyone to keep away from the square to-morrow. All the roughs from the entire county will come in. It will be horrible. It's an abomination, judge."

Judge Lowe was dining with us. He stroked his white waistcoat.

"It all seems very useless, Henry. Still, what's the law to do? But I wish they'd do it in the morning. When the courthouse bell strikes twelve the whole county'll stop to listen. Not good for the children, that. No, it's all very painful. When's Lorena getting here, Joe?"

"To-morrow on the eleven o'clock, sir."

"Heavens!" father said. "Just in time! And the poor man was so fond of her!"

Next morning Poplar Street and West Avenue, our haughtiest thoroughfares, were very still. The children huddled inside the gates and watched the infiltration of men and lads from the outer farms. I could just see a corner of the square from our library window and knew that the saloons were doing a fine trade. Father wandered to and fro behind me and sometimes stared over my head. He was on a spiritual rack. I heard him mutter, once:

God, that the worm which thou hast made,
Should thus his brother worm invade!

It was almost ten when one of the O'Shea lads ran down the street and jumped our fence. Joyce had asked for father, though

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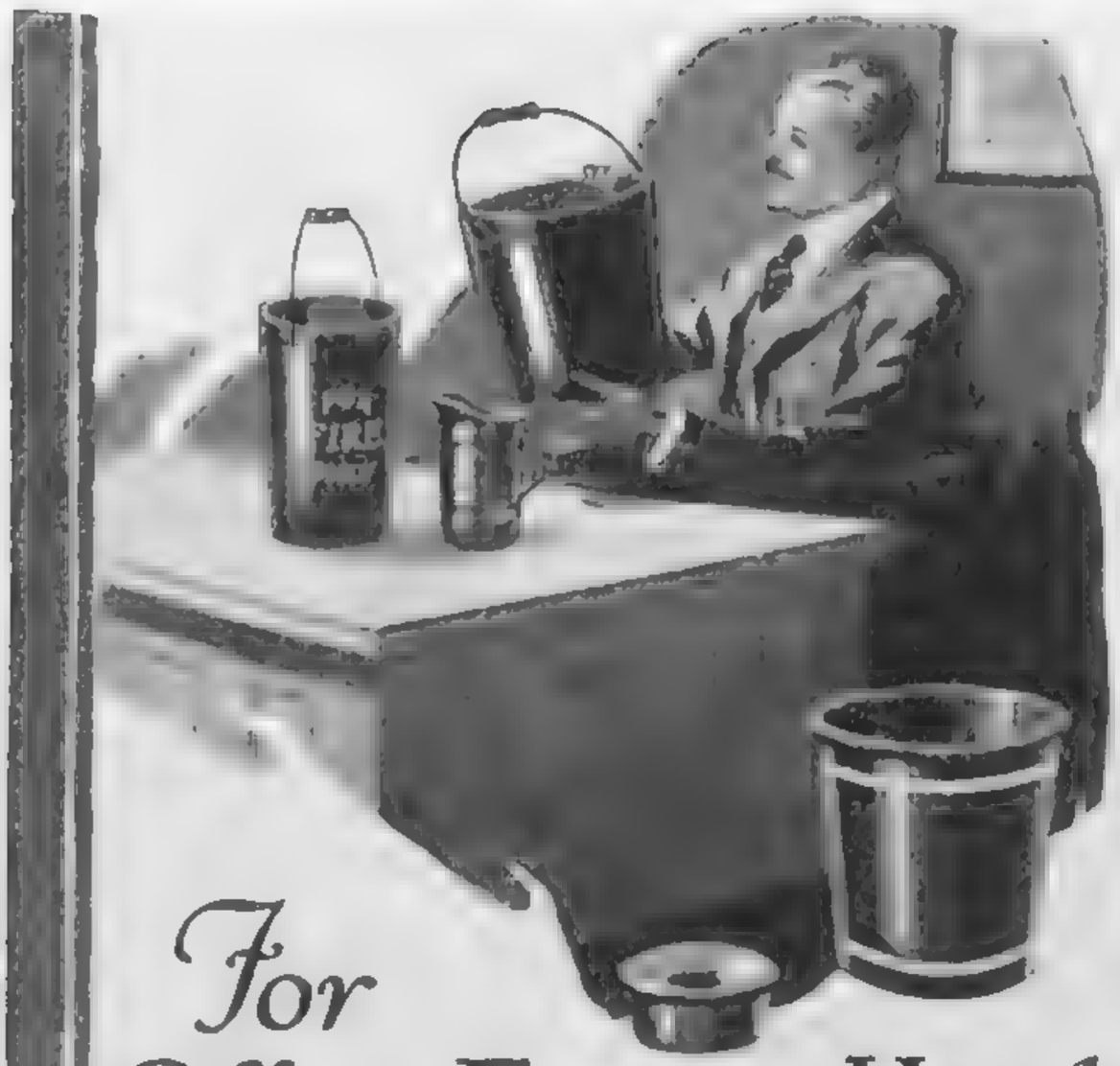

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an Episcopal clergyman had come from another town. I sat drearily getting horrible pictures of the jail yard and waiting for Ethan. I was to drive to the station with Bill and himself to meet Lorena at eleven and I wished they would hurry. The courthouse clock and the Lutheran church bells struck half past ten as father came stalking back down the line of maple trees, and his face drew me to meet him in the hall. But he did not speak at once. He fell into one of the hall chairs and lit a cigar, then threw it on the rug and stared at me.

"Joe—I—you're old enough to have some judgment. What shall I do? She's—she's too young to know such a thing. What shall I do?"

"Who?" I gulped.

"I can't do it!" he said, speaking to something beyond me. "I can't tell her! Merciful God, I can't tell her!"

Here and by an instinct only I knew he was thinking of Lorena. I dropped back against the stairs.

"But he didn't shoot Marney because he thought she was in love with ——"

"He asked me to tell her he was sorry—that he'd killed the man she loved, Joe. I can't tell her that—I can't hurt the child. It's all—it's all ——"

This good and kind man laid his head on his arms and wept, and I stood in helpless stupidity, not believing such a thing could be other than a daydream of a new and awful sort.

"He says," my father muttered, "that he loved her from the day she first came into the store and that ever since she's been in Philadelphia he's been going mad. He was sure she loved Marney."

"Of course," I said, "of course, but she was only showin' off front of Eth—I won't say anything."

There were wheels outside and Ethan whistled. I jumped and it was like awaking. I hurried out to the surrey, where Bill and Ethan sat.

"Golly," Bill drawled, "you look funny!"

I said I had a headache, and Ethan was too remote to perceive the lie. We drove down to the station by an alley, avoiding the square. The platform was empty of its usual loungers, and their dogs had gone with them to prowl in the courthouse yard.

"It's too bad she's comin' to-day," Bill pondered. "Funny, it's such a nice day too! Seems a shame!"

The express rushed in on time, drowning the strokes of eleven, and Lorena descended without any ceremony in a pale-blue dress. It had buttons from the lower hem to the throat. She kissed Bill and me, nodded to Ethan, and the vapor on my brain lifted suddenly.

"My trunk won't get here till to-morrow, so let's get straight home. Oh, how is mother? And has Sumner got over the mumps yet? Why, Eth, you're all dressed up! White trousers and ——"

Ethan jerked the reins and the surrey whirled away. He set two of his white teeth in his lip and his lashes flickered wet. From the rear seat Lorena went on mocking him:

"He's had his hair cut and a collar on and ——"

Here, I think, she felt his anger. Her voice grew timid all at once.

"Why don't you go up Clarke Street, Eth? It would be shorter by the square."

"Couldn't go through the square, sis," said Bill. "There's an awful crowd. See, they're hangin' Joyce when the clock strikes twelve an' ——"

"Oh, shut up, Billy!" I wailed.

"Oh!" said Lorena. "Oh, Billy, why did you tell me? Please drive faster, Eth dear! Let's get home."

The surrey swayed and rocked on the ruts down the long slope to the red farmhouse and Ethan drove very fast, but to my shivering fancy all faces we passed were turned toward the still trees hiding the dark heart of town. The Rosses were gathered on the porch that pointed that way too, and even through the hubbub of this homecoming I heard the little lads asking what the square had looked like. Presently after Lorena had been borne upstairs to look at the new wall paper of her room I sat on the steps and fell to thinking—still in a daze—about my father and wondering if I had misunderstood somehow. But my watch said that twelve must strike very soon.

I saw Sumner and Sheridan steal off to the highest roof of the barn. Now, there was almost no shadow on the young corn and the thin river winding off became an arc of hot silver on the fields. Men stood up far off on other farms, motionless, and Lorena came out to the edge of the porch and leaned on a column of honeysuckle, twisting a spray in her hands.

"I can't keep from thinking of it, Joe. It's so dreadful. Doesn't anyone know why he did it?"

"Nobody," I said, getting up. I stared at the gold vane of the Lutheran spire. Ethan walked out of the sitting room. His feet sounded on the planks and brought my eyes back for an instant.

"Why wouldn't you kiss me?" he demanded, coming close to her. "Why didn't you kiss me at the station? You kissed Billy an' Joe. I think you might have kissed me."

The bells began striking twelve as he spoke, and tolled, a wind bringing the beat so clearly that its vibrations echoed into his speech with a pained music. Ethan did not hear.

"You might have kissed me!"

He took Lorena in his arms and forced her face to his. She sighed and was quiet there.

The bells tolled on against their heedless young felicity.

CAVE STUFF

(Concluded from Page 54)

"Who?" I was the victim of a thrill.

"The police."

"What for?"

"Breaking jail out East. She'd been in for manslaughter. It seems some other feller once was fresh with her and she's got a terrible temper. She let loose and nailed him fatal. Gosh, she was known out home for her tantrums a regular virago, she was!" He pronounced it with a soft G, which made it sound even more depraved. "When she come out here she tried to change her nature, same as she changed her name. Her name ain't Minnie Beltz at all. That's why she got me to name the baby Beltz—so's it would look real. That's brain work. You don't dare get funny with a woman as smart as that. You better meet her. She might think it queer, me being down here so long with you and all that. She always wants to know just what's going on. I'll call her."

"Wait! One thing more. Are you happy?"

"We're all right. We get along fine. Beltz is a wonderful kid. And do you know, it's sort of steadying now and again to get a taste of the old days. She reminds me of Addie, only she throws underhand. She keeps me up and kinder gives me ambition. I'll call her."

She was much what I had expected, only younger—a bashful, inoffensive, thin, undersized woman with pale-gray eyes. Once we were left alone together for a few minutes while Orville went upstairs to investigate a remonstrance from the crib of the infant Beltz.

"Don't believe all Orville told you about me," said Mrs. Ard suddenly, leaning toward me and speaking guardedly.

"Orville? He never said ——"

"I heard him. I was listening over the balusters. But it ain't true. I made up all that stuff about jail and manslaughter out of my head. Oh, yes, I have a sort of quick way with me, but I never really killed anybody. I just made him think so."

"But—why?" I gasped.

She grew a rich crimson.

"He told you how the girls were after him. Well, I wanted him too. Even after I knew he was such a big coward. Nobody else knows it. And I got him under my thumb."

"But suppose some day he should get the notion to put the police on your trail?"

"I ain't afraid he'll ever get that notion."

She set her lips and I was startled by the hard look of her mouth and chin.

Then she flashed out an attempt at a smile. "You can look me up if you don't believe me," she added. "The Beltzes in Grant's Mills, Pennsylvania. Ask for Minnie."

But I never did. It would be a disappointment to find out for certain that she was a liar, and a far greater one to find out for certain that she wasn't.

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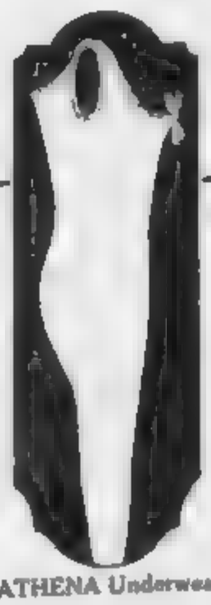

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BONDS OF PATRIMONY

(Continued from Page 11)

"If I ever need to I certainly will," she promised, and then her mind reverted to the great coincidence. "I can't get over it—how your mother could have lived here all this time and I never saw you here."

"It isn't strange. She's been here two years, but I was traveling. I haven't been settled in New York more than two months. And I didn't come to live with mother simply because this place isn't large enough. But when her lease expires, in a couple of months, we'll be together."

She could claim no especial merit for deducing that he was unmarried. But she wondered that the women of the world had suffered him to remain so.

"Shall you get another apartment here?"

"No, I rather think we'll go to the suburbs—Westchester County."

Mrs. Hewetson was genuinely alarmed.

"And take Mrs. Marlin away from me when we've just discovered each other?"

"We'll hope it won't be quite so bad as all that. It pleases me a lot to have you like her."

"And it pleases me," she said, "to have you think about her that way."

He found himself not so very much later telling Mrs. Hewetson more about himself than he had intended. He had been drawn into his present position to crystallize a new theory. He had the title of fourth vice president, but he wasn't yet an executive. His duty was to develop good will for the bank. He was the ironer-out of all complaints of customers; he was the trouble man; the counselor of the timid; the salesman, not of the bank's services but of the personality of the bank.

"It's a mighty delicate job, because it's so broad and indefinite," he said.

"But what is there ahead, Mr. Marlin?"

"Everything! You see, I started in a small-town bank. I've been through the mill. Then I was on the road for a big note-brokerage firm. Now they've put me in here for a stop-gap and if I do well I'll go right on up."

"You're sure to do that," she said, and Mr. Marlin reddened with appreciation.

As she took leave of her hostess Mrs. Hewetson mentioned an errand a few blocks east on Broadway, and the fourth vice president was prompt to offer his escort.

"I'm going to the Subway, anyhow," he insisted.

Mr. Derrick, therefore, from his hard bench in the lobby, saw them emerge from the elevator together, and before he recognized the banker or had guessed from the hall boy's violent pantomime that Mrs. Hewetson was Mrs. Hewetson, he had begun to admire her immensely. Then the pantomime and the identity of Marlin reached his perceptions at the same moment. It was disconcerting to him to find his prey in retreat, for he had counted on gaining an interview by half past five at the latest, and it was especially annoying to realize that he had placed himself directly under the guns, so to speak. But Mr. Marlin's cordiality calmed him and gave a credit balance to his hope.

"Hello, Charlie Derrick!"

"Why, Harry, I didn't expect to see you again so soon!"

"Mrs. Hewetson, may I present a very old acquaintance of mine, Mr. Derrick? I haven't seen him since day before yesterday, but we worked side by side in Trenton for two solid years. What are you up in this region for, Charlie?"

Mr. Derrick inclined his head toward the widow. "I was hoping to see Mrs. Hewetson a few minutes about some bonds."

Mr. Marlin, not noticing that the girl by his side looked rather blank, put his hand on Mr. Derrick's sleeve.

"Well, I can say this much, Mrs. Hewetson: If you don't buy your securities through my bank there's no one else I'd trust any further than I do Mr. Derrick. Anything he's willing to recommend I wouldn't be afraid to buy."

"Thank you, Harry." Mr. Derrick had perspective, and he knew better than to remain in the neighborhood any longer. The introduction was invaluable, but he could reap the full benefit of it only by proving that he had tact as well as judgment. "I'll try to call at a more convenient time," he said, and though he was also bound for the Subway station he started off in the opposite direction, and walked round the block.

"I think I could do business with that man," said Mrs. Hewetson thoughtfully. "I don't believe he'd nag me."

"I don't pretend to answer for his social qualities," said Mr. Marlin with equal thoughtfulness, "but as far as common—or uncommon—honesty goes, he's a prince."

"Hello, Charlie! This is Sam. Listen, Charlie—I've Got a Client With a Pile of Money"

Now after an evening with Mr. Crankshaw, an evening of which Mr. Crankshaw's lecture on the terminology of Wall Street took up the greater part, Mrs. Hewetson began gradually to comprehend some of the lighter reading matter on the financial pages. When Mr. Derrick came to seek her patronage he professed to be quite numbed by her sagacity, but he had of course divined at once that she was youthfully proud of her vernacular. He praised the investments she had already made, and especially the Southwestern Electric, but he pointed out a five per cent municipal which she could get for 97⅛.

The deference of Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick and that of some of George's former brokers, who also approached her, was effective. Even before George had died the Suffrage Amendment had made her a person legally, but while she had had a husband as well as a vote they neutralized each other. She was feeling a keen new individuality in this purchase of commodities so refreshingly different from all the purchases she had made in her capacity of wife. To buy the necessaries of existence—clothes excepted—was no fun at all; this was fascinating. She began to understand how men are hypnotized by Wall Street. She herself, though a staid investor and not a speculator, was becoming hypnotized.

She disliked to ask Mr. Crankshaw what he thought of Mr. Derrick's pet municipal, because she thought that Mr. Crankshaw might be offended. To be sure, she had said to him that she wanted all her advice to spring from a single source, but he had spoken favorably of municipals in general. And Mr. Crankshaw, though he had offered to act as her agent in the matter of buying $15,000 Southwestern Electric, was a lawyer and not a broker. Mr. Derrick was a broker and lived on commissions. And he was so enthusiastic that eventually she bought $10,000 of his city bonds, though to make up the full amount she added the proceeds of the sale of the touring car and also of a few Eastern Pacific 6's, which she had acquired at 113 and sold at 113¼.

Similarly and with a certain vague impression of disloyalty both to Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick she sold the rest of the Eastern Pacific bonds to buy United Kingdom 6's at par from one of the brokers who had enjoyed her husband's favor. She observed that if she were careful and watchful she could augment her income considerably by selling now and then and buying at lower figures. And it seemed to her a matter of pure courtesy to refrain from telling Broker Number Two, for instance, that she had sold Eastern Pacifics, which he had persuaded her to buy, in order to get into United Kingdom, sponsored by Broker Number One. So that she adopted the habit—logical enough to Mrs. Hewetson—of using Mr. Marlin's bank as a selling agent to keep peace in the family. She bought

Quaker Flour

Made by The Quaker Oats Company

Compare Them

Compare Quaker Flour—the new-grade Flour—with ordinary flour. Note its whiteness and its fineness. Then see what bread it makes.

You can see that Quaker mills make extraordinary Flour. And when you see that you will want it.

A Million Now Enjoy It

Quaker Flour has already won a million users. Four great mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels, are running to supply them.

But remember this:

Millions of people, for decades, have been learning Quaker quality. Lovers of good things everywhere call for Quaker Cereals.

We made Quaker Flour for them. We employed flour experts, built a model mill, equipped it in the ideal way.

We installed a laboratory to analyze it and a bakery to test it—all the time.

Then we adopted a standard which called for using only one-half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest 50 per cent.

Women bought it at the start because it was Quaker Flour. The first sack surprised them—taught them how good Flour could be.

Then they told neighbors. A million people thus came to enjoy it before it was advertised.

It is time your grocer had it—time you knew about it. Tell him to send a sack. Or, if he lacks it, ask him to get it for you.

If you love Quaker Cereals, you'll appreciate this Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills in Akron, O.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use over one-half the wheat kernel.

(3236)

Quaker Biscuit Flour

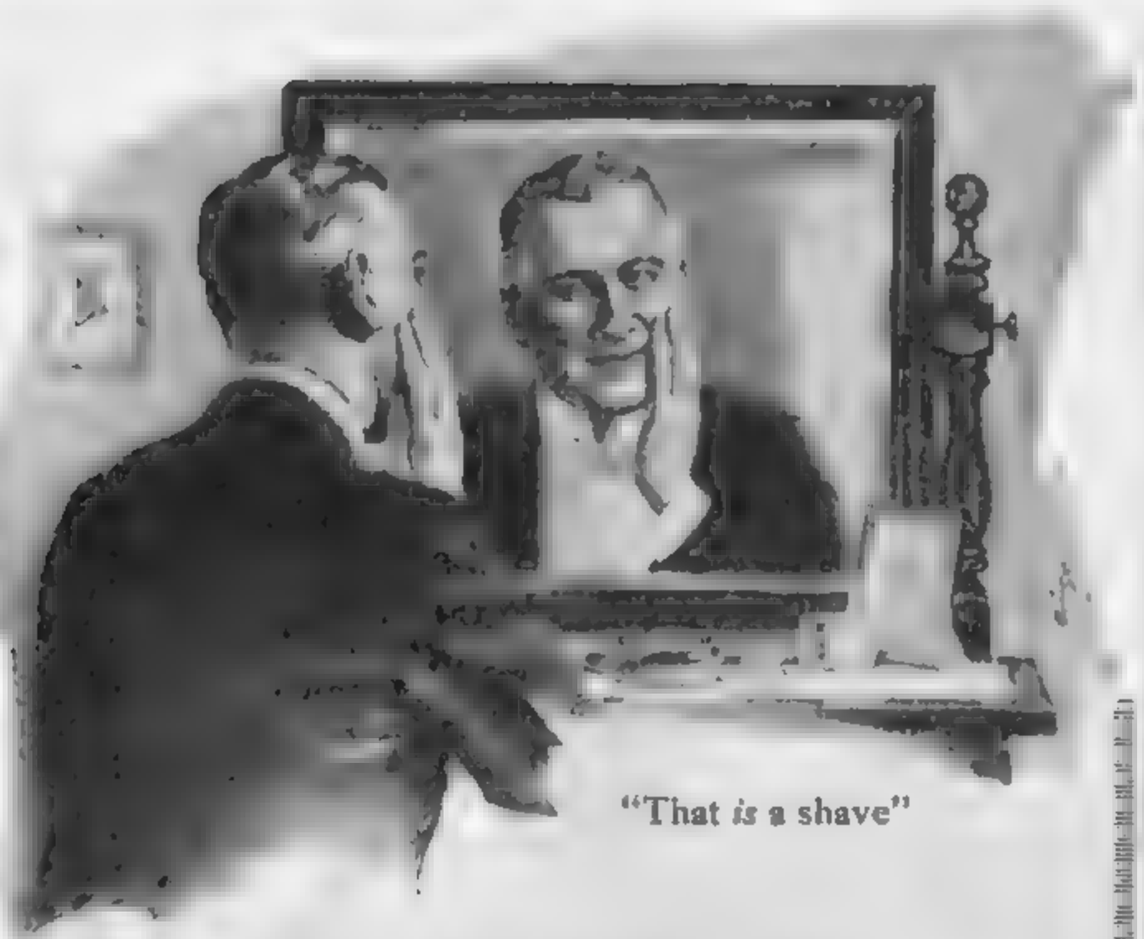
This is a special flour made from a special wheat for fine foods. Use it instead of bread flour for biscuits, pancakes, doughnuts, cakes, cookies, etc.

It is self-raising. The leavening ingredients form a perfect mixture. The sealed round packages with tops keep it ever-fresh.

Quaker Farina

Granulated inner wheat, using but half of the kernel. A fancy farina without a fancy price—the finest grade that's possible.

For a breakfast dainty or for fritters, for griddle cakes, waffles, etc. The granulations add delight to such foods, as you know.



"That *is* a shave"

"Smoother Faces"

Refreshing as the bath; smooth as the shirt front; satisfying as the last pat to the bow tie. A Smoother Face adds the final touch of distinction.

Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—actually give a new satisfaction to shaving. They remove the fine stubble your present razor leaves. That is why the Gem gives Smoother Faces.

"The Blade is the Razor"

The steel in these blades, so tough yet resilient; so highly tempered and accurately ground; so delicately yet durably edged—this steel is unique in Razordom. Because it is the result of 30 long years of study, experiment and patented improvement.

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

This razor is scientific simplicity itself. Scientific because the Universal Angle holds the blade against your face at the correct angle for shaving; simple because there are no risky adjustments to make.

Learn today the comfort of a refreshed and silken skin, the pride of a Smoother Face.

Are you sure you shave correctly? There is a way to get a better shave with *any* razor. It is told in "Smoother Faces and how to Get One." Shall we send you a copy?

$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case. Other Gem Sets up to $10.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORP., New York

Canadian Branch: 291 St. Catherine Street W., Montreal

where she would, but she always sold through the bank. And, furthermore, she made her transactions through the head of the ladies' department and not through Mr. Marlin, because she was improving in friendship with his mother and thought it inadvisable for him to learn too much about her private affairs. There were enough spectators already.

She was often in the company of the two Marlins now, but the son never talked shop to her, and she always was glad to see him—partly for that reason. And only once did Mrs. Marlin venture into comment, and that, as Mrs. Hewetson—though momentarily resentful—had to admit, was out of sheer motherliness. She said that Harry said that the cost of living was going up, not down, and she hated to see Mrs. Hewetson spending money so unguardedly. But Mrs. Hewetson protested that if there were any one thing she did more execrably than anything else it was to keep accounts, and besides her income had increased a third since May, and this was only September. Her advisers, seemingly by unanimous opinion, were steadily driving ahead the increase.

"Now, so far," said Mr. Crankshaw, "I've put you into three or four good solid issues, and with the others you had already you've got a rock-bottom foundation. If I were you I'd take a very little—a v-e-r-y little risk. Here's a seven per cent preferred stock of a first-class industrial corporation you can get at 98. Not that I'd plunge exactly, but a few thousand of it wouldn't be too much, and I honestly think it's all right. It's cotton duck, and you know what that is."

"Of course," said Mr. Derrick in the same era, "I know you're not buying everything from me, but I can guess how much you've done with other people and my guess is that in these six months you've invested upward of fifty thousand dollars, to say nothing of what you had before I met you. Now anybody with an income as big as yours, Mrs. Hewetson, can afford to take a small gamble once in a while. I said a small one—and once in a while. And I don't mean gambling on margins either. That's for men. But Tube common, at 84, looks mighty good to me. They're paying four per cent now and we expect an increase to six at the next meeting. It'll go to par if that happens. Mind you, I don't say it's a certainty, but if you feel you've got enough of a wall behind you to take a flyer, why this is the best suggestion I've got, either as an income proposition or for a quick profit on the rise."

Time had its way with her and she was steadily growing beautiful. It was beauty lost for the most part on both Mr. Derrick and Mr. Crankshaw, for both of them were intensely practical. But the two older brokers and a battalion of college-bred bond salesmen, who had discovered that she could listen well, began to stammer when they interviewed her.

The Marlins had moved out to Westchester County and she sometimes spent a happy week-end with them. Harry Marlin still kept his agreement and never offered gratuitous advice, though frequently she caught him looking sidewise at her with an odd reminiscence in his eyes. Mrs. Hewetson wasn't yet ready to concede even to herself that half a year of independent financiering had vaguely confused her and that she wished she could intrust her future to a single counsellor, as once she had resolved to intrust it to Mr. Crankshaw. The more she learned about the market the more she feared it. It was getting too good to be true—this slow methodical process of enlarging upon her gains. She liked Mr. Marlin; she had confidence in him and he was kind and ingenuous. But Mrs. Hewetson had intuitions of her own and she felt that it wouldn't do to become a protégée of anyone so good-looking and susceptible. And Mrs. Marlin had ever so tactfully referred again to Mrs. Hewetson's apartment—twice too commodious for Mrs. Hewetson. Distinctly her one ideal adviser should be disinterested and officially he should have no family at all. She was afraid sometimes that Mr. Marlin's avoidance of business talk was in order that he might concentrate on the personal pronouns unhampered.

But it was Mr. Crankshaw who gave her the first definite basis for introspection. It was merely a small cluster of violets from a mediocre florist's, but she knew without thinking very hard that Mr. Crankshaw didn't spend much money on pleasure flowers. These meant precision of purpose.

"Bhrummp!" coughed Mr. Crankshaw when she thanked him. "I thought—ah—I thought they matched—ah—well, anyhow, I'm glad you liked 'em."

He continued to treat her with marked respect, but a subtle warning crept into the atmosphere. He called twice at the apartment and talked of art, literature and the nature of the soul without ever once touching upon the stock market. He was an old college crony of her husband's, and when he chose he could be really interesting. And she liked him better because he had ambitions and because he wanted to go to Albany, he said, to do his simple duty as a state senator and to carry out his lifelong plans for the benefit of the commonwealth. He sent her a spray of carnations and invited her to lunch with him at the Ritz. It was a diversion foreign to her since January and her pleasure was obvious enough to give Mr. Crankshaw a good deal of encouragement. Lest she put him down as too great a materialist, however, he gave her a book by Walter Pater the following week, and she never suspected that it had bored him as much as it did her to read it.

When he bestowed upon her next a dozen Killarney roses, followed it within the fortnight by an invitation to hear Galli-Curci at the Metropolitan, and upon her regretful refusal, due to a previous acceptance of a Marlin week-end, sent her a sheaf of American Beauties, she realized that he was bent upon a whirlwind conquest and was building on cumulative values, methodically widening the scope as well as the cost of his attentions.

The prospect of a second marriage still shocked her a little and frightened her a good deal, but she was lonely enough to be stimulated by almost anyone who could talk intelligently. She couldn't honestly say that she cared for Mr. Crankshaw, but neither could she say that after the calendar had ripened a little more she mightn't.

It was while she was thinking serious thoughts about Mr. Crankshaw, but before those thoughts had begun to agitate her, that he arrived one evening for an admittedly professional session. He had worked out for her, he said, on his own initiative, a sort of project which included all the securities she ought to own. He conceded that it was a well-balanced and logical scheme and he offered in evidence a score of sheets of yellow scratch paper covered with estimates and notes. He had begun to doubt, he said, whether she had really established any very consistent theory of buying and he thought it his duty to recommend a compact and carefully studied plan and to volunteer to take charge of the situation and consolidate her resources.

After he had gone, leaving the evidence behind him, she spent a few uneasy minutes in contemplation. She knew at the outset that his statement was justified. But unless she denied it she couldn't see how she could discuss it with him or take any positive action without either informing him that she hadn't relied entirely on his advice in the past, or else terminating her business dealings with Mr. Derrick and the two older brokers and the young bond salesmen. And all of these had managed to procure a footing of moderate friendship—at the minimum.

Reflectively she shuffled the yellow sheets once more and her eyes caught a page which was quite unfamiliar to her. It contained most prominently a neat table of figures, but the major part of it was devoted to the idle scribblings of a man who by habit kept his hands busy while he was thinking deep thoughts. The tabulation was of all the securities Mrs. Hewetson had bought on Mr. Crankshaw's advice; then there was a total and an added item: "Bought Elsewhere, Approx.," and a grand total. The grand total was $125,000.

Bewildered, Mrs. Hewetson turned her attention to the scribblings. There were many repetitions of "Alice," which was her own Christian name. There was a row of "Mrs. Alice Hewetson-Crankshaw's." There were two or three scattered signatures, "The Honorable Samuel Ellington Crankshaw." There was "Senator and Mrs. Crankshaw." Then there was a startling entry:

A. H. $125,000 x .06	$7,500
S. E. C. Profit, 1920, estimate	3,000
	$10,500

Budget: Living exp., $5000. Car, $2000. Travel, $1000. Speculation, $1000.

Contrib. fund—senatorship, $1500.

(Continued on Page 177)

Columbia Six

It's Good—and *Makes Good*

A clear, Fall day for country driving. A Columbia Six. There's a combination that is *good clear through*.

Just a touch of exhilaration in the air, a touch of action—and lots of action in the car—elastic, responsive, enduring.

There's beauty in the colors of the hillsides—and there's approval and anticipation in the eyes of passers-by.

At times when negotiating some bumpy road without discomfort; a slant or straight-up climb, the Columbia owner wonders how it is that *one* car can be built to give such undiluted pleasure—how it can be ALL good.

Technical reasons there must be. And so there are.

But for the average driver, though he knows that the Columbia Six is built only of the best parts manufactured—for him, well—it's the untiring, easy riding; the beauty; the positive *joy* of driving—it is goodness *making good*—that pleases.

COLUMBIA MOTORS CO.
DETROIT, U. S. A.

For the Mechanically Inclined

Timken Axles—Continental Red Seal Motor—Detroit Pressed Steel Company Frame—Radiator with "Syphon" Thermostatically Controlled Shutters—Spicer Universal Joints—Borg & Beck Clutch—Durston Transmission—Detroit Steel Products Company's Springs—Gemmer Steering Gear—Auto Lite Starting & Lighting—Atwater Kent Ignition—Stromberg Carburetor—Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery—Painting and Trimming by The American Auto Trimming Co.—Pantasote Top—Firestone Tires.

Prices—Five Passenger Touring Car $1695.00, Four Passenger Sport Model (Five wire wheels included) $2645.00, Three-Passenger Roadster (Four Disc wheels included), $1845.00, Three Passenger Coupe $2850.00, Five Passenger Touring Sedan, $2850.00, *Prices F. O. B. Detroit.*

The Gem of the Highway

Pathé News

With the coming of Pathé News the Motion Picture became the World's University

UP to ten years ago many persons considered the motion picture a stupid, trivial and primitive amusement.

Then to the mind of filmdom's great pioneer, Charles Pathé, came the vision of a motion picture newspaper showing the interesting happenings of the world *as they happened*, described not with the limitations of the printed word, but exactly told by the all-seeing lens of the camera.

Pathé News

with its first number began to beat down the barriers of prejudice and by its unvarying interest, its diversity of subject and its uniquely informational nature, transformed what to many had been a toy into an art, a wonderful educational and amusement medium.

Motion pictures owe a great debt to the Pathé News, and the world owes a still greater one.

Now, after ten years, the Pathé News is definitely established as the finest expression of quality in motion pictures.

Twice a week it tells the truth in pictures—pleasantly, happily, and always in a clean way. It makes life better. It shows unforgettably History as it is made!

Pathé News—Sees All—Knows All

Ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theatre the days on which he shows the Pathé News.

Pathé Exchange, Inc.

25 West 45th Street, New York City

(Continued from Page 174)

Mrs. Hewetson put down the incriminating sheet and stared long and hard at vacancy. An impulse to cry and an impulse to laugh came upon her simultaneously and made the correct combination for hysteria, but she fought it down. All through her life she had heard of men marrying for money and she had regarded it with the tolerance of all normal young people who marry for love and are delighted with money if they happen to get that too. But to be herself the object of a fortune hunter's crusade wasn't at all a subject for toleration.

She took up again the belittling document, made an impetuous motion as though to tear it across—and stayed her hand in time. Her cheeks went scarlet at the gross affront to her pride. She had thought him so courteous and so considerate. And if Mr. Crankshaw—the conception of this took her breath away—if Mr. Crankshaw had been swayed by her money how much faith could she put in the friendliness of Mr. Derrick and all the others. Were they genuinely interested in advancing her welfare, or were they also—all but one married broker—looking for potential endowments?

Nothing else could so thoroughly have shaken her credence in the goodness of human nature. And the worst of it was that Mr. Crankshaw had left no room for doubt. She would gladly have doubted—not so much in regard for Mr. Crankshaw as in support of her own poise—but in setting down his dreams on paper he had been too explicit to permit of any suspended judgment. The appropriation of a thousand dollars for speculation was the last straw. Under other auspices she might have stood for the state senatorship, but the gambling allowance—especially in view of his own estimated earnings, which proved his past duplicity—was a bombshell.

The first shock of the discovery had dissipated and she could remember now that she had never cared for him. She had only wondered if such a thing were possible. The answer was monosyllabic. And though Mrs. Hewetson slept fitfully that night her grief was for a lost ideal and not for a lost suitor. And she was too old to mourn about generalities.

She waited until half past twelve the next day, and telephoned then to Mr. Crankshaw's office, knowing that he would be out to lunch.

"Take the message?" asked Miss Pimm, saving some breath.

"If you will, please," said Mrs. Hewetson sweetly. "I want him to draw me up a very important paper just as soon as he can. Tell him I've read over what he left with me last night and I think he's right. But I've decided to do something else. What is it I'd have to do to put all my property in shape so that somebody could manage it for me, and then if a certain thing happened pay it all over to my husband's college?"

"Trust deed," said Miss Pimm.

"That sounds like it. Well, anyway, that's what I want him to do."

"What trust company, please?"

"Why, leave that part blank."

"Any conditions to the reversion?"

"What?"

"Any strings on the gift to the college?"

"Oh, no!"

"What's the 'certain thing'? Your death?"

"No," said Mrs. Hewetson, "my marriage—to anybody."

There was a most extraordinary flicker in the sound waves.

"Clever!" said Miss Pimm.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Clever of you," said Miss Pimm. "Sorted those papers for him myself. I know what you mean. Saw it myself. Let it stay there." Again that clicking laughter. "Serves him right," said Miss Pimm. "Don't worry. I'll tell him what you said verbatim. I was scared for a while. Honest."

Mrs. Hewetson thrilled to the sympathy in Miss Pimm's austere voice. She had chosen to send her message indirectly in the belief that it would arrive with more telling effect, but the sisterhood of Miss Pimm was an unexpected reënforcement. Still it was a very private matter to discuss with a stenographer, and Mrs. Hewetson, though conscious of immense gratitude, was shy.

"I'll be at Mrs. Marlin's this afternoon, if Mr. Crankshaw has any questions to ask about it."

"I quit to-night," said Miss Pimm. "He's a bum lawyer. Selfish. Too rich for my blood. Thought it might do you a good turn though."

"Th-thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Hewetson with difficulty.

"Guess you ought to," said Miss Pimm with another chuckle. "'T's all right. We understand each other. You're clever. I'll enjoy telling him. Goo'-by."

She had hardly reached the Marlins' house when Mr. Crankshaw called her.

"What's all this Miss Pimm tells me?"

"Didn't she give you my message?"

"Yes, but—but, my dear Mrs. Hewetson, are you sure it's wise?"

"It's a safeguard," she said. "It's so I can be positive in case I ever should—if I should ever marry again that the only attraction would be—be me. Probably you can't realize how a woman feels about that. And I can't ever let myself think of George's money being a bulwark to somebody else. I'm going to adopt your plan, Mr. Crankshaw, except one part of it. I'm not going to have an individual look after me—I want a trust company. And if I marry again the money's to go to the college in George's name."

There was a long silence. Mr. Crankshaw had plenty of ideas, but none that would bear expression.

"Is this final?"

"Oh, quite! It's practically your own plan too."

She said this in the nicest voice she could summon.

Again a long hiatus.

"Hadn't you better send me a list of what you're going to turn over to the trust company?"

"No, leave that blank too. All I want is the form."

Here ensued the longest silence of all.

"I'll mail it to you as soon as it's drawn up," said Mr. Crankshaw, with the intonation of a mother bidding farewell to her soldier son.

The atmosphere of the Marlin household was particularly soothing to her on this occasion. She had told herself that she could never face a bachelor again and keep in countenance, but Harry Marlin, single-handed, not only won his own place in her hierarchy but also reëstablished a small fraction of her general faith. She wondered as he talked to her if this were due to his noninterference with her business arrangements. Certainly theirs was a relationship in which there had never been the slightest stricture. Perhaps his ignorance of her affairs was a special blessing. She resolved to keep him in ignorance as long as she could.

"But I don't like to see you so tired," he said to her at parting. "When there's anything I can spare you—remember your promise?"

"I will," she reiterated, and she hoped that he remembered it—all of it—as well as she did.

She had believed that Mr. Crankshaw was enough of a diplomat, regardless of any hypocrisy he might have in him, to slack off his attentions by degrees, but she was mistaken. Within a quarter hour on the same afternoon, a day or two later, she received from him three communications. One was an armful of American Beauties, which intuition told her he was substituting for a swan song; one was the deed of trust; and one was his bill to cover professional services rendered during the last six months.

At first, because each of these items made her more indignant than the last, she put all three of them in the wastebasket. On second thought, she fished out the roses. They were the gift of an unworthy man, but in themselves they were innocent and worthy of a happier fate. She was too sensible to return them to Mr. Crankshaw, for in that case their ephemeral beauty would be lost to everyone, so she readdressed the box to the Woman's Hospital round the corner and let Mr. Crankshaw's card stay in it.

As to the bill she was more uncertain. She had gasped at its outrageous inexcusable size, and with true feminine stubbornness she had determined that Mr. Crankshaw could wait until she got good and ready to pay it. But she presently retrieved the bill, too, and wrote a brave check for the full amount and inclosed in the same envelope that sheet of yellow paper which bore his mortification in his own handwriting.

Finally she recovered the deed of trust. She had never intended, of course, to make

—and It's the Woman's Pencil, Too

Another distinctive thing about Eversharp is that it has jumped into immediate favor as the woman's pencil, just as it has won its way into the good graces of a million men writers.

Women admire Eversharp for its wondrous beauty, the result of jeweler artisanship. They appreciate the new writing comfort afforded by the always-sharp writing point. They like the handy sizes so easily carried in bag or on chain.

The economy also appeals. Eversharp carries enough lead for a quarter million words—ten thousand words one cent—and a point for every word.

No other pencil combines so generously such beauty, convenience, writing comfort, and lasting economy.

For men, Eversharp comes in regular size, as well as in small-pocket size, with or without ring for chain. There's an Eversharp style for all who write, and prices start as low as $1.

Don't forget Eversharp when next you plan to please someone's heart and hand. Eversharp will be a lifelong reminder of a writing gift well chosen. If you do not already own Eversharp, buy one now. You'll experience a totally new writing comfort.

If your dealer is not supplied, write for descriptive literature to aid in selection direct.

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EASTERN OFFICE: Astor Trust Bldg., 501 5th Ave., New York
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Western Representatives for Eversharp Pencils and Tempoint Fountain Pens.
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DEALERS: Write today for catalog and interesting proposition on Eversharp and Tempoint

Eversharp Leads made for Eversharp Pencils, have a [illegible] all Dealers sell. Many [illegible] supply for 25 [illegible] for the Eversharp Pencil on box. At Eversharp dealers everywhere

EVERSHARP
ALWAYS SHARP—NEVER SHARPENED
Right-Hand Mate to the famous Tempoint Pen

The symbol of perfect writing—the mark of Eversharp Pencil and Tempoint Pen.

BEEMAN'S

ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Pure Chewing Gum

MY Original Pepsin Chewing Gum is an absolutely pure product.

I use in its making pure chicle—the latex of the sapodilla tree,—combined with pure sugar to which I add pure pepsin.

But, before these ingredients reach you in the form of Beeman's Original Pepsin Chewing Gum, they are cooked in kettles, such as are used in candy kitchens, where they are thoroughly sterilized.

My gum is wrapped on automatic wrapping machines and is never touched by human hands until it reaches you.

I make these statements, for I know that you should know that everything that goes into your mouth should be pure and wholesome.

As an aid to digestion, particularly to people who improperly masticate their food at their meals, my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum is used throughout the country by thousands of people.

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

use of it. It had been designed solely for the purpose of assaying Mr. Crankshaw's motives. But it occurred to her that by showing it to Mr. Derrick and others she might continue to learn something about the world. She deprecated the lesson in advance, but the opportunity was not to be forgone.

More adventurous than Mr. Crankshaw and more circumspect and polished was Mr. Derrick. He was generous with flattery, but parsimonious with roses—and he specialized in tones of the voice. If there had been fifty chairs in the room he could still have managed without effort to get both Mrs. Hewetson and himself seated on the one divan, and he could make optically more personal remarks in an evening than his tongue would authorize in a month of Sundays.

"You're bothered about something," he said almost immediately.

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Hewetson.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Well, I don't know. It depends."

"Depends on what?"

"It depends," she said, "on how good a friend of mine you are."

Mr. Derrick, who had been calling on her at least a half dozen times a month, managed to convey without speech a fair approximation of his sentiments.

"I don't think you need to question that."

"I want to make sure," said Mrs. Hewetson.

Mr. Derrick, who had pursued Fabian tactics until now, rested his hand lightly upon hers for a tenth of a second.

"I'm sure—now," he said.

She looked at him in a way which sent his pulses jumping.

"Would it make any difference in our friendship if I had to tell you something that might seem like—well, like a sort of confession of helplessness? Would you have to think any less of me?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Derrick with abandon.

"It's just the bother and torment of keeping things straight," she said. "I thought it was a lot of fun at first, but it's getting to be like a millstone round my neck. I'm sick of business—business and money. I hate it."

"What you really ought to have," said Mr. Derrick, battling down his quick delight, "is someone to take complete charge of all your affairs. You ought not to have to look the way you're looking these days."

She didn't let him see the reaction she felt.

"And how's that?"

"Almost as though you didn't have a friend left in the world. And that isn't true either. You ought to have somebody to look after you." He leaned a little toward her. "Had you ever thought of that?"

She nodded without speaking, and Mr. Derrick's courage multiplied.

"I've often thought of it for you, Mrs. Hewetson."

"Had you?"

Her voice was very low.

"Often."

He put his hand tentatively over hers. Mrs. Hewetson rose without apparently noticing his overture.

"Perhaps you can help me fill in the name then," she said. "I knew you'd be glad to help me."

Mr. Derrick watched her with great curiosity.

"The name? The name of what?"

She was bringing him the deed, and a spontaneous thrill of exultation crept over him. He didn't know what she had in her hands, but he was thrilled just the same, because her manner appealed to him as significant of her dependence.

"The name of the one who'll take charge of me."

Mr. Derrick stood upright.

"I can do that, yes. I've known it all along—shall I tell you?"

She delivered ten pages of legal cap into his keeping.

"I'd thought of the River Trust Company," she said.

Mr. Derrick gazed at her, saw that she had missed his painstakingly constructed trap and hesitated. And that instant of hesitation was long enough to permit his eye to fall on the heading of the document. He gazed no more at Mrs. Hewetson; he had something else to occupy his fancy.

"Well!" said Mr. Derrick lamely. "What's this?"

He sat down soberly and read it through paragraph by paragraph. And then he proved that he was far more diplomatic and far more sportsmanlike than Mr. Crankshaw.

"Don't make it the River Trust—make it Marlin's bank," said Mr. Derrick heroically. "They've got a trust department and it's a better organization anyway."

In fifteen minutes he was out on the sidewalk, and though he continued to call on her occasionally after that he always sat ten feet distant and never attempted to hold her hand; and as soon as he suggested it she bought fifty shares of Steel common from him so as not to hurt his feelings. For the rest of his life, whenever he thought of her he became soulful and told himself that she was the finest woman he had ever met and that the only reason he had never proposed to her was because he couldn't support her.

By spring she had heard flat declarations from the older unmarried broker and from two of the college-bred bond salesmen; and there were many days when she wondered wretchedly if they also had been dazzled by her fortune. She hadn't possessed the stamina to flaunt the deed of trust again; it had served its purpose well and she had destroyed it. She had twice been bruised by the realization that men would be glad to marry her for her money, and she didn't care to add to the roster of privateers. If anyone else were similarly minded she preferred not to know it. So she refused these later suitors as kindly as she could and tried to believe them honorable, but even then she had to concede that every proposal and every proffer of assistance had come from those who made commissions out of her market trading. It was a sorrowful condition for a woman to contemplate and it filled her with resentment and chagrin.

Moreover, she was acquiring a weighty burden of other troubles. She wasn't immune to the high cost of living and every month she had to make a little deeper incursion into her capital. She was fighting down a conviction that she ought to move to less fashionable quarters and begin to economize. And it wasn't due to any inherent ostentation. It was due solely to her sentiments that she hadn't done this long ago. The apartment she lived in had been her home and George's. Once she had gone to Mr. Crankshaw to speak about subletting it, but that was the day of Miss Pimm's confidence, and afterward Mrs. Hewetson was more attached to her home than ever. But the lease expired in May and try as she would she couldn't justify the extravagance of a renewal.

To her rescue before she had begun to search for a new apartment came Mrs. Marlin.

"It's utterly foolish," said Mrs. Marlin, "for a girl like you to stay in New York when she doesn't need to. There's a lovely old-fashioned house right next to ours and you can have three rooms and bath unfurnished for a hundred dollars a month."

"Not with board!" said Mrs. Hewetson.

"Oh, no! But doesn't that beat an apartment in town? You come and see if it doesn't."

She came and saw and signed a lease for a year and the first of May found her happier than she had recently hoped to be. She still had troubles, but they were less grave, for she had found some traction bonds at 86 and some promising industrials at 82. But she was growing impatient of inactivity.

"I'm thinking of finding something to do," she confided to Mrs. Marlin. "This sort of life isn't doing me any good, or anybody else either. And it's no fun to feel useless. I wonder what I could do?"

"We'll ask Harry," said Mrs. Marlin.

Accordingly they asked him, and Harry shook his head and frowned and said that the opportunities were unlimited.

"But it all depends on how you go about it," he finished. "No employer ever wants to hire anybody who doesn't have to work and doesn't positively want to fill that particular job. No employer wants to hire anybody who's simply trying to keep from being bored. It doesn't pay and it's sure to bring about friction. If you're really anxious to be busy you'll have to act as though you didn't have a penny in the world."

"Well, what could I do?"

Mr. Marlin regarded her narrowly.

"How'd you like to take charge of the women employees in our bank? There's a little welfare work about it and a good

(Concluded on Page 181)

Prest-O-Lite Battery

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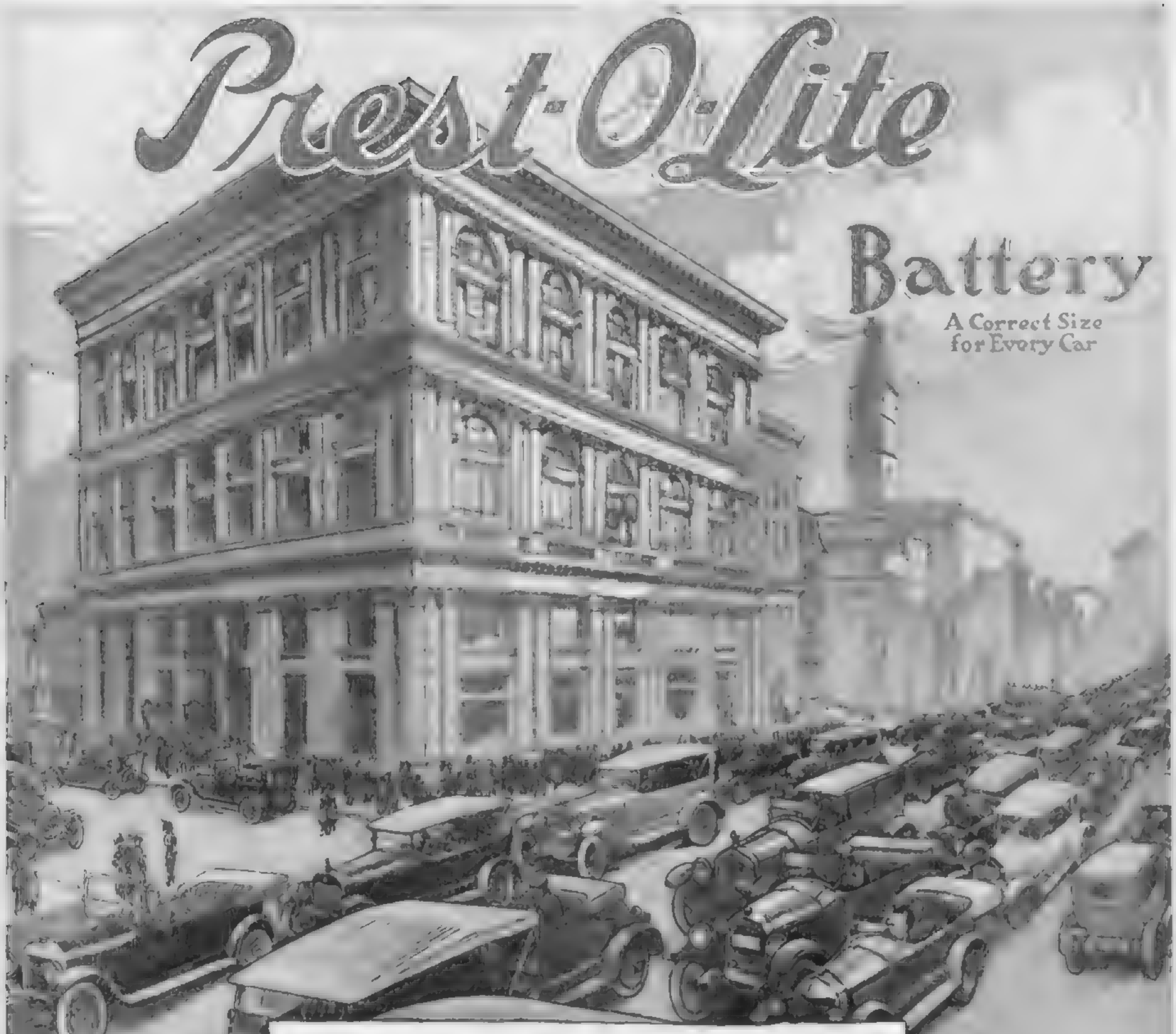

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ON Fifth Avenue there is a Jeweler whose name is famous the world 'round.

You know why. You'd stake your fortune on the value and flawless quality of articles purchased there.

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They have Prest-O-Lite Batteries in their cars for the same reason. They know the name and that is sufficient. They can be sure of snappy ignition, an instantaneous start and bright lights at night because each of these cars was equipped with a Prest-O-Lite Battery by the maker at the factory.

For the same reason more than twenty makers of leading cars have turned to Prest-O-Lite, during the last two years, paying *more* to equip all their cars with Prest-O-Lite than other batteries would cost.

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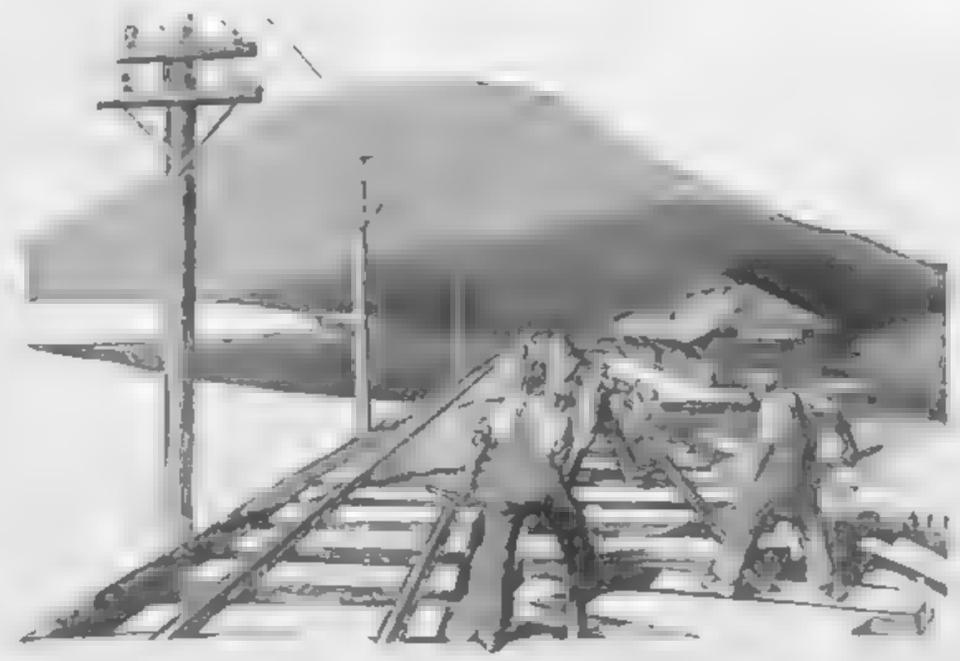

CONSERVATION

Every railroad tie, every telegraph pole, every fence post, every stick of timber that comes in contact with the ground would soon rot away if it wasn't so treated as to protect it from decay.

Wood preservatives therefore play a conspicuous part in conserving the properties of railroads, telegraph companies and individuals.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, with its Zinc Chloride, a wood preservative of the highest order, is contributing largely to such conservation.

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The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey Zinc

(Concluded from Page 178)

deal of mothering. Most of the girls are in their teens yet—clerks and messengers. But, I warn you, you'd have to keep regular hours, and be as punctual and diligent as anyone else. Are you positive you want to give up that much time? It probably won't be worth your while from a money point of view, either."

"How much would I be paid?" she inquired, flushed with excitement.

"Fifteen hundred," said Mr. Marlin. "And there's another 'out' about it too."

"And what's that?"

"I'd be your boss," said Mr. Marlin. "Because all that sort of work's in my province. The vacancy won't exist until the first of June. But it would keep you busy—if that's all you're hunting for."

"Can I have a few days to think it over—and talk it over?"

"As long as you like. I'll give you what the old-fashioned people call the 'refusal' of it."

She laughed. "Does that mean that I'm expected to refuse it?"

"No, it means that nobody else has a chance to refuse it until you've decided."

"Then I'll try not to take too long," she promised. "But would it bore you awfully to talk to me now and then about other things I might do?"

"It wouldn't bore me to talk to you about anything," said Mr. Marlin.

He certainly should have known whether it did or not, because she was asked to dine at the Marlins' at least twice a week, and on the other evenings she usually dropped in for the minimum of an hour with his mother. Sometimes they all sat on the tiny Marlin lawn and idled, and at other times the two women worked on feminine fabrics indoors while Mr. Marlin read to them from the evening paper.

He had been reading for them one evening when suddenly his slow masculine perceptions were caught and held by a new charm attaching to Mrs. Hewetson. It was the first time he had seen her in anything but black or white. And she was wearing a gown of silver-gray georgette, and, as she sat in profile toward him, she looked almost a full decade younger and infinitely more lovely—and deserted.

Summoned by the invisible telegraph, she raised her eyes, and instantaneously she dropped them. But Mr. Marlin was in a position to note that the color deepened in her cheeks, and he was astonished that she went home early. He was still more astonished and baffled that she didn't drop in again until she was specifically asked. He spoke to his mother about it, and his mother added to his perplexity by smoothing his hair as if he had been a small boy, and answering too vaguely to satisfy him.

But when she was specifically asked to dine she came. Mr. Marlin had counted on unusual enjoyment that evening, and he had never enjoyed a dinner less. It was impossible to keep the general discourse going; it was impossible to kindle a spark of mutuality.

At the conclusion of the ordeal, Mrs. Marlin excused herself to hold a parley with the cook and the two younger people sauntered out to the lawn.

"Well," said Mr. Marlin, breaking the tight silence; "have you decided yet whether you'll come into the bank or not?"

Mrs. Hewetson gave a little start.

"Oh! Why, I've thought about it a good deal. I can't say that I've quite made a decision yet, but ——"

She left the sentence unfinished, but her tone had made the rest of it unnecessary.

"But you've practically decided to refuse?"

She tried to laugh. "Well, you said I had the refusal, didn't you?"

Mr. Marlin was very grave.

"Can't I know what's influenced you?"

"I hardly know myself."

"You haven't found something else that you think would be more interesting?"

"No. Oh, no! But—I'm still looking."

"It is that you don't want to come there because *I'm* there?"

"Partly. That was why I wanted to come and—that's why I can't."

"Why not?"

She shook her head. There was no way of enlightening him without making a series of confessions she couldn't bring herself to make, and they weren't only of the present, they were of the past and future.

Mr. Marlin took a turn around the lawn and brought up sharply before her, resolute.

"This has gone far enough!" said Mr. Marlin, and although his words were peremptory, his tone was vibrant. "It's gone far enough! Somebody's got to look after you, and if you won't admit it, I *will*. I'm going to do it myself. I'm going to marry you! There!"

She had known that this moment would come and she had dimly fancied that she knew how to live through it. Even so, and even with half a dozen proposals to her credit, she was as unpoised as an ingénue. It was the first time that she had been told, and not asked, her preference. In spite of herself, she liked it. Unfortunately, as she had gathered wisdom, she had attained to a gentle height of skepticism. She no longer dared to trust to her heart for inspiration. Experience had treated her, during her trials with Mr. Crankshaw and Mr. Derrick, as lightly as it could, but the lesson was unforgetable. Against her best instincts, yet she was afraid.

She struggled for an expression, for a question which would convey her exact meaning to him and show him that she didn't actually doubt his motives, but that she needed to be reassured, persuaded, convinced. And she struggled for so long a time that presently she grew demoralized, and her thoughts lost coherence, and she heard herself faltering, not the well-chosen interrogation, but the bare gist of it: "Is it—is it me, or is it my—my money ——"

She got no farther. Mr. Marlin had swooped down upon her and caught her hands. "Why, you poor little girl," he said tenderly, "*you* haven't any money! It's *you* I want!"

Mrs. Hewetson suddenly went limp.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

"Why, I'm a *banker!*" said Mr. Marlin. "You wouldn't let me help you; you didn't ever come to me; but I knew, dear. How could I help it? I watched your account as soon as I suspected. All you ever deposited with us was your insurance money, wasn't it? That was all you had, wasn't it?" He didn't touch upon the well-known fact that George had carefully lived up to the last penny of his income. "And I've been crazy about you ever since—oh, always! Only you always shut me out, somehow. And I watched for *your* sake, hoping you'd come to me. Watched you buy bonds from one house and sell them through us to buy something else from a different house at a lower price. I'd have given the world if you'd come to me, but you wouldn't. You didn't *want* me to help, now, did you? But it's time now, so I'm coming to you. And not just to be your banker, either." His arm went deliberately around her. "So *that's* settled!" said Mr. Marlin, with extreme emphasis. "*Isn't* it?"

She had intended to explain her methods carefully to him, if necessary, and she was stunned to discover that he knew them already. She couldn't fathom the philosophy by which he had arrived at it. Her one great consolation had been his ignorance of her affairs. And his present arbitrariness was taking all the independence out of her, and making her feel wonderfully little, and loved, and protected.

"I—I hated to hurt their f-feelings!"

"I know. I heard people say you were rich. And from your own checks and the ones you deposited I guessed you were all the time getting out of one thing and into something else that cost less—and using the difference to live on. You haven't very much left, dear, have you? That's why you thought you wanted to work, wasn't it? You haven't anywhere near as much as I have. Not a tenth as much. You haven't five thousand dollars left out of the twenty you started with—and that's mostly in bad bonds. I've got to take care of you now, haven't I? You know I have. And I'm going to. Beginning *now*."

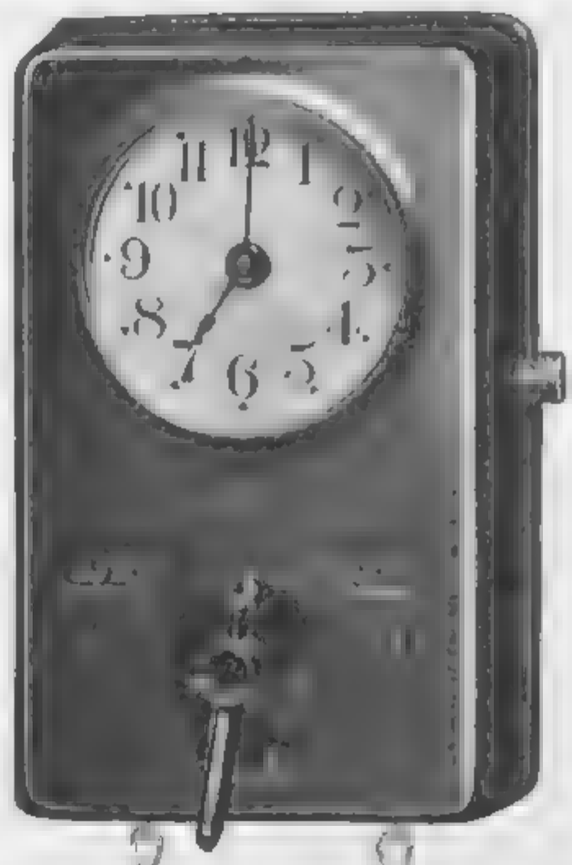
Regardless of the emotions which shook her, as his first badly aimed kiss fell upon her forehead, she had still a plea to make, for the sake of her own conscience and his regard:

"You—you know I wasn't trying to f-fool anybody. I didn't l-like to buy something from a man and sell it right back to him. I—I didn't think it nice!"

Mr. Marlin held her hands more firmly and brought her a little closer to him. Unwillingly, yet inevitably, she raised her eyes.

"Well," said Mr. Marlin with infinite tenderness. "You haven't answered me, Alice. Why, you poor little girl! Of *course* you're going to marry me. Aren't you?" He shook her quietly. "Say 'yes'!"

"Y—yes!" She whispered obediently and closed her eyes.



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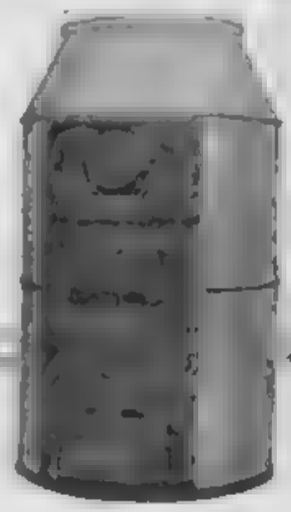

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57

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BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 40)

went on like any other night's work until he took a lonely night trolley car to his hotel on the North Side.

Next morning, as usual, he got down to the Leader office about eleven o'clock and the first thing he did was to glance over the early editions of the evening papers—dated several hours ahead. These early editions were starveling creatures, appearing in the barren interval after the last editions of the morning papers had cleaned up the night's news and before the day's news had begun to develop much. A comparatively trivial happening could get a big headline in them.

So when Purcell, picking up the first of those on his desk, saw "Murder!" in big black letters he presumed it referred to an event which would be dismissed with a couple of stickfuls on an inside page in later editions. From a professional point of view his surmise was correct enough, but there was a personal interest which brought him up with a shock as though he had touched a heavily charged live wire.

The dozen lines of triple-leaded text beneath the headings said that an aged negro named William Pomeroy had been murdered with a knife, in the area behind his lodging on South State Street some time in the night.

The managing editor reached for the telephone and got McMurtry's office. When the lawyer's voice answered, he said, "Have you seen the news, Mac?"

"What news?" McMurtry replied.

"I'll read it to you," said Purcell, and thereupon read the dozen lines of text. "I think I'd best come right over there," he added. But before leaving his desk he unlocked a drawer and took out the folded sheaf of shorthand notes which he had made when Pomeroy's story was fresh in his mind.

When he was shown into McMurtry's private office the lawyer had already sent down to the lobby of the building for copies of the evening papers. The account in each of them was substantially the same, evidently a manifolded police report. The lawyer was in a disturbed state, as his contracted brows and perplexed manner showed.

"I telephoned Jake," he said at once. "He hadn't heard of it. He's going round to the place and to the police to pick up what he can on the fly. Then he'll come over here and report."

"The police won't pay much attention to it unless something else develops," Purcell commented. "Nor will the newspapers either."

The murder of an obscure old negro in an obscure lodging house or hotel patronized by single men of his race in a locality of the extremest social obscurity would naturally make only the smallest of splashes in the flow of the day's news from all quarters of the globe. Newspaper treatment of such an incident is as sure an index of population as the Federal census. In a village it would amount to a great sensation. In a metropolis it would pass almost unnoticed.

"I hope they won't," McMurtry replied, frowning. "The less attention the police and the newspapers pay to it the better."

The two men were silent for a long moment, but their thoughts were very busy. Then Purcell asked, "When did you leave him?"

There was no need of explaining to whom the pronoun referred.

"I noticed the time when I got out of my car to go to the house," McMurtry replied. "It wasn't quite a quarter to nine. I didn't look when I left the house, but I'm sure it was about half past nine. It's just about an hour's run up there and I got downtown here about half past ten."

He was absorbed with the problem in hand, but Purcell reflected that as Morden had telephoned him at ten minutes of eleven they would have had ten or fifteen minutes together before he joined them at the Four Aces.

"About half past nine," the managing editor repeated. "There's no indication of time there," he nodded toward the newspapers on the table, "but apparently it wasn't discovered until well into the morning."

"Plenty of time," McMurtry observed with a grating laugh—meaning, as Purcell understood, that from half past nine to morning was plenty of time to commit a ample murder.

"It was done with a knife," said Purcell. "Here's what Pomeroy said about that. I brought it along. I told you, you know, that I wrote it down."

As he spoke he took the sheaf of notes from his pocket and began leafing them over. The notes in fact were made in a sort of degenerate shorthand that no one but himself could understand.

"Here it is," he said, and began translating the notes: "'Dinsmore a bad man; Pomeroy afraid of him. Says he killed John Colby; poisoned him; Colby died suddenly after visit to Dinsmore. Dinsmore carries a big knife—four or five inches—touch a spring in the handle and the blade flops out!'" He looked from the notebook to McMurtry. "He held his hands four or five inches apart to indicate how long the knife was. I remember seeing a knife like that—the blade folded into the handle, you know, so it can be carried in the pocket. The blade comes open when you touch a spring."

McMurtry mused over it.

"Curious," he commented absently.

"I should say so!" Purcell exclaimed. "Great Scott! To say Alfred Dinsmore went down there and killed that old coon with a spring knife sounds the craziest thing ever said. But somebody killed him."

"Somebody did," the lawyer repeated, musing.

So amazing was it that a new idea occurred to Purcell.

"I believe I'll go over and have a look at him—to make sure it's the same man," he said.

"Well, that would be a good idea," McMurtry replied thoughtfully. "We can't be too sure of anything—in this queer case. It would be a good idea."

Aside from its being a good idea, he was very willing to get rid of his friend and accomplice just then, for he was expecting Morden any minute.

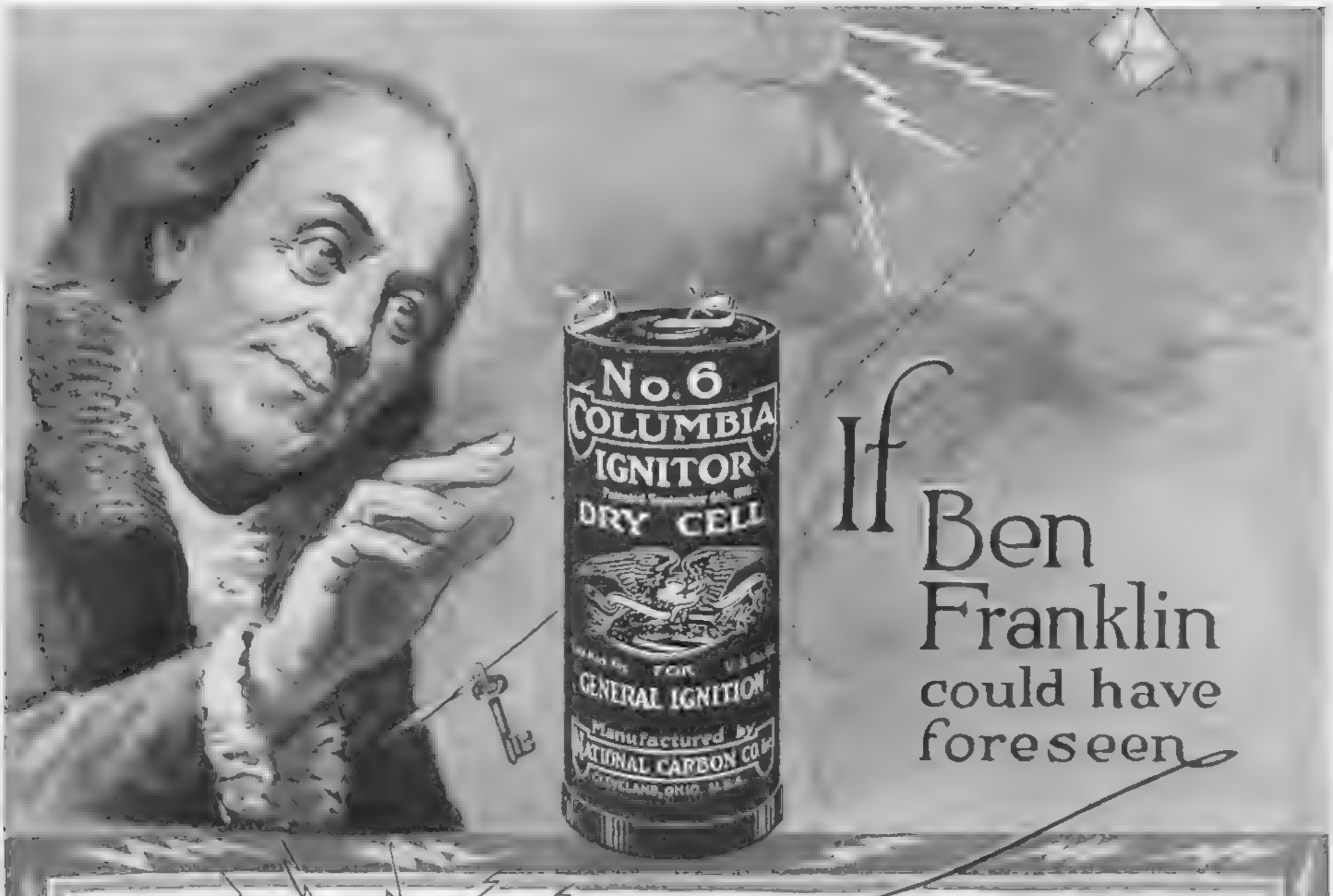
The lawyer was almost more deeply puzzled than Purcell. But for one circumstance he would have immediately adopted a theory that Dinsmore had killed William Pomeroy—adopted it provisionally of course and depending on what evidence as to the killing might turn up; yet his mind would have turned promptly in that direction. The arresting circumstance was one that he had no notion of imparting to Purcell—namely, at a quarter to ten that morning a messenger had brought him a sealed envelope which contained the Dinsmore Company's check for seventy-five thousand dollars and the check was then in his inner coat pocket. Naturally, he wouldn't tell Purcell that, having told him the night before that Dinsmore was to pay nothing then. That circumstance didn't really forbid the theory to which he would have turned without it; but the only motive in killing Pomeroy would have been to remove a witness, and why should a man remove a witness by such hazardous means and at the same time pay seventy-five thousand dollars of good money for the witness' silence? It was puzzling.

He had time to puzzle over it, for nearly an hour elapsed before Morden appeared—also puzzled. He had been to the scene of the murder and he had found what the police knew about it. He had found also that the police were not particularly exerting themselves to learn more about it, for it was a shabby, run-of-mill, back-page affair anyhow.

Elbridge's Hotel on South State Street, he found, occupied the three upper floors of a dingy old brick building whose ground floor was occupied by a pawnshop. The hotel sign over the stair door conveyed the information that rooms were to be had for thirty-five and fifty cents a day. The establishment just missed being a lodging house for impecunious guests. There was no elevator, and except for a small hotel office and forlorn little parlor on the second floor the premises were devoted to sleeping rooms. William Pomeroy occupied one of the best rooms at fifty cents a day at the front of the third story, and had occupied it for two years or more.

The benevolent theory of the establishment was that the guests knew enough to take care of themselves. Beyond collecting the room rent, the management paid precious little attention to them and they paid precious little attention to one another.

(Continued on Page 185)



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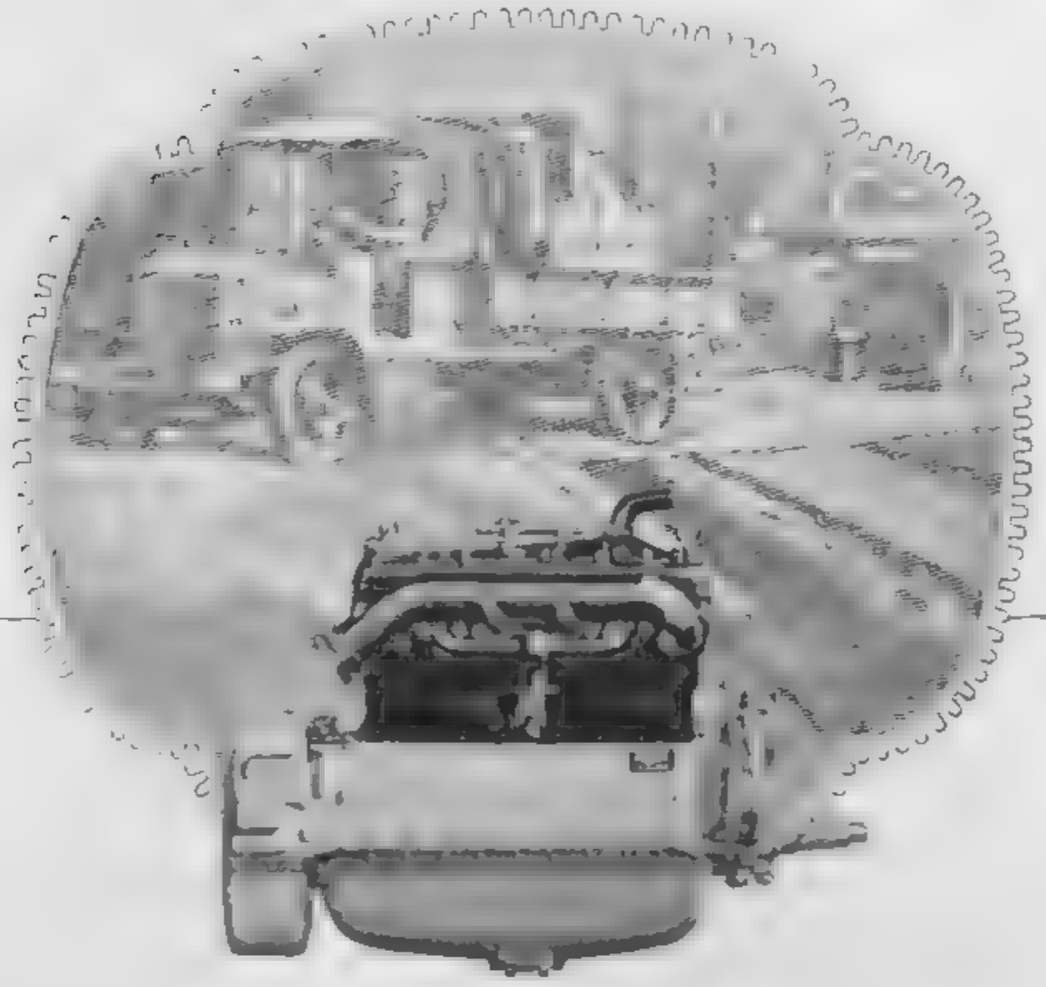

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This growing tendency to take Buda quality for granted is based on a long and distinguished record of exceptional performance.

While designed primarily to meet American transportation needs, Buda engines so closely approached the ideal type for war service that they were adopted essentially unchanged by the United States Government.

The capacity of Buda engines for exceptional performance is not at all surprising in the light of the 38 years of engineering research and manufacturing experience that have gone into their making.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*
ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

(Continued from Page 182)

Mostly, in fact, they were transients. So, though Pomeroy had been a guest of long standing, nobody about the place knew anything in particular of him or his habits and associations. The management's knowledge hardly went beyond the bare facts that he was prompt pay, quiet and no booze fighter.

Entering the stair door from South State Street, one found himself in a dim hall about seven feet wide that ran through to the rear door and from which the stairs rose. The rear door opened to a back lot perhaps twenty feet deep by thirty wide which was dismally littered with cinders, some broken boards, some rusty tin cans and other unsightly refuse. Beyond this dismal back lot ran an alley. Only the very feeblest illumination from an electric light some distance farther north reached this forlorn little back lot at night. Its condition then was one of dimmest twilight with heavy shadows.

It was in this back lot that William Pomeroy's body had been found. He had been stabbed in the neck—twice, the police surgeon thought—with a big knife and must have died almost immediately. Beside the body lay a cheap, worn suitcase, packed as though for a journey. Evidently he had been up to his room, packed his suitcase and left by the back door. The colored porter and man of all work round the hotel told the police that he had locked the back door at eleven o'clock in conformity to an old rule of the management. But the police doubted it. Their cursory inquiry led them to believe that, in fact, both back and front doors commonly stood unlocked all night and the porter said he had locked it merely to save himself from reproach. Indeed it took him some time to find the key.

So far as the police—and Morden—had been able to learn, nobody had seen Pomeroy enter the hotel or leave it, and of course no one had seen any other person in his company. But a guest who occupied the room adjoining Pomeroy's gave testimony of importance. He said that sometime in the night he had been waked up by the sound of voices in Pomeroy's room—or rather by a voice. He was very sure it was Pomeroy's voice. He had passed the time of day with Pomeroy—engaged in incidental conversation with him—on several occasions and so knew his voice. He didn't speak with a negro accent or a Southern accent, but with a kind of mellow drawl. The guest was very sure it was Pomeroy's voice he had heard in the night—raised, speaking loudly. In fact, he woke up with the idea that a quarrel was going forward in the next room, on account of the pitch of the voice. But as he listened it seemed rather that Pomeroy was speaking to a deaf man—and raising his voice on that account rather than in anger.

Either that idea had contented him or the talking had ceased—the guest wasn't sure which. At any rate he had fallen asleep again and heard nothing further. And unfortunately he could recall nothing whatever of the talk he had overheard, nor could he give any idea of the time. This guest—the police concluded—could not claim Pomeroy's merit of sobriety. They thought he had gone to sleep early in the evening the worse for liquor and that his brain, while sufficiently acute to note the loud voice in the next room, had been still rather foggy. But if the conversation had been of a menacing or alarming kind the foggy guest would probably have remembered it.

Quite certainly somebody had gone up to Pomeroy's room with him. Pomeroy had there packed his suitcase and left by the back door, presumably accompanied by this somebody. At the back door or not far from it he had been killed.

"That's all the police know," Morden concluded; "and probably all they will know. They're not exciting themselves about it."

The lawyer mused over it and commented, "Of course, Dinsmore's not deaf."

"No," the detective growled, "but that fellow was stewed. You can't bank very much on his impressions." He glowered over it a moment and observed, "It's a queer case." Then he looked at his watch and said, "It's noon now. Has he come across?"

For in telling the detective that Dinsmore had promised to send a check that morning McMurtry had fixed the hour for its delivery at noon instead of ten o'clock. One motive for that falsehood had been that he prudently preferred to keep the details to himself. Just what form the check was in would be one of the minor points of the game. McMurtry preferred that Morden should not be present when the check was delivered—a prudent man, he meant to overlook none of the minor points. And having lied to his friend from that motive, he might as well say that the check was to be for only fifty thousand dollars instead of seventy-five—which he had done.

Now he answered his friend and partner smoothly, "Not a peep yet. But he'll come across."

That was a minor point now, with this astonishing new development of the murder on their hands. So Morden merely glowered and said abruptly, "I'm going back to my office. I want to look over Jenny Dupee's reports. When Pomeroy went up to the house there to get his money she said Dinsmore mentioned some other man to him—asked him how somebody was getting along or something like that. My recollection is she gave this other man's name. I want to look that up. Maybe there's something in it for us."

He went back to his office therefore and was presently looking over the reports written by Jenny Dupee on Miss Dinsmore's fine notepaper, with eccentric spelling. The collection had grown quite bulky by that time, fairly filling the big brown envelope, for Jenny worked at her job with exemplary diligence. Nearly every day she had something or other to report. Most of the sheets, in fact, contained matter amusingly irrelevant, even to mentioning what the family had for luncheon when there was nothing else to report. They gave the impression of an employee anxious to prove that she was earning her pay.

Running through them, Morden came to the one which described Pomeroy's visit to the house as Jenny gathered the facts from her position under the lounge. The detective read:

"Mr. D. said how is Collins. The collared man said he is fine, going every evening to the Cristofer Columbus sochal club."

Morden read it with a dark grin of approval and thought appreciatively, "Great little sleuth is that same Jenny Dupee!"

He seemed vaguely to remember having heard of a Christopher Columbus Social Club. The city contained scores of modest little gatherings which found it advisable to organize as clubs, or at least to call themselves clubs—as that would be some defense if the police should ever happen to call them gambling joints or boozing joints. He set out therefore to get information regarding this particular organization. Most likely it would be downtown in the First Ward, so he directed his inquiries to that field.

Sometimes he was at odds with the official police, yet there was a sort of freemasonry and he had some good old friends in the official organization. It was to the police therefore that he went—or specifically to his old friend Sergeant Laverty, from whom he learned that the Christopher Columbus Social Club occupied three rooms in the rear over the Oasis Saloon on Harrison Street and one Conny Conley presided over it. If it hadn't been a club Conny Conley would have been the keeper of a gambling house, but the club was a quiet sort of place that had never brought itself into disfavor with the authorities. Every such place is of a retiring disposition, however, cool and reticent to strangers, so Morden invited his old friend Sergeant Laverty to accompany him there and vouch for his friendly intentions. The sergeant good-naturedly complied.

It was about half past one when—having climbed the stairs at the side of the Oasis Saloon—Sergeant Laverty knocked at a plain solid door in the dim second-story hall. Soon the door opened about two inches—the length of a stout chain that fastened it on the inside—and a shiny eye set in an almost coal-black face peered out. Seeing Officer Laverty, the eye lighted in friendly fashion and some white teeth disclosed themselves. The guardian promptly undid the chain and admitted them, saying in reply to the sergeant's question:

"Yassir, Mr. Conley's here; next room"

At that hour the clubrooms were quite deserted save for the manager and the negro guardian. They showed none of the luxury traditionally associated with city gaming establishments, but were meagerly furnished, with matting on the floor, plain wooden chairs that showed much use,

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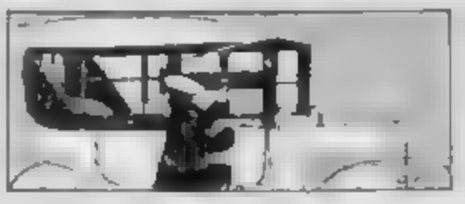

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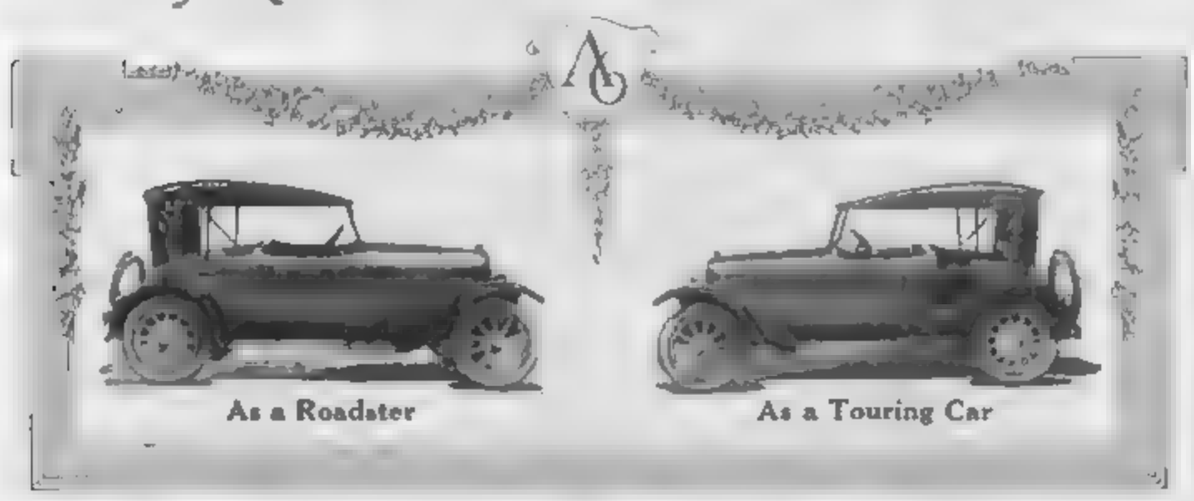

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ANDERSON 6

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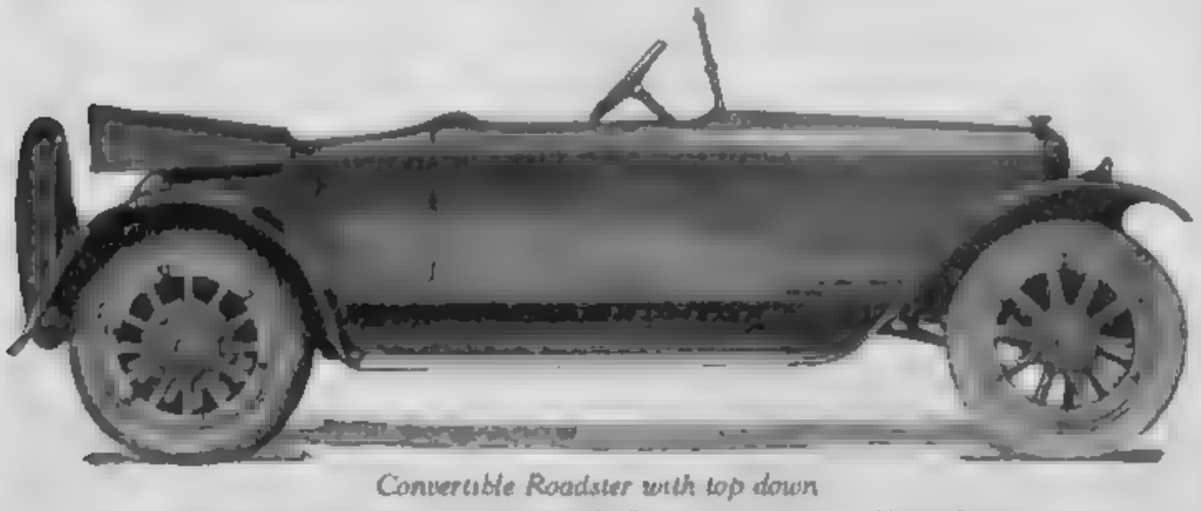

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some tables covered with soiled green baize and a battered sideboard. Mr. Conley also had a soiled, better-days appearance—being a fat and flabby man well along in middle life, with a grave air and a droopy, sad-looking, yellowish mustache. A diamond pin glittered in his tie, but the tie itself had a second-hand look. He accepted Morden on Sergeant Laverty's introduction and recommendation without the least reserve, and answered his questions with the greatest frankness.

There was no habitué of the establishment by the name of Collins. He was positive about that. Nobody of that name had ever been a habitué of the place. It was true that some habitués of the place might be known in some quarters by names different from those by which they were known there; but Collins struck no responsive echo in his memory.

"Any name anything like that?" Morden persisted.

Mr. Conley cast over the names in his memory, thoughtfully poking a finger into his double chin.

"Collingwood," he suggested; "old Jim Collingwood. That's the nearest I can come to it."

"Well, what about Collingwood?" Morden asked.

"He's an old scout that lives at Luke's Hotel—round the corner, you know. He comes here pretty near every evening—been coming quite a while. But that's about all I know. They say he's well heeled—made it out West mining. He never said anything to me about it. I never talked to him much. The old man's deaf. You have to shout to him."

Whatever exultation Morden felt at that statement was duly concealed. He merely said, "Plenty of money, eh?"

"Seems to have," Conley replied. "He drops it here all right—no big wad, you know, but he generally sloughs off some."

"Here last night?" Morden asked.

Sergeant Laverty put in, "We want to get this straight, you know, Conny. There's nothing on you, but Jake and I have got a hen on."

The policeman's interest in the affair was not altogether altruistic. His old friend Morden had told him that if the affair in hand came out satisfactorily he should be suitably remembered in the distribution of material rewards. So long as there was nothing on him, the affair was nothing at all to Mr. Conley. Long experience had hardened him to other people's complications with the police. As between Collingwood and the police, for instance, he was finely neutral except as his own self-interest strongly inclined him to oblige Sergeant Laverty. After an instant's search of his memory he replied:

"Yes, he was here last night. He went out." And lifting his voice a little he called, "Rose!"

The big and very black negro stepped in from the next room, answering the call.

"Didn't somebody come here for Mr. Collingwood last night?" Conley asked.

"Yassir," the guardian replied without hesitation. "Man come up to the door and asked me was Mr. Collingwood here and I said 'I dunno.' He felt round in his pockets and then he said, 'I want to send him a note and I ain't got nothing to write on. Get me pencil and piece of paper.'" The guardian might have added that a two-dollar bill accompanied the request, but he omitted that. "I got him piece of paper and a pencil and he put the paper up against the wall and wrote on it. Then he folded it over and give it to me and says, 'Hand that to Mr. Collingwood.' So I handed it to him. He was playin' at that table right over there." He pointed to it. "I noticed he seemed kind of uncertain, like he hadn't made up his mind, when he read it. Then he said, 'Wait a minute, boys,' and laid down his cards right in the middle of a hand. He went out in the hall and him and the man walked down the hall and talked a few minutes. I left the door open so he could come back, you see, and I stood there waitin' for him. Him and the man talked a spell. Then Mr. Collingwood come back in, scowling like, and went back to the table and they had kind of a little row about his quittin' the game that way."

"I noticed that," Mr. Conley commented.

"Yassir; they had kind of a little row among themselves, but he said he'd gotta go and he got his coat and vest off the hook there and went out. The man was walkin' up and down in the hall waitin' for him and they went off together."

"What time was that?" Morden asked.

"I dunno purcisely," the guardian replied after reflecting. "I reckon must been 'long about eleven o'clock—pretty early in the evening for Mr. Collingwood to leave."

"This man that inquired for him—what did he look like?" Morden asked.

"He ain't quite as tall as you; good square shoulders on him; probably fifty-years old—got some gray in his beard."

"Was it a long beard?"

"No, sir; cut off pretty short all round: 'bout down to there." He held his hand three inches below his chin. "Got mighty sharp eyes—look right at you."

"How was he dressed?"

"Only thing I noticed much was his hat," the guardian replied. "That was sort of gray-and-white checked hat with sort of ribs down it—brim curled up. He had it pulled down pretty near to his eyebrows."

"Would you call him well dressed?" Morden persisted.

The guardian puzzled over that a moment, trying to remember, and answered, "No, sir—kind of old clothes, the way I recollect it; just kind of plain old clothes."

"What kind of a shirt did he have on?"

But the negro could not recall that. Evidently—except the hat—the caller's dress had not impressed him in any way, either for elegance or shabbiness.

"That was the last you saw of either of them last night?" Morden asked finally.

"Yassir, Mr. Collingwood didn't come back," said the guardian.

Morden then left the Christopher Columbus Social Club with a lively and pleasant commotion in his mind. The name Collingwood was sufficiently like the name Collins to found a hope upon. The build and beard of the man who had called for Collingwood corresponded to Dinsmore. Apparently the caller had been roughly or indifferently dressed. "Kind of old clothes" was the impression left on the guardian's mind. Alfred Dinsmore dressed very well, in a strictly conservative way. Probably the garb wouldn't have left that impression on the guardian unless he had changed his clothes purposely. Morden thought that Alfred Dinsmore's customary clothes would probably contain a lead pencil and some bit of paper—say the back of an envelope or a leaf from a memorandum book—on which a brief note could be written. Usually the clothes of a business man did contain such articles. If Dinsmore had changed his clothes for the purpose of this visit that might explain his having to borrow pencil and paper. And the man Collingwood was deaf. The detective seemed to feel—tentatively—the pull of a great fish on his line.

On the stairs leading down to the street he transferred a twenty-dollar bill from his vest pocket to the well-padded palm of his friend the detective sergeant, remarking genially, "It goes in the expense account." And he gossiped with his friend on incidental topics as they walked to the corner.

Luke's Hotel stood diagonally across from them—with a canopy of colored glass over its door supported by ponderously ornamented cast-iron pillars. Morden was aware of it. He thought Sergeant Laverty was aware of it also and quite willing to pursue their joint inquiry further.

But Morden was not minded to let his friend any further into the affair at that time. As though he'd never had a thought of Luke's Hotel, he kept on up the street gossiping on incidental matters, and presently parted from his friend with a cheerful adieu and a handshake. He caught a cab then and went back to his office.

Entering this office, one saw a shabby room divided in halves by a wooden railing with a gate in it. There was a bench in front of the railing and two desks behind it, at one of which sat a sharp-nosed young man with hair that looked moth-eaten because of a thin patch on one side. At the other side of the room a door with a ground-glass panel gave to a short and narrow hall from which two small dens opened. Such was the establishment whose furnishings all told might possibly have brought a hundred dollars at auction. Morden often remarked with satisfaction that his business was conducted under his own hat. He said nothing to the sharp-nosed young man at the desk and on stepping through into the tiny hall he found that this young man was the only occupant of the office, for Tanner's little den on the right—opposite to his den on the left—was empty. Three letters lay on his own desk, but not the one he wanted.

(Continued on Page 189)

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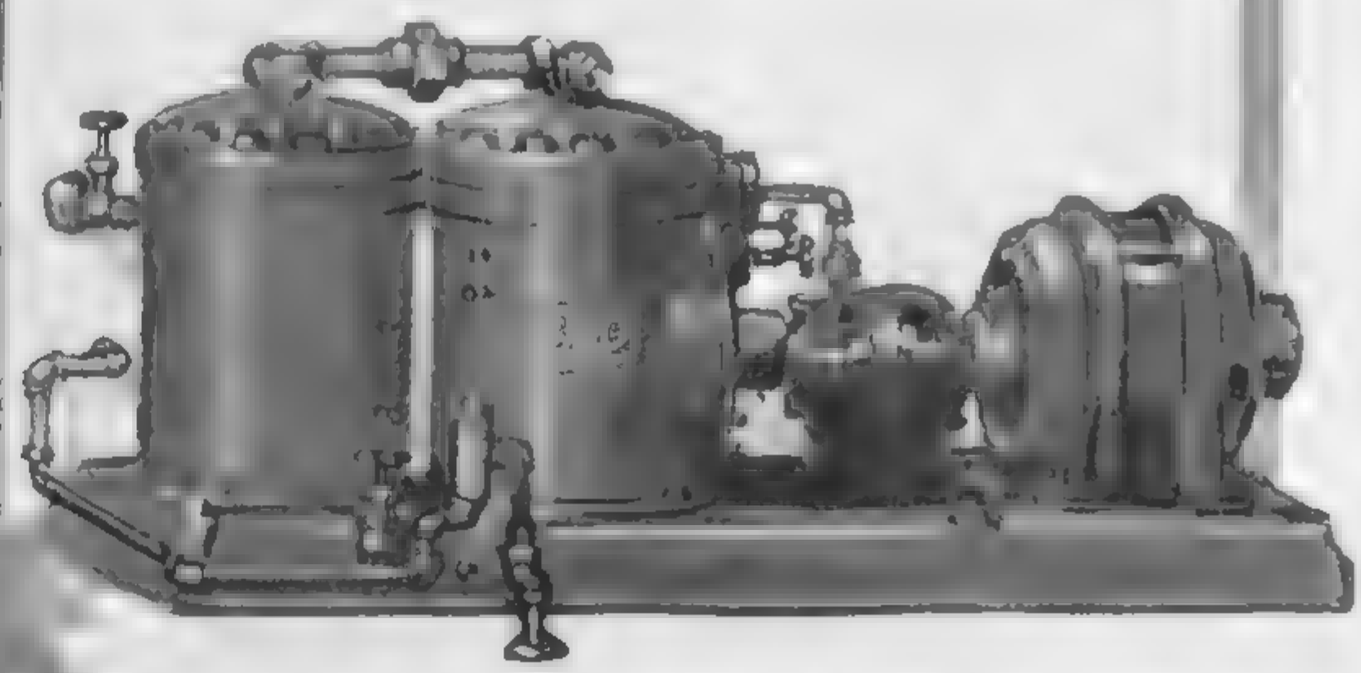

ISKO

Fits Any Ice Box

(Continued from Page 186)

Jenny Dupee's diligent reports were directed to Martha Woods, Room 641, Rosser Building, Adams Street—which was the address of the detective agency—and were there laid on his desk. Jenny dropped them into the village post office at Highlands or into a street letter box as she found opportunity, so a good many hours might elapse before the record of an event which she judged worthy of reporting reached Morden's desk. If she had noticed anything worth reporting the night before it might be next morning before the report came in. At any rate, there was no report and Morden was impatient.

Playing as nearly as possible a lone hand sometimes involved inconveniences. This was one of the times. There was a person named Martha Woods—so named by herself long after she had reached years of discretion. It was she who had engaged Jenny Dupee and given her the address to which reports were mailed. And Jenny in spite of her shortcomings would have been shocked if she had known that her reports, which occasionally mentioned boudoir details of a feminine nature, were really opened by a very coarse male person.

Morden was impatient and he decided to set in motion, through Martha Woods, the wires that would bring him face to face with Jenny Dupee as promptly as possible. It took time—his getting in touch with Martha Woods and her getting in touch with Jenny via the telephone. So it was ten minutes past five that afternoon when a stocky man indifferently dressed and wearing a slouch hat, who stood on the southwest corner of Elm and Locust Streets in Highlands, apparently contemplating the architecture of the new stucco cottage across the street, saw a slender woman in a dark dress come rapidly from the direction of Sheridan Road. The slender woman's heart beat fast. She didn't at all like this business of meeting a strange man on a street corner and making a verbal report to him.

A professional might have told her that verbal statements are much safer than written ones, for if it comes to a pinch one can deny what one has merely said, but not what one has written in one's own hand. Yet that matter of writing a report and slipping it into a mail box had appeared to her quite snug and safe, whereas this affair of meeting an unknown man and talking secrets with him face to face seemed full of peril. Besides, Jenny was by no means in the habit of meeting strange men on street corners or elsewhere. That was disquieting to her sense of propriety.

Possibly even the extra compensation which Martha Woods hinted at in the guarded talk over the telephone would have failed to tempt her into it; but in the last twenty-four hours the enterprise in which she was engaged had assumed gigantic proportions. Lying under the sofa in the library, she had heard the gentleman who called on Mr. Dinsmore talk to him of monstrous things; and finally of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! All that Jenny had imagined before was petty in comparison with the amazing prospects that now unfolded. She was in the mood to make a bold play for a great stake. So, her heart beating fast, she sped to meet the stranger. It did not help the flutter of her nerves as on coming nearer she noticed that he looked a good deal like a very large, shaggy fighting dog.

The meeting was not without some slight interest of a purely personal nature for Morden. Professionally he approved of this unknown correspondent; and he was a bit disappointed to notice that she was thirty-five, at least, of an angular type of slimness, sallow and with a long, thin nose. Romance was not entirely dead in him. However, he smiled good-naturedly as she came fluttering up, but without bothering to lift his hat, and said:

"Just walk along beside me. We can talk as we move along." At the same time he fell in beside her and started at a leisurely gait up the street.

And his immediately taking the matter into his own hands in this perfectly cool, assured way composed Jenny much more than as though he had been a pattern of politeness. In his handling of it the thing seemed to become matter-of-course.

"Mr. Dinsmore left the house sometime after half past nine last evening and went downtown," said Morden as though he were repeating a circumstance well known to both of them, for he had judged that the best method of attack.

That statement not only surprised Jenny but further eased her mind. Evidently this remarkable man knew so much that one needn't hesitate to tell him more.

"Yes," she replied. "He was gone all night. I didn't know it till this forenoon. I heard it from the servants. He was gone all night. This morning he had things sent down to his office—a suit of clothes and shirt and collar. One of the men took them down. I heard them talking about it this forenoon. Mr. Dinsmore telephoned about half past seven this morning—gave orders to have the things sent down to his office."

"Did he telephone last night—to say he wasn't coming home?" Morden asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I didn't hear anything said about it."

"Hear anything about when he left the house or what clothes he was wearing?"

"No, sir," said Jenny.

She could have told him that it was after half past nine, because she knew Mr. Dinsmore was in the library with a strange caller until that hour, but she proposed to keep all that to herself.

"Could you find out what sort of hat he was wearing when he went downtown?"

"I don't think so," Jenny answered doubtfully. "I might be able to. One of the men might know."

"Well, see if you can find out," Morden suggested. "Did you ever see a cloth hat with black-and-gray checks in it and sort of ribbed, with a brim that curls up?"

"Yes," she replied. "He has a hat like that. I've seen him wear it in the grounds when it was rainy. I think it's a hat he's had to go fishing."

"Well, see if you can find out whether he wore it last night," said Morden, speaking with unusual good nature, for the affair was developing exactly to his taste. He turned his head, looking down into her face with his aggressive eyes, and demanded:

"Anything in particular happen at the house last night?"

Jenny's nerves gave a jump. She almost thought he was going to say "You crawled under the lounge in the library and listened."

But she answered with rather panicky promptness, "No, sir."

"He had a caller," Morden persisted—for it was just as well to impress Jenny with his omniscience. "A man came to see him about a quarter to nine."

With a gone feeling in her stomach, Jenny answered uncertainly, "Perhaps. I didn't know it. I'm not downstairs in the evening."

Morden didn't doubt that she was telling the truth and did not blame her for missing the caller. In a big house she couldn't see everything. Besides, she had done very well—exceedingly well. He had no fault to find, and with another good-natured smile he parted from her.

Jenny sped homeward, immensely relieved that the meeting was so quickly and safely over with. Morden turned in the opposite direction—toward the inconsiderable business section of Highlands—reflecting. Dinsmore had gone downtown and spent the night there. He had worn clothes that he wanted to change before business hours. He had a hat such as the guardian at the Christopher Columbus Social Club had described. All that was bully!

Why had he spent the night downtown? The business he was engaged in must have kept him very late or he would have come home and changed his clothes there. If he had been driven down in an automobile probably the car would have waited. At any rate, the servants would very likely have known it and mentioned it in their gossip to Jenny. It seemed more probable to Morden that he had gone down on the train.

The detective himself had come up there by train and he walked back to the neat suburban railroad station, pondering. He believed a great deal in luck and hunches, and when luck was coming his way he believed in playing it strong. Decidedly luck was coming his way that day. Entering the railroad station, he studied the time-table on the wall. After half past eight o'clock, he found, trains to the city ran at intervals of an hour. There was one at nine-eighteen and another at ten-eighteen. McMurtry had left Dinsmore's house about half past nine. Ten minutes' brisk walking would take one from the house to the station. A man in a hurry could change his clothes in five minutes. Probably it would have been the ten-eighteen train. Probably that train would have the same conductor to-night.

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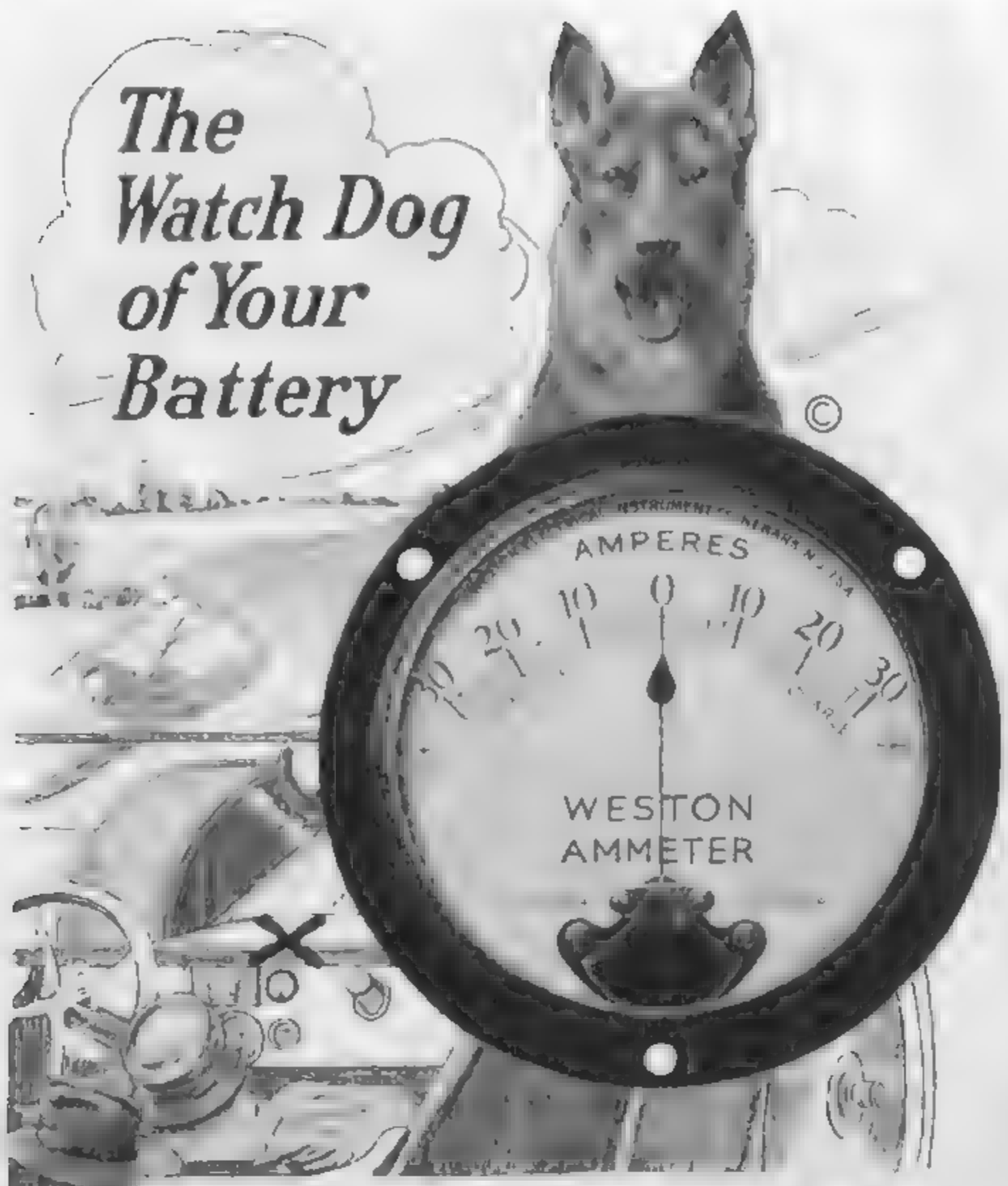

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Morden decided to wait and see, and after strolling about found a little restaurant where he got a light early dinner and afterward strolled back to the station. He had decided there was no use asking anybody there, for the ticket agent and telegraph operator were shut up in their office and could see little of the passengers. There was a baggage room in the south end of the station and just by way of passing the time Morden sauntered down there. The broad door was open and a small gray man in a baggy brown coat and an official blue cap a couple of sizes too large for him sat on a trunk inside contemplating the landscape. He looked like a friendly little man. Morden liked that look and engaged him in conversation which presently turned on his length of service and hours of duty. The man said he had been there twenty years and was on duty until the ten-eighteen train pulled out for the city. His talk was as friendly as his appearance, so Morden took a small chance.

That is, he displayed a police badge—contraband, yet effective on occasion—and said he was looking for a man who, he thought, took the ten-eighteen train to the city last night. Had the baggage man noticed a stranger round the station at that time—a middle-aged man with a short brown beard partly gray?

No, the baggage man hadn't. He recalled that half a dozen passengers had taken the train, but the only strangers were two ladies. The others, so far as he could remember, were known to him as residents of the village. There had been Mr. Gray—and Mr. Dinsmore had taken the train; just caught it by the skin of his teeth; had to run for it and the baggage man had run along to give him a boost up on the car step. That recollection amused the baggage man.

"You don't mean Alfred Dinsmore?"

"Yes, sir, Alfred Dinsmore. He's a middle-aged man with a brown beard, but I guess he'd hardly be the man you're looking for."

The baggage man's small face puckered humorously at that suggestion.

"How did Alfred Dinsmore come to go by train? I supposed he'd be going in an automobile."

"Usually does nowadays," the baggage man said. "He used to take the train every morning. Sometimes he uses the train now in winter when the weather's bad."

"A middle-aged man with a brown beard, eh? You're sure now it was Alfred Dinsmore?"

"Sure as shootin'!" The aged and baggy baggage man visibly swelled a bit with importance. "I know him well's I know my own mug—seen him hundreds of times. I saw him last night plain as I see you. He come right round the corner of the station here. The train was pulling out then and he started for it. I called to him. I says, 'You'll have to run for it,' and I run along with him to give him a boost up on the step. No doubt about it."

"Was he carrying any baggage?" the skeptical officer asked.

"No, sir. I noticed he was dressed kind of old. I thought he might be going hunting or fishing or something; had on kind of a fishing hat."

The baggage man described it—black-and-gray check with a curled-up brim and ribbed.

"Didn't notice any stranger at all except the two women?" Morden asked amiably.

"No, sir." The baggage man cast back in his mind. "I was out on the station platform here when the train pulled in and when it pulled out. I'm pretty sure there wasn't any strange man."

"I see," said the detective. "Fine little station you've got here. Pretty good place to work, eh!"

For a few moments more they conversed amiably on incidental topics. Then Morden gave the friendly little baggage man a cigar and strolled away. He took the seven-thirty-two train to the city mightily pleased. Luck was coming his way.

There was no doubt whatever that after McMurtry left his house Alfred Dinsmore had gone downtown more or less disguised, visited the Christopher Columbus Social Club, had a conversation there with James Collingwood and the two had gone away together about eleven o'clock. Also Dinsmore had spent the night downtown and sent to his house for a change of clothing in the morning.

That was getting close. But who was James Collingwood, described as an old scout that lived at Luke's Hotel and spent many of his evenings playing poker? He was evidently somebody whom both Dinsmore and William Pomeroy knew, for Jenny Dupee had heard Dinsmore mention him to Pomeroy.

Odd that Alfred Dinsmore would be knowing a man of that sort.

Morden's wits, sharpened by the smell of a warm trail, worked at that problem as he rode downtown. It was his lucky day and he proposed to press the luck. But it was only a quarter past eight when he got downtown and he decided to wait until ten. Then he returned to The Oasis Saloon and climbed the stairs to the Christopher Columbus Social Club.

At his knock the door opened the length of its chain and the guardian's shiny eye looked out—with recognition, for the teeth also appeared as Morden said, "I want to see Mr. Conley a minute."

The guardian readily admitted him. The club was then in operation with a good representation of the membership present. Three of the four round poker tables were in use, several men sat at the rectangular faro table and a number of others stood near watching the play. The air was already somewhat hazy with tobacco smoke and the genial guardian was fairly busy. In addition to attending the door, he operated a little dumb-waiter that ran down to the back room of the saloon below—and up again with such refreshments as the members ordered.

The three rooms in the suite—originally designed for lodgings perhaps, or offices—had been thrown together by broad arches, so by simply stepping out into the first one Morden had a view of the whole scene. Scenes of that general description were perfectly familiar to him, but his first survey of this one brought a decided disappointment.

The rectangular table devoted to faro was in the farther room and behind it sat flabby, tawny-mustached Mr. Conley, dealing, which is an absorbing occupation. The dealer's eyes and mind must be directed steadily to the paraphernalia in front of him and the little box at his side from which he gravely slips one card at a time. He has small time for conversation of any sort; none at all for conversation not connected with his occupation. By the canons of the persons in the clubrooms, to interrupt the game by distracting the dealer's attention would be a good deal like stepping up to the minister in the midst of a marriage ceremony and requesting a few minutes' conversation. Only some errand of the gravest importance could justify it, and Morden didn't wish to give the impression that he was engaged on an errand of the gravest importance. As long as the game went on and Mr. Conley dealt, getting speech with him was going to be awkward—and that presumably would be for the next two hours. Disappointed, the detective stood under the arch watching the play. Once the flabby dealer looked up, saw him, gave a slight nod and immediately resumed his absorbing occupation.

Considering, Morden sauntered back to the first room. With gamesters' indifference to anything except their game, nobody paid attention to him. The genial guardian, however, had attention to bestow upon anyone and everyone.

"Mr. Conley usually deal faro?" Morden inquired casually.

"No, sir," the guardian replied promptly. "Dealer didn't show up to-night." He exhibited the white teeth. "Stewed ag'in, I reckon."

Morden grinned amiably and the guardian added good-naturedly, "Mr. Collingwood didn't show up either."

"Didn't, eh?" Morden said as though it had no special interest for him. "What time does he usually come?"

"Usually comes before this if he's coming at all," the colored man replied.

"Well, I may drop in later," Morden observed in his casual manner. "If I don't see Mr. Conley to-night I'll catch him to-morrow or next day. It's no great matter." Though it was no great matter, he handed the guardian two half dollars.

Leaving the social club, the detective felt disappointed. He had hoped for an opportunity to observe Mr. Collingwood and even to form his acquaintance. If Collingwood had been present and he could have got a minute's private talk with wise Conny Conley, that would have been easily arranged. Morden felt that he had lost a trick and his luck had temporarily failed him.

(Continued on Page 193)

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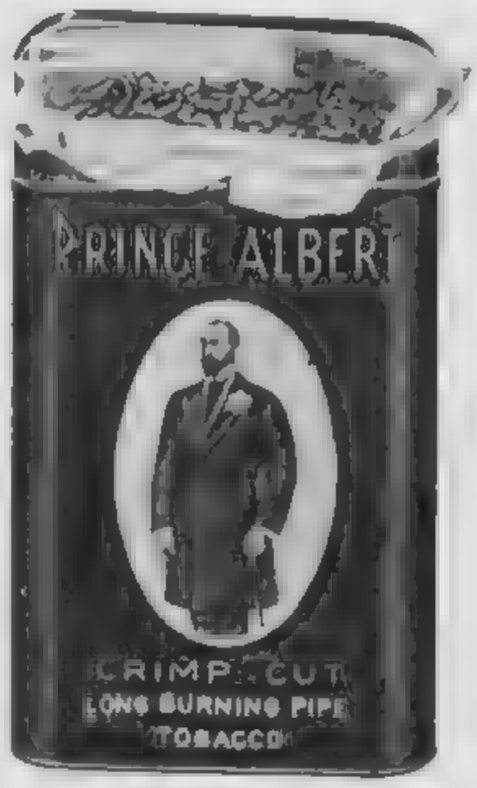

(Continued from Page 190)

He was irritated also by the guardian's prompt reference to Collingwood. It meant, the big negro knew, that his visit that afternoon somehow concerned James Collingwood—knew it of course from the question Conley had asked him. The negro also knew that his companion that afternoon was Detective Sergeant Laverty of the Police Department. Probably the negro was loquacious. About the last thing Morden wanted just then was an intimation to James Collingwood that the police were interesting themselves in him. It showed again—what experience had often shown him before—that one can hardly stir a foot without leaving some sort of trail.

All of which irritated him and made him more impatient than ever. One who leaves a trail ought to travel fast, so he went directly to Luke's Hotel.

Entering beneath the canopy of colored glass supported by ponderously ornamented iron pillars, one finds himself in a lobby also with cast-iron pillars, but painted a dull yellow. The black-and-white tile floor is worn somewhat uneven in spots and here and there a loose tile gives under one's foot. There are a couple of lounges and a couple of dozen chairs corpulently stuffed and upholstered in red leather. In more tolerant days one could pass directly from the lobby into a pool room at the left, where bets could be placed on horse races and other sporting events with no more trouble or concealment than in buying a loaf of bread. Those days had passed but the hotel clientele was mostly flavored with them. The bar at the rear was almost as large as the lobby itself and much more popular.

Thither Morden went—impatient, with a feeling that he was leaving a trail anyway, and bound to press his luck. Walking briskly down the long room—with yellow iron pillars and worn black-and-white tiles like the lobby—he noticed that the bar, stretching the length of the room at his right, was doing a flourishing business that evening. A screen of stamped leather stood at the farther end of the bar. Morden stepped round it and looked into the open door of a small, neat business office—and immediately felt better, for luck was with him once more.

At the desk in this small office sat a plump elderly gentleman who—if he had removed the big solitaire diamond ring that glittered on his white left hand—might have been taken for a bank president or railroad director, for he looked the very picture of dignified prosperity. The close-cropped hair that covered his head, except for a bald strip on top, was white, and so was his neatly trimmed mustache. His cheeks were rosy, however, and the eyes that he lifted at Morden's footfall on the threshold were bright. He was in his shirt sleeves—sleeves of the finest, whitest linen—and evidently engaged in business affairs, as the papers on his desk showed. This was Mr. George Allison, once an aspiring young bartender, but now proprietor of the flourishing establishment through which the detective had just walked and of various other comforting possessions.

"How are you, George?" said Morden, entering.

"Why, how are you, Jake?" the proprietor returned genially, extending a plump white hand. "Sit down. Been a coon's age since I saw you."

For a minute they visited amiably, and all the while the bright brown eyes of the man at the desk rested on his caller's face with a waiting and questioning in their limpid depths. Of course this visit meant something. Mr. Allison was even wiser than Conny Conley. After the little preliminaries Morden brought forward his business: "George, there's an old guy named Collingwood stays at the hotel. I want to frisk his room."

Mr. Allison seemed to find nothing shocking or even surprising in that statement. Studying the other he merely asked soberly, "What is it, Jake?"

"I just want to find out who he is and where he comes from," Morden replied. "I won't start anything here. There'll be no comeback. I believe he can lay me next to a man I want—if I'm in a position to make him. See? Just a quiet little frisk."

Mr. Allison considered that, twisting his neatly trimmed mustache between a neatly manicured thumb and forefinger.

"I know the old boy," he remarked incidentally. "Pretty good old tanker."

"There's a fat roll in this for me if I can get it right, George," Morden urged. "There'll be no comeback here. I can promise you that."

It was in a manner a rather small favor that the detective asked. Allison was willing to oblige on general principles. Besides, Jake Morden might be very useful sometime; one never could tell. Still the proprietor was conservative.

"Where is he to-night?" he asked.

"Out playing poker," Morden replied promptly; but added, also conservatively, "unless he's come in in the last few minutes."

"I'll fix it for you," said Mr. Allison, and pressed a call button on his desk. After a moment the call was answered by a young negro in a white apron who served the tables in the barroom.

"See if Tony is in the lobby or downstairs and tell him I want to see him," the proprietor directed; and after a longer wait a stocky and red-faced young man in a blue-flannel shirt appeared at the threshold. On the back of his head he wore a stiff blue cap with a silver badge in front on which was stamped "Porter." He looked like an impudent young man.

"Anybody there?" Mr. Allison asked as the young man stood on the threshold.

Tony glanced over his shoulder and replied "Nope."

"This gentleman is a friend of mine and all right," said Mr. Allison gravely. "He wants to frisk Collingwood's room. It's all right. There'll be a ten-spot in it for you."

Tony stood at attention without the slightest mark of surprise or disquietude; and Morden, rising, said, "Much obliged, George. See you again."

Out in the barroom he instructed his new recruit, "See if he's in his room first, and get your trunk keys."

Tony answered with ready impudence, "I'll go knock on his door. If he's in I'll ask him if he sent for a porter." And that cool resourcefulness greatly commended the new ally to Morden. "Wait here a minute and I'll get the keys," the porter added.

Morden waited and very shortly Tony reappeared with a cigar box under his arm. Then, cap on the back of his head, he led the way to the elevator. They alighted at the top floor and Morden followed the

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porter down the hall, keeping a little distance behind him. Glancing at the door numbers as he went along, the porter halted, listened an instant and knocked. After a moment he knocked again; then took a pass-key from his pocket, opened the door and stepped in. When Morden reached the door the lights were on.

The detective surveyed a very plainly furnished bedroom about eight feet by twelve. It contained a single bed, a tall wardrobe, a bureau, two chairs. Against one wall stood a cheap trunk. Tony was already on his knees examining the lock of the trunk—an ordinary lock such as commonly goes on cheap trunks. The cigar box stood on the floor beside him. When Tony opened it Morden saw that it was two-thirds full of trunk keys—thriftily picked up one at a time and treasured against the needs of guests who had lost their keys. The fifth one that Tony tried opened the lock and as soon as it was open the porter stood up, callously expectant, with his cigar box under his arm. Morden gave a little laugh and handed him a ten-dollar bill. With no more emotion than he had displayed before, Tony stuffed the bill in his pocket and went out—with nothing whatever on his conscience and enriched by an easily acquired ten-dollar bill.

The door fastened with a spring lock, so if anyone opened it while Morden was inside there would be the warning sound of the key in the lock; and he must then trust to his wits and nerve. He threw up the lid of the trunk. In the upper tray he found a couple of soiled and frayed neckties, a laundered white shirt undisturbed for so long that it had taken on a slight yellowish tinge, a laundered standing collar in the same state, half a dozen old racing forms and some other like rubbish; but nothing whatever to his purpose—no letters or any other articles that would give a clew to the owner's antecedents.

He lifted that tray out. The one beneath it was quite empty and he lifted that out. In the bottom of the trunk lay a suit of well-worn clothes, not folded, but tossed carelessly in there, a gray sombrero hat, a pair of low tan-colored shoes, also well worn and unpolished, with the socks scuffed in them. Morden swiftly examined the pockets of the clothes, but they were empty. Nothing else was there. A moment's investigation showed there was no false bottom or secret drawer in the trunk.

Morden stood up, much disappointed. Apparently the trunk was used only as a sort of lumber room into which a few discarded articles had been tossed. He turned to the tall, narrow wardrobe of stained pine. A brown ulster, a lighter overcoat and a suit of heavy clothes hung on its hooks. A fur cap lay on the shelf at the top and on the bottom there was a pair of overshoes; also a small battered brown traveling bag, unlocked and empty. The pockets of the garments yielded nothing.

He stepped to the bureau. It contained a meager stock of cheap shirts, underwear, socks, collars. From them one might readily deduce that their owner was an untidy man—but nothing else. There was no scrap that gave a clew to Collingwood's past—or his present for that matter. In all his experience the detective had never seen a human habitation so completely barren of clews. He glowered down at the trunk, then stooped and picked up the rumpled coat again, feeling once more through its pockets.

In weight the garment was suitable to that season. Though it showed wear, it was not really shabby—certainly not shabby enough to be objectionable to a man whose ideas of dress corresponded to the garments in that room. Why had Collingwood put it in the bottom of this locked trunk instead of hanging it more conveniently in the wardrobe? An odor came from it—the odor of gasoline. Morden looked more closely. Several spots on the front and sleeve had been scrubbed with a cleansing fluid not a great many hours before. Morden's sense of disappointment gave place to expectancy and he examined the clothes more closely so as to be able to describe them. He picked up the hat, examining that; then the shoes. Socks might count too. He pulled the sock out of the shoe in his hand and at once saw something long and white beneath it. As he took that object out of the shoe his mind leaped triumphantly.

It was a horn-handled knife about five inches long, the blade folded down into the handle. When he pressed the little nickel button at the end of the handle the bright murderous blade sprang out. As Morden looked it over the gleam in his eyes answered the gleam of the blade. He pushed the blade back in place, considered an instant and put the contrivance in his coat pocket; then swiftly rearranged the trunk as he had found it, looked round the room to see that he had left no trace of his search, turned out the light and peered into the hall. The hall was empty and he stepped out—the knife with which William Pomeroy had been killed in his coat pocket and the key to Collingwood's trunk in his vest pocket. And when he left Luke's Hotel his mind was crowing victoriously:

"What luck!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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That is what George C. Dawson, of Missouri, wrote us after he answered one of our advertisements and had become our representative. He found the work so easy, and was so successful, that in his first three months he averaged over $2.00 an hour and on one day earned

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Gentlemen: A dollar or two of profit for each odd hour will please me very much. Please tell me how to earn them.

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Address

City State

TOO MUCH IS ENOUGH

(Concluded from Page 50)

to ignore the ghastly effort Henry's eyes fixed upon the last straw still clinging to the wall, though fly specked and otherwise materially changed:

BEGINNING MONDAY
March 17, 1919
Price List

Haircut	~~.50~~	~~.35~~	.25
Shave	~~.25~~	~~.20~~	.15
Shampoo	~~.40~~		.25
Massage	~~.40~~		.25
Neck Shave	~~.10~~		

"Ah," Henry smiled, "going down, I see."

"Yes," Joe agreed, "back where they used to be."

He was much relieved by Henry's attitude.

"I s'pose I coulda kept 'em at twenty and thirty-five—nobody seemed to mind—but it didn't seem quite fair. I've got more business now than I ever had and my expenses at home ain't half what they used to be. I'm making more money now, taking everything into account, than I was last winter when I raised 'em."

"Joe," said Henry in a whimsical tone that carried a touch of seriousness, "if we all had your ideal of fairness our living problem would pretty near solve itself."

"Why," returned Joe, considerably flustered, "I guess you solved it all right, Henry. I guess everybody's pretty grateful to you for what you done for us."

"Like it, do they?" Henry queried.

"I should say so!" Joe assured him fervently. "Everybody 'most has got their old jobs back, everything is cheap and we're all making money. It sure is going fine, Henry!"

"Hum," said Henry. "This shop is going fine too, isn't it, Joe?"

"You bet it is!" was the gleeful retort.

"Supposing you said to yourself, Joe, 'Well, the old shop is going fine. I'll let her run herself now and spend the rest of my life lying in the old hammock.' What would become of the shop?"

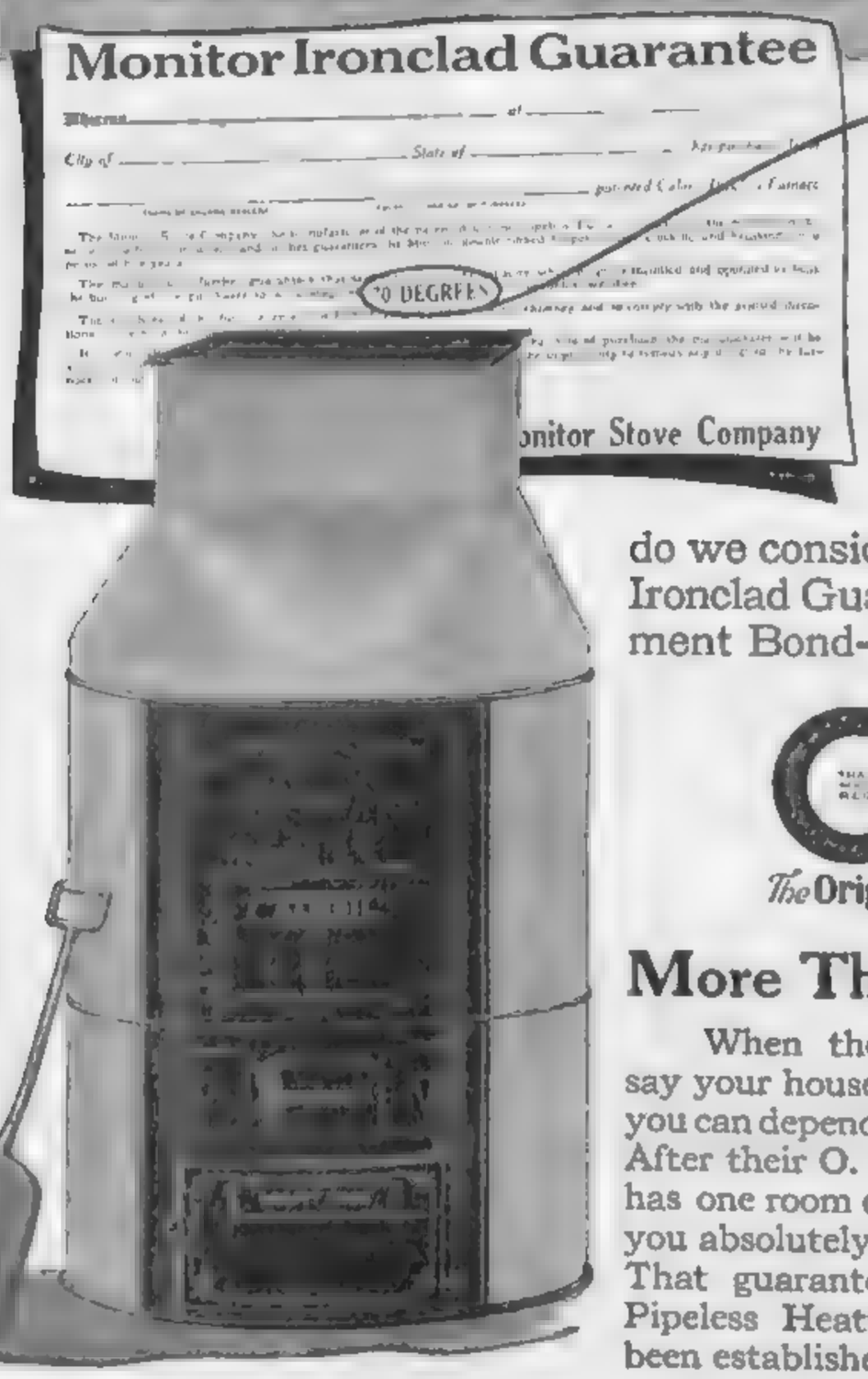
"Why, you know what would become of it, Henry."

The question was too absurd to be answered.

"Exactly," Henry averred. "The human race had worked for centuries, Joe, and it had made the world into a good going shop. Then along comes the war like a circus in town and the human race gets so excited over the acrobats and the lions and the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ and the steam piano that it hates to go back to work. It says, 'We're all making money and the old shop is sure going fine; let's go home and lie in the hammock.'

"The point is, Joe, that the world is a hard old place. It was getting to be some softer because we were making things that made it softer. We can't have these comforts unless we make them. We can't even have the food to keep us alive unless we make that—unless we work for it. While we kept a natural balance between work time and play time we produced enough in our work time to make things pleasant for us in our play time. Now we're cutting down our work time and it's getting so short we can barely make the things we need to keep us alive, let alone the things we want to play with."

Back of Every CALORIC This Binding Guarantee



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THE CALORIC Pipeless Furnace is sold on the basis of actual satisfactory service to you---in your own home. Only when this service is proved do we consider the sale completed. For the CALORIC Ironclad Guarantee is a pledge as binding as a Government Bond---a covenant of honor.

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The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace

More Than 76,000 in Use

When the CALORIC Heating Engineers say your house is adapted to CALORIC-heating, you can depend upon absolutely successful results. After their O. K. is secured, whether your home has one room or eighteen, our guarantee protects you absolutely---70 degrees or your money back. That guarantee is made by The Pioneers of Pipeless Heating---by an institution that has been established for one hundred years.

For You---This Winter

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The coupon points the way to a ***comfort*** winter---a CALORIC winter---***of solid home enjoyment and snug warmth.***

Not like other winters. Not with some rooms hard to heat and others overheated. Not a winter of colds and sickness and home discomfort. But a winter of healthful and abundant CALORIC heat.

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The CALORIC is installed in old homes as easily as in new. It is low in price---within the reach of all. And it is easily installed. After the CALORIC Engineers have decided on the proper location, it is but the work of a day to get the CALORIC in perfect readiness to heat every room in your home---comfortably and economically.

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You can, of course, continue to get along with an unsatisfactory heating system. But why should you? Why temporize when the sound, practical worth of the CALORIC has been proved by more than 76,000 users, and when it is backed by a guarantee that frees you from all risk and insures perfect heating comfort and health, this winter and the winters to follow?

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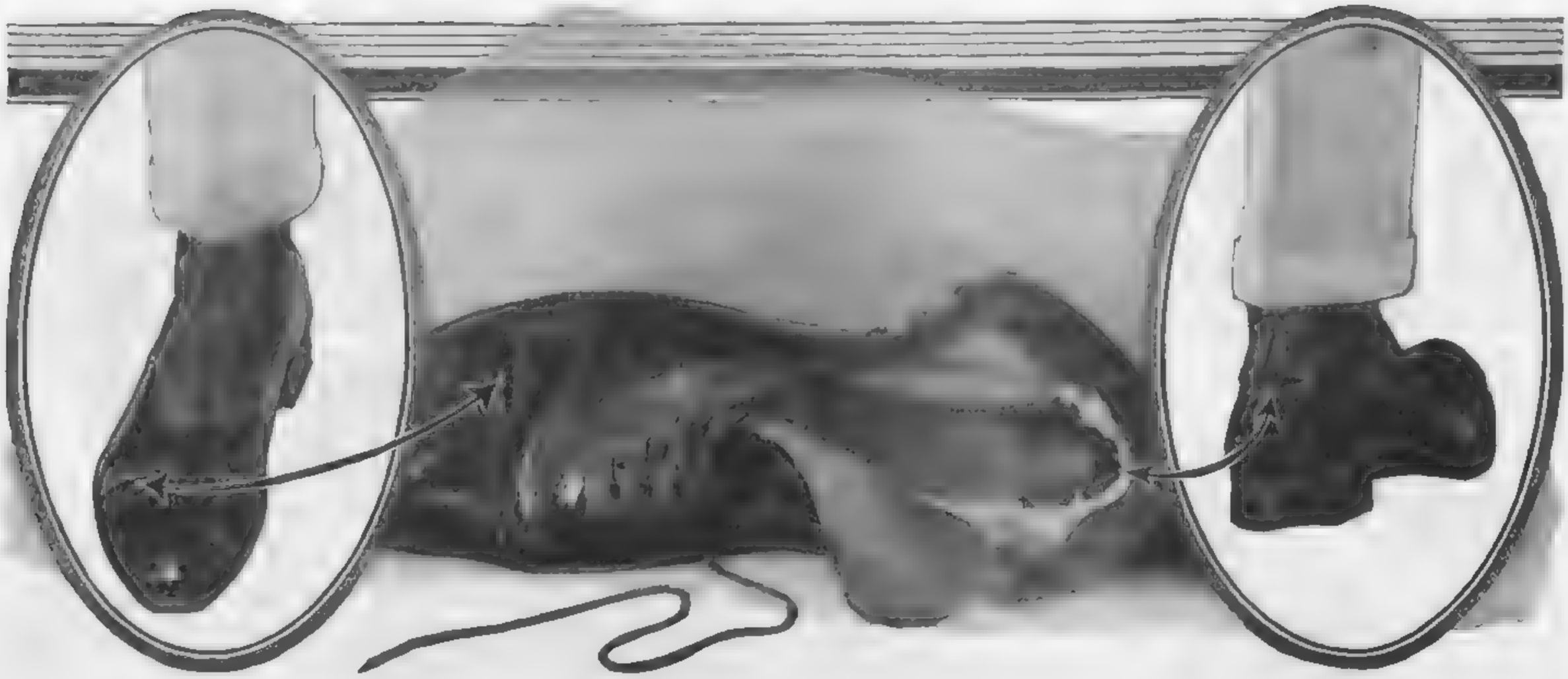


Every Step Strains Shoes Here

Strong lining makes them wear longer

Your shoes feel the strain of walking even more than your feet do. This constant strain is what at last breaks down the leather or bursts the seams. A strong shoe lining resists the strain, reinforces the leather and seams, and increases the wear of the shoes.

For this reason, the shoe lining has more to do with the life of your shoes, and consequently with the size of your shoe bills, than you are perhaps aware.

There is no fabric used on any part of the human body which is subject to such hard and continual wear as a shoe lining. Ordinary shoe lining quickly gives out, rots and tears, leaving the leather without the support it needs, and often causing great discomfort when the torn edges of the lining curl under and form a lump.

Consequently, the shoes which last longest for you and give you the greatest satisfaction are those made with the strongest and most durable lining—"Red-line-in," used by manufacturers who know how important the lining is.

"Red-line-in" shoe lining bears the strain, easing the wear on the leather and seams, helping your shoes to retain their shape and last longer.

It is easy for you to tell whether the shoes you buy are made with "Red-line-in." Just look for the *red thread* running through the lining. It is a guarantee that your shoe dealer is selling you shoes reinforced with a lining that means extra wear for you.

FARNSWORTH HOYT COMPANY, Lincoln & Essex Streets, Boston, Mass.

'Red-line-in'
REG U S PAT OFF
SHOE LINING

Makes shoes wear longer

THE EAGLE IN THE COCKPIT

(Continued from Page 9)

The consensus of French opinion favored the raising and maintenance of an interallied army which would constitute the police force of the world, each nation's apportionment to be proportionate to its resources and the sacrifices it made during the war. Once again the bulk of the load for Uncle Sam! Yet of all the nations concerned we would benefit least from either a league or any protective alliance.

The Paris newspapers sounded that note for months last spring and summer. Le Matin, L'Avenir, Oui, La Victoire, Journal des Débats, Excelsior—nearly all of them harped on it day in and day out, with the concerted action European governments seem able to obtain from a large section of their press in any form of propaganda they wish to put out.

Lieutenant Colonel Fabry, a noted writer on military and international affairs, furnished Oui with a table of figures purporting to show at a glance what each of the Allies had done and suffered in defeating the boches. The colonel's chart contained an estimate of killed and wounded and property losses, and assigned a rather humble place to the United States, from which method of figuring he was able to arrive at the deduction that Uncle Sam's portion of the interallied military load should completely overshadow that of any other nation. Three days later, in L'Avenir, the same authority elaborated on the plan, leaving it to his readers to fill in the blanks in his tables for each country's contribution.

"Thus," argued the colonel in three of his articles, "France has nothing to lose and everything to gain in the creation of an interallied army."

And right there he stated the nub of the matter.

France sank billions of francs in Russia. She made huge loans to the Czar's government, and Russian enterprises were a favorite field of investment for her thrifty people for many years. With Russia plunged in Bolshevism those investments began to look like many of our oil gambles, and so the French bestirred themselves to restore a régime in Russia that would make good their obligations. Both President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George opposed the proposition when it came before the conference, but that did not dampen French hopes.

Some Official Figures

Immediately the plan was projected the question rose as to what forces could be employed. The French advocates of military intervention were ready with an answer. American, of course! Prominent journalists like Gustave Hervé insisted that the fresh unweakened armies of the United States were just the troops for the job, and their information was that American public sentiment would support such employment! The United States would be expected to finance the undertaking also, because the other Powers were broke. As for France's share, she would supply the high command and the staff.

Said M. Hervé in La Victoire of December twenty-third: "This army, we already have it. It is the young American Army. . . . The American Army, of all the great allied armies, is the freshest, the least worn, for the good reason that it entered the line only after the German Army had been broken." [Author's Note—Official figures show that at intervals during the heavy decisive fighting between October first and November eleventh, we had as many troops in the front line as the British and French together.] "Moreover it seems that public opinion in America would readily accept the task and honor of Pershing's young Army saving democratic Russia from the Bolshevist terror."

Ridiculous Rumors

Practically every officer and man of the A. E. F. was opposed to a military alliance with any European power. Their argument was that the other parties to such an alliance would be the beneficiaries and the burdens would be the United States'. Moreover, they formed an abiding distrust of European politics. The sooner we got out of Europe and stayed out, the better, they said.

The protective alliance between France, Great Britain and the United States, correlated to the peace treaty, was roundly denounced. It would place Uncle Sam, they contended, in the rôle of bailiff for his Allies. And they are about right. A painful aspect of the situation is that the demands of several of our Allies, forced through against American protest and opposition, could never be realized without America's aid. They have exacted peace settlements that they cannot make stick ten years hence without the power of the United States behind them; and they know that as well as we do.

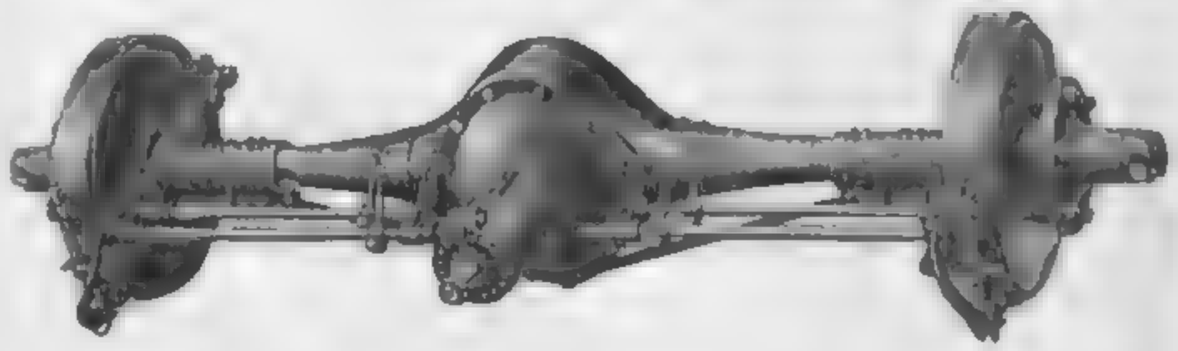
The oft-discussed complaints of the men of the A. E. F. against the French were due to other causes than those I have enumerated here—such as overcharging. Also, social characteristics clashed.

Overcharge us they did, for all the traffic would bear. Yet no American should wonder at that, for what our own people have frequently done to our soldiers in that respect is ample, and what they would do to an army of rich visitors, if they had the chance, quickens the imagination. Yet I am persuaded that we are novices in many directions, such as damage claims. Every time an outfit moved from a French town or village—no matter in what perfect shape they might leave streets and billets—damage claims poured in which staggered us.

Many ridiculous rumors gained credence in regard to French treatment of our Army. It is not true that we rented our trenches. The French custom is to reimburse the owners of the land through which the trenches run, with a small sum; and we paid these amounts to the French Government. Naturally we paid for billets and transportation; every army does that.

It is true that some of the transportation charges were pretty steep and that in

Salisbury Axles are Standard



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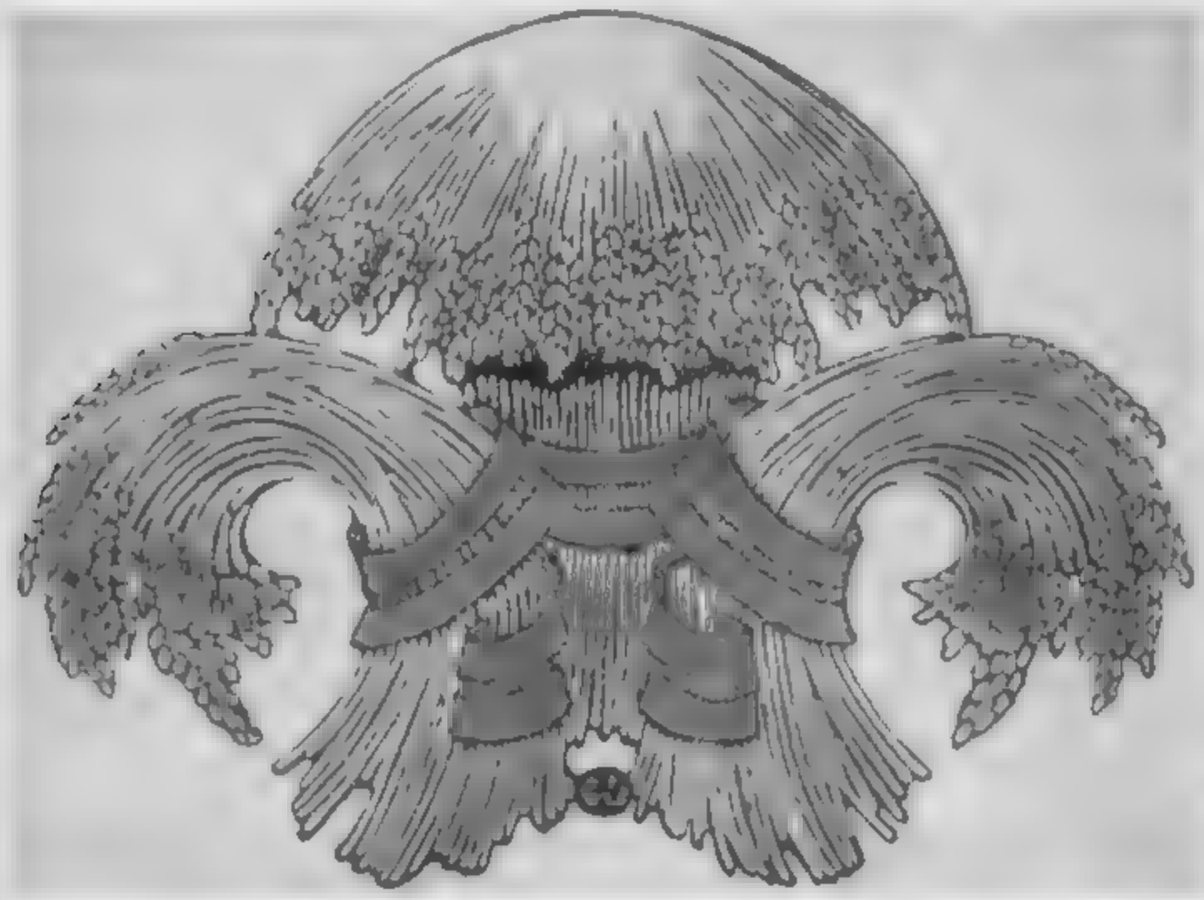

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Mr. Raymond Starr established a permanent business that was waiting for him, with $100 a week profits, on his discharge from the Navy.

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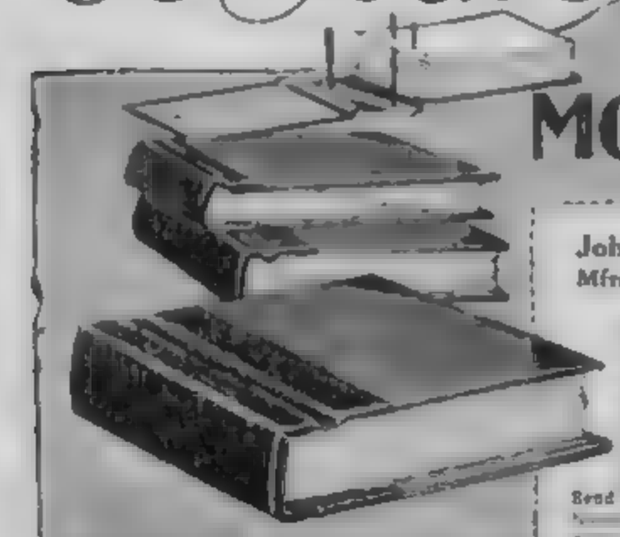

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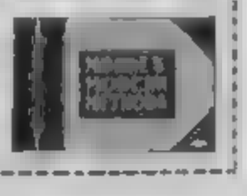

designating sites for munitions dumps and supply depots, and rights of way for railroads which had to be built in a rush, the French showed a disposition to make them with an eye to permanent improvements rather than to the urgency of our needs. But these are lesser matters, to which any people would probably be prone, and our concern should be only with the broad general tendency of France's policy toward us.

She is not alone in her attitude. They all want something.

It is more unfortunate for them than for us. Perhaps if they could be disabused of that notion and the promise of easy money it appears to hold out they would be more inclined to go to work. And work is Europe's most pressing need.

Now you cannot make a contract enduring when it is wholly one-sided; courts of law hold such contracts to be invalid. They are bound to end disastrously. Yet one-sided arrangements threaten between us and Europe unless we approach every problem with the sanity and regard to values that would belong in any agreement between business partners working in harmony.

Sometimes it has been extremely difficult to render aid that would be of any real benefit. Take, for instance, the work America did toward returning prisoners of war to their homelands. Our missions spent money without stint to provide suitable trains and clothing and food for the prisoners about to go back; they sent the trains in charge of capable medical officers, and furnished a few days' rations to the unfortunate soldiers when they were turned loose in their own countries.

And what happened? In the Balkan countries thousands of returned prisoners were left to shift for themselves the instant we turned them over to their compatriots. The sick received no care and died miserably. No real sustained provision to feed or care for the soldiers who had fought their battles; they were abandoned and thrown on their own resources; indifference and lethargy on the part of most officialdom and a part of the civil population.

I have dwelt on these matters in order to correct a very false impression which a large section of America entertains of the European attitude toward war problems. Perhaps it will be of service in showing that the European nations are inclined to be thrifty in their dealings with us, and may suggest the advisability of bringing into our future dealings with them some of that canny caution for which the New Englanders are so justly famous.

They were telling a story in Paris at the time of the conference which touches off Europe's attitude very aptly. It concerned a Swiss official who arrived in the French capital just after the conference began its sittings.

"Hello!" exclaimed a friend, meeting him on the street. "You here? Came for the conference, I suppose?"

The diplomat from Switzerland answered in the negative. "No," he said slowly, "I am not going to it. What's the use? The United States hasn't anything we can get just now."

Since my return from Europe in August many friends and acquaintances have asked me if I think there will be another war. Some of them knew that I was a devout believer in the feasibility of a League of Nations, provided one were established with a genuine desire and purpose of all war participants to make it effective.

Most assuredly I think there will be another war. Just give Europe time to get breath and reorganize, and they will be at it again, hammer and tongs. How long the process of recuperation will take I haven't the least notion; one guess is as good as another.

A league is utterly powerless to stave off conflicts so long as national prejudices and rancors and hates rule Europe as they do to-day. Education must go hand in hand with all efforts to found a workable league or they will inevitably fail. For generations there has been steady persistent propaganda pumped into the inhabitants of every European country calculated to breed in them distrust and fear of their neighbors. All such propaganda is war propaganda. There must now be propaganda—sleepless and persistent—to convince the masses of every country that the interests of all are identical; that the old vicious idea that the masses of another country covet their lands and possessions is a lie designed to promote the interests of a few; that there is plenty of room in the world for everybody, and plenty of opportunity, if all will show a disposition to coöperate in a friendly spirit. Can such propaganda be waged successfully against the other propaganda, which through centuries of reiteration has formed convictions in the minds of the average Frenchman, German, Italian and Slav as firm as their belief in the existence of water and air?

It may require a century, but it can be done. Meanwhile there may be other wars, and every war is a setback, for one war breeds another. It leaves stings and wrongs that cry out for settlement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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October 25, 1919

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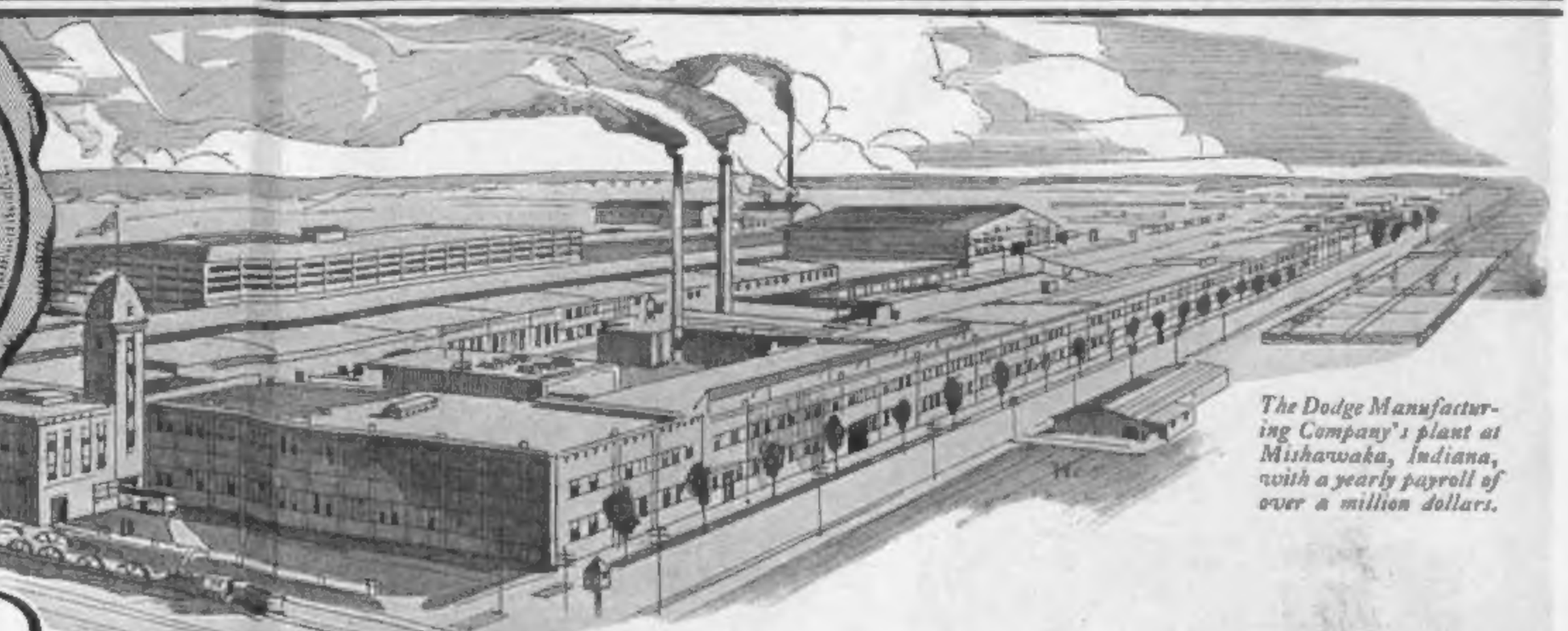
The Oldest and Strongest Mutual Casualty Company in America



The Dodge Manufacturing Company's plant at Mishawaka, Indiana, with a yearly payroll of over a million dollars.

Protects the DODGE Mfg. Co.
and the Dodge Mfg. Company's Employees

JUST as Dodge standard shop equipment has been selected by the executives of many of the large manufacturing plants of the country as a means to lower power cost, continuous production and more satisfied workers

—so the Dodge Manufacturing Company, with its enormous plant at Mishawaka, Ind., has selected American Mutual Workman's Compensation Insurance because of the

1. **Efficiency of American Mutual ENGINEERING SERVICE**
2. **Unexcelled American Mutual CLAIM MANAGEMENT**
3. **Unusual American Mutual ECONOMY**
4. **And supreme American Mutual STRENGTH.**

When you become a policyholder in the American Mutual, you become a partner. No individual connected with the American Mutual, or outsider, or attorney-in-fact, or agent, or broker is paid a commission.

Every cent you pay the American Mutual goes for insurance—insurance in its purest form—*complete protection at the actual cost to protect.*

The American Mutual has grown in 32 years to be the largest and strongest mutual casualty company in America. Today this Policy-holders' Institution is writing the following forms of insurance:

Workmen's Compensation
Employers' Liability
Public Liability
General Liability
Elevator Liability
Teams Liability
Contingent Liability
Automobile Liability, including
Property Damage and Collision.

The progressive manufacturer who never overlooks an opportunity to effect a saving in his business should know the full story of American Mutual endurance, its strength, and its adherence to fixed principles. He should know why the American Mutual selects preferred risks only. He should be familiar with the details of its conservative policyholder-management—a management that has helped to make it the most successful mutual casualty company in America. The coupon below will bring the American Mutual story, "The Return of 300."

American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.

Executive Offices:
245 State St., Boston **18 E. 41st St., New York**
Branches in Principal Cities

Coupon

American Mutual Liability Insurance Co.,
245 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation or charge, mail your booklet, "The Return of 300." We check the kind of insurance in which we are interested and give data pertinent to our risk.

☐ Workmen's Compensation ☐ Public Liability

Nature of business_____

Number of Employees_____

Name and office of individual placing the insurance:_____

Name and Address of Company_____

Post, Oct. 25, 1919

George, Hankins & George, Contractors, of Richmond, Va., have a fleet of seven Autocars. In working on this excavation for the new Federal Reserve Bank, at Franklin and Ninth Streets, Richmond, these Autocars have been going for two months, twenty-four hours a day without a stop. Two shifts of drivers have been operating. On every load out of the excavation these Autocars pull up a thirteen per cent grade.

For Two Months these Autocars Have Worked 24 Hours Every Day

It is because the Autocar Motor truck does stand up and deliver economically that half of all the Autocars this Company can make are bought by concerns that already use Autocars.

The 8000 Autocar users in 450 different lines of business have found, too, that the unusual system of Autocar aftersale service through direct factory branches and dealers is the best assurance they can have of continuous motor truck operation.

Chassis (1½-2 ton)
$2300 97-inch wheelbase
$2400 120-inch wheelbase

The Autocar Company is represented by factory branches and dealers from coast to coast. Through them it assures complete aftersale service to every Autocar user.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, *Ardmore, Pa.* Established 1897

The Autocar Sales and Service Company

New York	Boston	Philadelphia	Chicago	Pittsburgh	San Francisco
Brooklyn	Providence	Allentown	St. Louis	Los Angeles	San Diego
Bronx	Worcester	Wilmington	Baltimore	Stockton	Sacramento
Newark	New Haven	Atlantic City	Washington	Oakland	Fresno

Represented by these Factory Branches, with Dealers in other cities

Autocar

A DISTINGUISHED SERVICE LABEL

PERFECT FITTING **MUNSING WEAR** UNION SUITS

Munsingwear for Men, Women and Children

The ideal fall and winter underclothing. Millions of discriminating people, prefer and wear it. Munsingwear fits and covers the form perfectly. It is non-irritating. It has a habit of outwashing, outwearing, outlasting expectations. The fine quality in each garment insures unusual service. Because of this serviceability Munsingwear is most economical. Made in every desired size and style, and in a large variety of fabrics, Munsingwear fits your person and your purse. There's an up-to-date dealer in nearly every city or town in the United States who can Union Suit you in garments made the satisfactory Munsingwear way.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

MUNSINGWEAR

NEVER SAY
UNDERWEAR

Eventually

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Why Not Now?

Anyway

Be sure your bread is made
with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR